

MUSEUM

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Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

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WHEATON'S INTERNATIONAL LAW.

1. *Precis du Droit des Gens modernes de l'Europe, fonde sur les traites et l'usage pour servir d'introduction a un Cours politique et diplomatique.* Par G. F. DE MARTENS. Nouvelle edition, avec des Notes de M. S. Pinheiro Ferreira, Ministre des Affaires Etrangeres en Portugal, Paris, 2 Tom. 8vo.
2. *Cours de Droit Public, interne et externe.* Par le Commandeur SILVESTER PINHEIRO FERREIRA, Ministre d'Etat de S.M.T.F. Paris, 2 Tom. 8vo.
3. *Droit des Gens modernes de l'Europe.* Par J. L. KLUBUR.
4. *Elements of International Law, with a Sketch of the History of the Science.* By HENRY WHEATON, L.L.D., Resident Minister from the United States in America to the Court of Berlin. Philadelphia, 1839, 2 Vols. 8vo.

If our enumeration of works shows that the number of writers on the law of nations has increased, an inspection of the books will prove that the bulk of the treatises has much diminished. We hope that the less forbidding form in which the science is now presented will attract more consideration to it from readers in general. For in truth, though very few of us are concerned in administering this law, we have all as deep an interest in its righteous administration as in that of the municipal law. We have all an interest in the national honour; and those who are insensible to the honour of their country, all pay the public taxes: the estimation of the one, and the amount of the other, are alike dependent upon the management of our relations with other states. The law of nations teaches us what is right and wrong in dealing between state and state; in that law, therefore, every man has an interest, and every man ought, for his own sake, to become conversant with it.

We have often lamented the want of an English work on international law; the deficiency still remains, but it has been in some degree supplied by the last of the works enumerated above, which contains a view of the law of nations, not only written in the language of Englishmen, but nearly such in substance as an Englishman might write.

Mr. Wheaton has the advantage of uniting the

two characters of lawyer and diplomatist; and he is moreover, if we judge correctly from his book, a sensible and moderate man. A circumstance too, of which we are rather proud, shows him to be above national prejudices and jealousies: a great portion of his authorities and illustrations is taken from the judgments of Sir William Scott, in the Admiralty Court of England; and even from the correspondence and manifestoes of English statesmen. The Americans have, much more than courts of continental Europe, professed in diplomatic discussion a desire to conform themselves to the law of nations. This is not the place for inquiry whether their practice has been correct; but all these considerations point out Mr. Wheaton's book as deserving of special notice.—The nearer his views approach those which we desire to inculcate, the more anxious are we to notice the points of difference which exist between us.

We do not quarrel with Mr. Wheaton because he has not made a very decided choice, among the different theories of the foundation of the law of nations, which he finds in the old writers; his own definition is this:—

"The law of nations, or international law, as understood among civilized Christian nations, may be defined as consisting of those rules of conduct which *reason* deduces, as consonant to justice, from the nature of the society existing among independent nations, with such definitions and modifications as may be established by general consent."

If this definition does not entirely satisfy us, we are not prepared with another. We trust that as this is specially applicable to Christian Communities, *reason* is here to be found in that law of God which is the foundation of honesty and of honour†; and that Mr. Wheaton agrees with us that *the same principle, be it more or less derived from religion, which deters a man from wronging his neighbour, condemns*

* Vol. i. p. 54.

† Upon this subject, see Robert Ward on the Law of Nations, ch. 3. We generally agree in principle with this erudite author, and if we do not take more notice of his treatise, it is partly because he does not always carry out his principles to their legitimate end, and partly because the work is too good for a slight notice:

him when he joins in an injury against another state; and that he holds with us, that men should remember, that though they may act in a body they will be judged hereafter man by man.

The reference in Mr. Wheaton's definitions to "the nature of the society" and to "modifications established by general consent," are consistent with our acceptance of his general rule. Few actions, whether of an individual acting for himself, or one who acts as part of a body, are quite simple and irrespective of circumstances. An action is, or is not, consistent with duty, according to the engagements under which a man has placed himself by precise agreement or tacit consent, and to the rights which his neighbour has acquired; and also to the law [not being inconsistent with God's law] which competent authority has enacted. No such competent authority exists for regulating the relations of states; but one of the most difficult and interesting objects of our inquiry is, how far, and in what way, we have created laws by *tacit consent* which affect our duty in those relations.

If a nation has for a long period adopted and endeavoured to enforce upon others, certain rules of conduct, as dictated by the law of nations, that nation may be fairly deemed to be bound in honour and justice to adhere to them, until its rulers shall have formally declared their intention to abandon them*. And, generally speaking, this declaration ought not to be made under the pressure of circumstances which make a conformity to them inconvenient to the nation making it, or advantageous to its rivals or enemies. But this doctrine cannot be maintained without qualification. The urgent danger and necessity which alone justifies war, may also justify a departure from these customary restraints upon conduct: still it is not easy to define such cases beforehand.

As a perfect system cannot be comprised in the sketch to which we are confined, we shall follow Mr. Wheaton's arrangement; and this, we hope, will lead us to treat of all the more ordinary cases to which general principles are to be applied. It may probably be objected to the work, that it treats too much of particular, and especially of recent cases; but we suspect that this mode is the best for inducing a practical and popular consideration of the subject; it is the most attractive and best suited to our miscellany.

Under the head of "Sovereign States" (Part I. Ch. 2.) Mr. Wheaton gives explanations of confederated, united, and qualified sovereignties, which are scarcely within our purview, till he comes to "a civil war, involving a contest for the government." In this case he holds that other states may remain indifferent spectators, "or may espouse the cause of the party which they believe to have justice on its side†."

Our own Minister for Foreign Affairs has lately asserted a right to assist that party in a civil war whose success would be more conducive to our interests. We entirely concur with Mr. Wheaton in rather making *justice* the ground of interference. We cannot deny that it is lawful to succour an oppressed party, but there is small probability that any power will form an accurate and impartial estimate of the right and the wrong; the danger is very great

that self-interest will be the true motive. A case of chivalrous or conscientious interference in behalf of right may have occurred; but we cannot readily call one to mind, and most earnestly recommend that this doctrine of interference be seldom brought into action.

Mr. Wheaton treats briefly (§ 19.) the question, very interesting in these times, which arises "when a province or colony shakes off the sovereignty" of a parent state. He quotes the instances of the "Swiss Cantons and the United Provinces of the Netherlands" as instances which show the general sense of mankind in favour of the acknowledgment of such revolted provinces. He fairly admits that the acknowledgment of our American States by France in 1778, "coupled with the assistance recently rendered to them," was probably an unjustifiable aggression against England; but he doubts whether "the treaty of commerce or even the eventual alliance" would have constituted an aggression, if accompanied by an "impartial neutrality." He says,

"Where a revolted province or colony has declared, and shown its ability to maintain its independence, the recognition of its sovereignty by other foreign states is a question of policy and prudence only."

We cannot think that this condition is satisfied while the forces of the parent state are within the colony, maintaining a doubtful struggle; or that, pending such contest, a foreign power may innocently make a treaty of commerce with the revolted colonists, thus setting at naught the authority of the original sovereign whose laws prohibit foreign trade with his colonies. If the commercial treaty were justifiable, we should agree with Mr. Wheaton that an alliance for maintaining that treaty against all opposition would be justifiable also*.

In the recent case of the Spanish colonies, one circumstance important to the case of England is omitted by Wheaton, though noticed in a communication which he elsewhere quotes†. Permission to trade with her colonies had already been given by Spain to England‡; that question therefore did not occur; but, independently of this peculiarity and of the assistance given by France to America, the case of 1778 does not run parallel with that of 1823. The basis of our recognition of the Spanish colonies was, that "events in which the British government had no concern had decided the separation between Spain and America," and that "all Spanish occupation and power had been actually extinguish-

* The treaties of commerce and alliance, between France and the new states, were signed on the 6th of February 1778. The latter specifically contemplated a war with England in consequence of the former. These measures were announced to England in a very offensive note from the Marquis de Noailles, in which the independence of the United States was assumed as a fact, and "eventual measures in concert with the states" were announced for protecting the lawful freedom of the commerce of the subjects of France. In Mr. Ward's opinion, "England had a right instantly to consider this as a declaration of war."—*Inquire into the manner, &c.*, p. 44.

† P. 118.

‡ Conference between Prince Polignac and Mr Canning, Oct. 9th, 1823.—*Parl. Debates*, x. 710.

* Marten's *Precis*, i. 166.

† P. 92, and Pinheiro, ii. 6.

ed and effaced*." And the abolition of the ancient sovereignty necessarily leads to the recognition of another, unless the inhabitants of the revolted province who may commit hostilities against another state are to be treated as pirates†. In the case, however, of a protracted struggle, weakly and perhaps only nominally maintained by the mother country, the lawful period of recognition may be a question of doubt, which no definite rule can decide.

But another principle or claim of the right of interference was put forward on this occasion.

"The junction of any foreign power in an enterprise of Spain against the colonies would be viewed by the British government as constituting an entirely new question, and one upon which they must take such decision as the interests of Great Britain might require and they would consider any foreign interference by force or menace in the dispute between Spain and the colonies as a motive for recognising the latter without delay."‡

If the recognition was already justifiable, and suspended merely at England's discretion, she had a right to make it dependent upon this or any other circumstance. But the first part of the intimation apparently asserted a right to oppose by force any foreign power that should interfere. Such opposition could only rest upon one of these principles: 1st. The right of taking that part in a civil contest which is most advantageous to the interests of the interfering power. 2nd. The general right, or as some would hold the duty, of defending the oppressed,—for it might surely be assumed to be a clear case of oppression. 3rd. The union of these two cases,—where the interference is lawful in itself, and affected upon motives of interest.

The third was apparently Mr. Canning's case, and it is one of which it is extremely difficult to appreciate the merits. One circumstance gives the right, another dictates its enforcement; the one appeals to generosity, the other to self-interest. Still, in a case in which we feel a moral certainty that the same judgment would be given against the oppressor, though unbiassed by interest, and a consciousness that, upon no consideration, would we espouse the opposite side, we are disposed to hold the interference lawful, though very rarely expedient. Nor is it an unimportant consideration, that the threat of interference—and surely no such threat should be uttered without an earnest determination to enforce it,—might very probably prevent the other party from interfering, might save him who was threatened with oppression and preserve peace.

The United States took the same tone with Mr. Canning, but more decidedly, and upon some peculiar grounds, to which we shall come presently.

In treating of the absolute "international right of

states," (Part ii. p. 107.) Mr. Wheaton considers first, the right of self-preservation; and under this head, "*the right of intervention*," (§ 4.) when another state in the exercise of its right,—

"increases its national dominions, wealth, population and power by innocent and lawful means, such as the pacific acquisition of new territory, the discovery and settlement of new countries, the extension of its navigation and fisheries, the improvement of its revenues, arts, agriculture, and commerce, the increase of its military and naval force. Where the exercise of this right by any of these means *decidedly affects the security of others*, as where it immediately interferes with the actual exercise of the sovereign rights of other states, there is no difficulty in assigning its precise limits."

This is not sufficiently clear. It is not explained, nor is it easy to understand, how this improvement of a state, by lawful means, *directly* affects the security of another; still less how (the case expressly excluding violence or encroachment,) it can interfere with the exercise of its sovereignty.

Nor is it quite correct to class together the improvement of revenue and the increase of warlike force. A nation has, abstractedly, as entire a right to multiply its soldiers as to augment its taxes. We do not say that either is a cause of war; but surely the former comes much more near to a direct threatening and endangering of the security of a neighbour; and accordingly an increase of force, whereof the cause is not apparent, is frequently the subject of remonstrance from one state to another; there is a great difficulty in assigning the limits of this right of self-extension; and certainly they are not assigned by our author, who has by no means made a clear distinction between this and the case immediately following:—

"Where it merely involves a *supposed contingent danger* to the safety of others, arising out of the undue aggrandizement of a particular state, or the disturbance of what has been called the *balance of power*,* questions of the greatest difficulty arise, which belong rather to the science of politics than of public law."—Page 110.

These questions do belong properly to the science of public law; though in practice they are resolved by the science of politics.

We are of opinion that the systematic operation of the principle of the *balance of power* has been much exaggerated. Perhaps Mr. Wheaton exaggerates on the other side when he says that "*the preventive policy*," with a view to restore the equilibrium, "*has been the pretext of the most bloody wars*." Indeed he adds,—

* Pinheiro makes a distinction between aggrandizement by the progress of improvement, and aggrandizement by the succession of a monarch to another throne. There can be no difference in principle. Nothing but self-preservation can justify opposition in either case. But the difference is this:—in the case of a succession there is one definite and supposed dangerous event to be prevented, whereas in the other it is impossible to fix a point at which objection can be made. But we cannot admit that it is lawful to resist by force the union of two nations by the circumstance of having one monarch, any more than it is to go to war, because two nations contract a defensive alliance, and agree to make common cause on all occasions.—*Martens*, i. 272, 434.

* Mr. Canning to Chev. de los Rios, 25th March, 1825.—*State Papers*, 1854-5, p. 912. Prince Polignac admitted in the conference that it was utterly hopeless to reduce Spanish America to her former state of dependence.

† See the Duke of Wellington's note at Verona. —Chateaubriand, Congress de Verone, i. 62. The same point is forcibly urged in Mr. Canning's of 25th March.

‡ Conference between Mr. Canning and Prince Polignac.—*Parl. Debates*, x. 709.

"Wherever the spirit of encroachment has really threatened the general security, it has commonly broken out in such overt acts, as not only plainly indicated the ambitious purposes, but also furnished *substantive grounds in themselves sufficient to justify a resort to arms by other nations.*"

The wars undertaken to check the aggrandizement of Spain and the House of Austria, under Charles V. and his successors; the struggle between the religious parties engendered by the Reformation; the resistance made to the ambitious projects of Louis XIV.; all "these great transactions furnish," says Mr. Wheaton, "numerous examples of intervention by European states in the affairs of each other . . . which can hardly be referred to any fixed or definite principle of international law." He applies similar remarks to the events which grew out of the French Revolution, and concludes with one in which we entirely agree with him: it is in vain

"to attempt to reduce to a rule, and to incorporate into the code of nations, a principle so indefinite, and so peculiarly liable to abuse in its practical application."—Page 113.

Our author takes no notice, nor, perhaps, was it necessary that, writing law and not history, he should have taken specific notice, of the interference with the constitutions of other states, begun by the French revolutionists in 1792, or of the various coalitions of European powers against France. England manfully resisted the principle of interference, and was a party to no coalition, having for its object the establishment of any form of government in France. But she asserted the doctrine, that one state has a right to treat as an enemy one who is compelled by force into hostile measures; and to anticipate hostility of which there is a manifest or well-ascertained intention.

Mr. Wheaton now passes to the alliance formed at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1818, between the principal powers of Europe. Of this he says that

"It constituted a sort of superintending authority in the five powers, (Russia, Austria, Prussia, Great Britain, and subsequently France,) over the international affairs of Europe, the precise extent and objects of which were never very accurately defined."—Page 114.

This remark is unquestionably just. England, represented successively by Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, protested against the construction which the continental powers put upon this agreement; and it is gratifying to us, that in the distinction which he takes between England and the members of the Holy Alliance, and in his exposition of the principles of England, the American jurist follows, without any disapprobation or qualification, the state papers issued by the English government during the administration of Lord Liverpool,* for England's disclaimer of the right of interference in the internal affairs of states, and her disavowal of any objection to that effect imposed by her alliances.

At the same time Mr. Wheaton tells us

"The United States Government declared that it should consider any attempt on the part of the allied

European Powers to extend their peculiar political system to the American continent as dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power they had not interfered, and should not interfere; but with the governments whose independence they had recognised, they could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States. * * * *

It was impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of the American continent, without endangering the peace and happiness of the United States. It was therefore impossible that the latter should behold such interposition in any form with indifference."*

Mr. Canning had previously suggested the propriety of a joint declaration by England and the United States of their determination to resist foreign interference with the Spanish colonies; but this suggestion had no official result. In one point only the English government differed, or thought that it differed, from the American. Conceiving that the President had declared that Spain herself might not employ force to reduce her colonies to obedience, Mr. Canning expressed his dissent from this proposition.†

The sending of troops to Portugal in 1826 is thus explained by Mr. Wheaton from Mr. Canning's speeches.‡ We had a right to oppose the interference of France in Spain, but were not bound so to do; and we exercised our judgement in abstaining from interference. We had the same right to prevent Spain from interfering in Portugal, and we were bound by special treaties to exercise it.

"The interference of the Christian powers in favour of the Greeks, who after enduring ages of cruel oppression had shaken off the Ottoman yoke, affords a further illustration of the principles of international law authorizing such an interference, not only where the interests and safety of other powers are immediately affected by the internal transactions of a particular state, but where the general interests of humanity are infringed by the excesses of a barbarous and despotic government. These principles are fully recognized in the treaty for the pacification of Greece, signed at London, on the 6th of July, 1827."§

Whatever may have been the motives of the authors of that treaty, they did not recognise these principles in their treaty. Their interference was accounted for in the preamble, by "the necessity of putting an end to the sanguinary struggle, which, while it abandoned the great provinces of the Archipelago to all the disorders of anarchy, daily caused fresh impediments to the commerce of the states of Europe, and gave opportunities for acts of piracy, which not only exposed the subjects of the contracting parties to grievous losses, but rendered necessary measures which were burdensome, for their observation and suppression."

This treaty no doubt stipulated for, and finally produced, a forcible interference in the affairs of

* Especially Lord Castlereagh's circular despatch of 19th Jan., 1821, his Minute on Spain, May, 1823; Mr. Canning to Sir C. Stuart, 28th January and 31st March, 1823.—*Parl. Debates*, iv. 283, 923, 959, 1136.

* President Monroe's Message, 2nd Dec. 1823.—*An. Reg.* lxx. 193.

† See Stapleton, ii. 23, 49. *Parl. Debates*, x. 74.

‡ Wheaton, i. 123. *Parl. Debates*, xvi. 364.

§ State papers, 1826-7, p. 632.

Greece and Turkey; and Mr. Wheaton likens it to the crusades of ruder ages "to recover the holy sepulchre from the possession of infidels," and to the confederacies of the 16th and 17th centuries, "to secure the freedom of religious worship to the votaries of the Protestant faith in the bosom of Catholic communities." And "the principle," our author avers, of the present interference, "was fully justified by the great paramount law of self-preservation: 'Whatever a nation may lawfully defend for itself, it may defend for another people, if called upon to interpose.' The interference of the Christian powers to put an end to this bloody contest might safely have been rested upon this ground alone, without appealing to the interests of commerce and the repose of Europe."*

Such is the principle of our American author; a principle of a very dangerous tendency, approaching much too nearly that of the Holy Allies:† it derives no sanction from the alliance of 6th July, and was on that occasion specially rejected by England.‡

Wheaton's next chapter [part 2, chap. ii.] thus asserts the *Rights of Independence*—

"Every state, as a distinct moral being independent of every other, may freely exercise all its sovereign rights in any manner not inconsistent with the equal rights of other states. Among these is that of establishing, altering or abolishing its own municipal constitution of government. No foreign state can lawfully interfere with the exercise of this right, unless such interference is authorised by some special compact, or by such a clear case of necessity as immediately affects its own independence, freedom, and security."

Sometimes a mediation is requested by the contending parties. Some instances are given of guaranties by special compact, or request of interference in virtue of them. France and Sweden, by a treaty of Westphalia, guaranteed the Germanic constitution; France and the Cantons of Berne and Zurich became in 1738 the guaranties of the constitution of Geneva. In 1678 France interfered with an armed force, or at least a demonstration, and compelled the aristocratical and democratical parties to an agreement by no means cordial. England made a slight remonstrance§. The interference of France did not prevent a renewal of disputes in 1782. Whether the conduct of the greater power towards the lesser was in these instances justifiable, Mr. Wheaton reasonably doubts.

"This perfect independence of every sovereign

* The Turks have not always been considered as members of the European commonwealth, or parties to the conventional law of nations; and their treatment of the ambassadors of the states with which war commenced, formerly deprived them of any right to claim the benefit of the milder principles of war and diplomacy adopted by European states: but there is no such distinction in modern times.

† Not of the Holy alliance, which was in itself quite harmless, but of the powers who would give to the resolutions of 1818 the extensive operation lately deprecated.

‡ "In the discussions between the Porte and her Greek subjects England had not the pretence of a right to interfere." Mr. Canuing, in Stapleton, i. 200.

§ Flassan, vii. 30.

state, in respect to its political institution, extends to the choice of the supreme magistrate and other rulers, as well as to the form of government itself." No foreign influence is to be applied to disputes concerning the succession or election of a monarch. Exceptions "may arise out of compact such as treaties of alliance, guaranty, and mediation, to which the state itself, whose concerns are in question, has become a party; or, formed by other powers in the exercise of a supposed right of intervention growing out of a necessarily involving their particular security, or some contingent danger affecting the general security of nations."

This latter principle of exception involves all the difficulties which we have already stated. Our author quotes the wars of the Spanish succession in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and of the Bavarian and Austrian succession in the latter part of the same century. It may be doubted whether any one of the powers that engaged in these contests had a moral justification in Wheaton's principle; but it is not only in the cases to which he has applied it that this remark is just,—"*No argument can be drawn from the fact to the right.*"—Page 135.

Under this head of independence Wheaton considers several questions which belong not so much to International law as to the Municipal law of a state, in reference to its own subject as connected with foreign countries. Of such cases we take no notice; but the *droit d'aubaine*, "by which all the property of a deceased foreigner [moveable and immoveable] was confiscated to the use of the state," does raise a question of international law. Wheaton gives no opinion upon the legality of this practice. It appears to us, "barbarous and inhospitable" as it is, to come within the rights of sovereignty. Foreigners are aware of the law where it exists; and if they voluntarily subject themselves to its operation, have no cause of complaint. Wheaton says nothing of alien acts or passports. Although it is the practice of his country, and generally speaking, of England, to allow free admittance to strangers, and to permit them, as well as natives, to travel freely through towns or provinces, we presume that he includes the power of regulating such matters among the necessary attributes of sovereignty to be exercised at discretion*.

Wheaton mentions other cases in which "the municipal institutions of a state may operate beyond the limits of territorial jurisdiction;" the person, he says, of a foreign sovereign going into the territory of another state, under the permission which, in time of peace, is implied from the absence of any prohibition, is, by the general usage and comity of nations, exempt from the ordinary local jurisdiction.

We had rather understood that the usage of nations forbade one sovereign to enter the territory of another without a special permission†. If, where that permission is given, a foreign sovereign is exempted, as the native sovereign is, from civil or criminal process, in case, for instance, of a murder, the

* See Martens, ii. 204, 406, 413.

† Vattel says that it is a very ridiculous notion, that a sovereign who enters a foreign country without permission may be arrested; but he adds, that a sovereign ought to give notice of his coming, [b. 4. c. 7. § 108.]

exemption must rest upon usage, or what has been styled the *voluntary law of nations*, for he has certainly no right to this exemption. The case of a sovereign is one of rare occurrence, but the same remark may be made of the exemption from local jurisdiction, enjoyed in daily practice, by an ambassador or other public minister. And this is one of those cases in which the opinion of received writers and the practice of nations is so uniform, without any protest or discussion, that a *law* may be said to exist morally binding upon states and their rulers. The consent to receive a minister implies a promise to give him the privilege usually attached to the character. And this is intelligible enough, without having recourse to the *fiction* formerly set up, that an ambassador's residence is still in his own country.

The next exception arises in one of those rare cases of which nothing can safely be predicated. The case itself is special, and will generally be attended with special circumstances and special provisions.

"A foreign army or fleet marching through, sailing over, or stationed in the territory of another state with whom the foreign sovereign is in amity, are also in like manner exempt from the civil and criminal jurisdiction of the place." But it is said further, "if there be no express prohibition, the ports of a friendly state are considered as open to the *public armed and commissioned ships* belonging to another nation with whom that state is at peace. Such ships are exempt from the jurisdiction of the local tribunals . . . private vessels are not exempt."^{*}

It is laid down, and, as we believe, has never been denied, that "the public and private vessels of every state, on the high seas, and out of the territorial limits of any other state, are subject to the jurisdiction of that state to which they belong." But this jurisdiction, it is added, is not so exclusive but that "piracy or other offences against the law of nations, being crimes not against any particular state, but against all mankind, may be punished in the competent tribunal of any country where the offender may be found, or into which he may be carried, although committed on board a foreign vessel on the high seas."[†]

Piracy is defined to be the offence of depredating upon the high seas, without being authorized by any sovereign state. If a ship so commissioned against one nation depredates upon another, it is not piracy; the offender is to be punished by his own sovereign. This case of piracy is another which illustrates the *customary law* of nations, which in this case has been transfused into the municipal law of civilized nations in general. By this, without doubt, the offence technically called piracy is not committed when the commander of a vessel, regularly commissioned by his sovereign, commits a violence on the seas, though *not* commissioned to do that particular act.‡ It is not the personal offence of piracy that is committed, but a public injury is done by one state against another, authorizing remonstrance; and, if punishment be not inflicted, or redress obtained, reprisals or war; and this arrangement is probably conducive to peace. If a state extended its protection to its lawless subjects

committing violence out of its local jurisdiction, there would be endless disputes with other states, and probably a great delay of justice: on the other hand, if an officer, duly commissioned in war by one state were to be punished by another for exceeding or deviating from the purport of his commission, the commiserating power could not be expected to rest satisfied with the judgement of the foreign court, on the construction or execution of its own commissions, and the dispute which must necessarily occur between the two powers would be embarrassed by a questionable punishment, in addition to the original cause of complaint.

But a state does not possess, in time of peace, according to Wheaton, a right to visit and search foreign vessels on the high seas, for the purpose of bringing pirates to punishment.

Under this head Mr. Wheaton brings in the slight observations,—slight, from the spirit of friendship and conciliation which animates his book,—which he makes upon the question, whether a power may impress native seamen found on board foreign ships. He holds that a state has the right to command the military or naval services of its subjects, and that it may exercise this on board its own vessels on the high seas.

"But whether it may exercise the same right in respect of the vessels of other nations, is a question of more difficulty. In respect to public commissioned vessels belonging to the state, their entire immunity from every species and purpose of search is generally conceded. As to private vessels belonging to the subjects of a foreign nation, the right to search them on the high seas for deserters and other persons liable to military or naval service, has been uniformly asserted in Great Britain, and as constantly denied by the United States. This litigation between the two nations, who, by the identity of their origin, and language are most deeply interested in the question, formed one of the principal objects in the late war between them. It is to be hoped that the sources of this controversy may be dried up by the substitution of a registry of seamen, and a system of voluntary enlistment with limited service, for the odious practice of impressment which has hitherto prevailed, in the British navy, and what can never be extended even to the private ships of a foreign nation, without provoking hostilities on the part of any maritime state capable of resisting such a pretension."

It is indeed to be desired that the continuance of peace will retain this question in a state of abeyance; but we fear that England cannot safely renounce the right; and that if in a future maritime war the practice of British seamen serving on board of American ships should prevail to a great extent, the right must be exercised. It appears to us that a neutral may submit to a search for seamen as well as for enemies or for contraband goods;* and that to entertain the seamen of a belligerent nation after a proclamation of recall, is a mode of weakening one belligerent, and encouraging his subjects in disobedience of lawful orders, which a neutral may, without compromising its independence or dignity, suffer to be prevented.

* Wheaton refers to Vattel, liv. i. c. 19. sec. 216 which relates to another matter entirely.

† Sir Leoline Jenkins, ii. 714.

‡ The recent case of the pilot taken out of an English packet by the captain of a French man-of-war, is one of those in which an outrage, unauthorized by his government, was committed by a commissioned officer, and in which hostile consequences were prevented by an apology.

* This appears to be the opinion of the writer of an able article in the Edinburgh Review, (xi. 9.) to which Mr. Wheaton refers (p. 155). He refers also to a letter from Mr. Canning to Mr. Munroe, 23rd Sept. 1827. Mr. C. had died in August.

ed, by force used by the belligerent towards the subject of the neutral. A government which encourages its subjects in the practice, or in resisting the belligerent's measures for protecting himself against its consequences, still more, one that encourages the seamen to serve in its own state vessels, commits an injury against the belligerent which he is justified in resenting by war. Unquestionably, the matter ought not to be pushed to this extremity, unless the evil is felt extensively; it is not every breach of neutrality on the part of subjects, or even of a government, that justifies war. In such a case as that now contemplated, it will generally be best to act against the offending subjects only; but if the consequent collision should induce war, it will be a war provoked by the neutral and defensive on the part of the belligerent.

Wheaton notices certain cases in which, by compact, consuls have a jurisdiction in foreign countries, over the subjects of their own state, as in Turkey and the Barbary states. He should have mentioned the peculiar privileges of British subjects in Portugal, under the treaty of 1674.*

In summing up, Mr. Wheaton states correctly, that generally speaking, the jurisdiction of a state extends over all persons offending against its municipal laws within its territory, or on board its public or private vessels on the high seas: or on board its public vessels in foreign ports, and over its own subjects everywhere. He adds, that a state may arrest its own subjects on the high seas, and punish them for an offence against its own laws, committed within foreign territory. It extends also to the punishment of piracy and other offences against the law of nations, by whomsoever and wheresoever committed.

"No sovereign state is bound, unless by special compact, to deliver up persons, whether its own subjects or foreigners, charged with or convicted of crimes committed in another country, upon the demand of a foreign state or its officers of justice."—Page 160.

Some states, however, practise this extradition as to certain offences, in virtue of treaties. England has generally been indisposed to such stipulations. She stipulated with France, at Amiens, for the delivery of murderers, forgers, and fraudulent bankrupts;† but we do not find that this stipulation was renewed in 1814.

We apprehend that a systematic and extensive harbouring of criminals, and encouraging them to take refuge (especially of state criminals) would be an offence justifying remonstrance, and ultimately war. It is a principle supported by the practice of Mr. Canning, that all that one government could require of another, in regard to its subjects resident under it, is, that the same law shall be administered to them which governs the natives.‡ Wheaton says nothing of this. Martens§ applies it to alterations in the coin; but Pinheiro disputes his position, and maintains, that if the stranger has made a contract in money at one value, he is not to be subjected to loss by a regulation of the government which he

was ignorant of at the time of making his engagement.

If Pinheiro is speaking of a moral obligation, or of the judgement which ought to be adopted in a court of law within the country of his residence, we have no concern with his position here; but we cannot hold that the case is one in which the stranger's own government ought to interfere; unless there is reason to believe that it is specially as a stranger, or rather as a subject of that particular government, that the edict is purposely to operate against him.

Having stated that pirates may be punished in any country, Mr. Wheaton considers the question whether the slave trade constitutes the offence of piracy. In the American courts this question has been determined in the negative. In our courts the decisions appear to have been contradictory; but as the treatment of slave traders is now regulated by a treaty with almost every state, we shall not discuss here that interesting but rather difficult question.

Passing to matters of less intrinsic importance, which have however frequently had more serious and general consequences, Mr. Wheaton treats, under the head of "Rights of Equality," (p.193) of the questions of international honours and precedence. The "text writers" placed all republics below all kings; but Cromwell set an example, which was followed by the executive directory of the French Republic, in asserting, for a monarchical nation become republican, the right to enjoy its former rank. The practical importance of these discussions has been greatly diminished by the progress of civilization, which no longer permits the serious interest of mankind to be sacrificed to such vain preliminaries.

An abortive attempt was made at the congress of Vienna to classify the different states of Europe, with a view to determine their relative rank. Though the powers did not succeed in this, they made some useful regulations about the rank of ministers, and, as "in drawing up public treaties and conventions, it is the usage of certain powers to alternate both in the preamble and the signatures, so that the second power occupies, in the copy intended to be delivered to it, the first place;" the congress provided that "in acts and treaties between those powers which admit the alternation, the order to be observed by the different ministers shall be determined by lot; and with the same view of avoiding disputes ministers some-

* Martens, i. 249; Cluber, i. 154.

† Pinheiro [Martens, i. 440] would rank nations according to their population. This would be full of difficulty, especially as to those (England, &c.) which have extensive possessions and unnumbered subjects abroad. See also Martens, ii. 54, &c. 330, &c. Pinheiro says that it is not unusual, and is perfectly in the discretion of the government, to accredit a minister to two powers at once, and he tells us that he heard "with a sort of indignation," Mr. Canning's answer to somebody who asked him in parliament why he had not admitted an envoy from one of the South American States, that the envoy was to represent his government in France and England both, and that England had a right to demand a whole envoy. Pinheiro thinks this *une plaisanterie aussi mal assortie à la gravité du sujet qu'à la dignité de la chambre*; but surely the objection was reasonable.

* Hertzlet, ii. 8. † Art. 20. Martens, ix. 571.

‡ Parliamentary Debates, 1823. viii. 294.

§ Drois des Gens, i. 249, 428.

times sign alphabetically, according to the order assigned by the French alphabet to the respective powers*.”

The title of *Emperor* does not necessarily give precedence over Kings. France would not acknowledge the imperial title in the sovereign of Russia, without a reserve of her ancient precedence. Page 200.

Wheaton alludes but slightly† to a subject formerly thought of great importance, the claim of England to a maritime salute within “the narrow seas” in virtue of the dominion which she claimed over those seas. This claim has now been very wisely suffered to drop quietly; the treaties by which some nations, or certainly the *Dutch*, consented to allow it, were not renewed at the treaty of Amiens; and we know of nobody but Cobbett who objected to the relinquishment of this fruitless and troublesome pretension.

The claim of Denmark to certain honours in virtue of her alleged sovereignty of the Sound and the belts at the entrance of the Baltic, has lasted longer, but has been much modified; though the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle tried in vain to make a permanent and general regulation.‡

The more substantial part of these claims is considered under the next head, “the Rights of Property.” We shall not argue, with Selden, for the liability of the ocean to be reduced to possession, or for the possession by England of the seas which surround her island.§ But the case is different when one nation owns all the coasts which surround a sea, and the straits which form its entrance. While Turkey possessed all the shores of the Black Sea and both shores of the passage into it, that sea might properly be deemed *mare clausum*, and all other nations might be excluded from it. When Russia acquired a territory on the shores, “both that empire and other maritime powers became entitled to participate in the commerce of the Black Sea, and consequently to the free navigation of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. This right was expressly recognised by the seventh article of the treaty of Adrianople, concluded in 1829 between Russia and the Porte, both as to Russian vessels and those of other European states in amity with Turkey.”||

* A question might arise even here, where the name is complicated or various; Great Britain occupies the place of G.

† Page 203 and 220. See as to rank, Martens.

‡ This claim indeed is referred to a period at which the whole island was not under one dominion. i. 286.

§ Wheaton, i. 203.

|| Page 221. There has been much error with respect to the admission of British ships of war into the Black Sea. By the 11th Article of the 5th of Jan. 1809, England distinctly acknowledged, that no ship of war had a right to enter the Dardanelles or the Black Sea. The Porte might give or withhold permission, and there is no hostility to any third power, or even unfriendliness in the promise given in the additional Article which applies to a case of war only. By the additional Article of the treaty of Unkiar Skelesse between Russia and the Porte, the Ottoman's government promises to refuse permission to any foreign ship of war to pass the Dardanelles while Russia is at war. (Martens, sup. v. 160. and xv. 655.)

Mr. Wheaton, we conceive, misapprehends the effect and intention of the treaty of Adrianople. There is no acknowledgement of the right of nations in general, nor indeed do we understand how the division between two parties of a right previously possessed by one, can give any rights to a third—all that is acknowledged is a *right of way*, not only for Russia, but for those who trade with Russia.

Although Denmark long ago ceded to Sweden one side of the Sound, she reserved and still exercises the sole right to take toll. The right to take toll would seem to imply a right to exclude strangers; but no such claim has been made by Denmark, and the tolls are regulated [where there is no special treaty, as with the Dutch and other] by a very ancient tariff.*

But “the Baltic Sea is considered, by the powers bordering on its coasts, as *mare clausum* against the exercise of hostilities by other powers on its waters, whilst the Baltic powers are at peace.”

An extraordinary extension of this claim which England professes never to have admitted, was proffered by Russia in 1807, when the inviolability of the Baltic was asserted, notwithstanding that France, the enemy of England, had acquired an extensive territory on the shores of that sea.

Under the same head is considered the right which each nation has to the territory which it occupies. “The general consent of mankind has established the principle, that long and uninterrupted possession by one nation excludes the claim of every other.”—Page 207. Little or no doubt arises with respect to *European* territory; but the extension of European dominion in Asia, Africa and America, has given rise, even in our day, to questions of importance and difficulty.

In 1790 a dispute about Nootka Sound very nearly involved England in a war with Spain; it ended in satisfaction to England for the seizure of her vessels, and in full security for her fisheries; but the question of territory was compromised or suspended.

Russia and the United States of America also settled by a compromise the disputes which arose out of the emperor's exclusive claim to the territory upon the north-west coast of America.† In these disputes the question of fact is too much mixed up with that of principle for a discussion in this article, especially as we are not aware whether England or any third power took a part in the controversy. In our view, the discussion is most remarkable for the very extensive claim of Russia, to consider the whole extent of sea, between Behring's Straits and the 51st degree of north latitude on the one side, and from the same strait to the 45th degree on the other side, as a *mare clausum* from which Russia might exercise the right of excluding all foreigners,—the distance from shore to shore being, as was observed by Mr. Quincy Adams, the American secretary of state, not less than 4000 miles.‡

* By the treaties of 1660 and 1670, renewed in 1814, English vessels have the privilege of paying the tolls on their return, and are entitled to the tariff of the most favoured nation. Hertzlet, i. 185, 90.

† From Behring's Strait to the 51st degree of north latitude, and in the Aleutian Islands on the east coast of Siberia, and the Kurile Islands from the same strait, to the south cape in the island of Oorooop, in 45 degrees 51' north latitude. See treaty of 17th April 1824, in Martens' Sup., x. 1010.

‡ Ann. Reg., 1822, p. 581-583.

It is, indeed, impossible to lay down any general rule for the application of the right of occupation, or first discovery. A small island may be appropriated at once; but where the open country is extensive, what limits shall be assigned to territorial rights acquired by the construction of a tower, or the establishment of a military post? No one will say that the fort is to command nothing but its own esplanade. No one, probably, will say that it is to confer the right of property over 100,000 square miles adjacent. Who shall fix a medium between these extremes?*

"The maritime territory of every state extends to the ports, harbours, bays, mouths of rivers, and adjacent parts of the sea, inclosed by headlands belonging to the same state. The general usage of nations superadds to this extent of territorial jurisdiction a distance of a maritime league, or as far as a cannon-shot will reach from the shore, along the coasts of the state."—Page 215.

The reason of this rule, adopted by the usage of nations, appears to be this: the possessor of the land has the sea, so far as he can command it,†—to the extent, that is, within which he can prevent any other person from coming.—*Terræ dominium finitur, ubi finitur amorum* viz.‡ A curious question might possibly arise, if chemical or mechanical ingenuity were to invent a gun which would treble or quadruple the present range. Questions of some difficulty have arisen, as to what should be deemed the coast, where, for instance, there are ialets at a very short distance from the shore. On these questions Wheaton adopts the decisions of Sir William Scott.

Mr. Wheaton's remarks on rivers are important:

"The rivers which flow through a territory form a part of the domain, from their sources to their mouths, or as far as they flow within the territory, excluding the bays or estuaries formed by their junction with the sea. Where a navigable river forms the boundary of contem-
porary states, the middle of the channel, or *thalweg*, is generally taken as the line of separation between the two states, the presumption being, that the right of navigation is common to both; but this presumption may be destroyed by actual proof of prior occupancy and long undisturbed possession giving to one of the riparian proprietors an exclusive title to the entire river.§

..... The right of navigating, for commercial purposes, a river which flows through the territories of different states, is common to all the nations inhabiting the different parts of its banks; but this right of *innocent passage*, being what the text writers call an *imperfect right*, its exercise is necessarily modified by the safety and convenience of the state affected by it, and can only be effectually secured by mutual convention regulating the mode of its exercise.¶

It may easily be imagined, that the various rivers of Europe, which flow through different territories, have given rise to a great many questions. The Congress of Vienna endeavoured to settle these by general rules; but the treaty itself raised new questions. The principle was this:

"The navigation throughout the whole course of the rivers referred to in the preceding article, (which article mentioned 'the powers whose states are separated or

traversed by the same navigable river,") from the point at which each of them becomes navigable, to its mouth, shall be entirely free, and shall not be liable, in respect of commerce, to be interdicted to anybody, always conforming to the rules which shall be made for the police, in a manner uniformly applicable to all, and as favourable as possible to the commerce of all nations."*

Questions soon arose, especially as to the Rhine: the Dutch maintained that the river, properly so called, had no navigable outlet into the sea, and founded thereon various burthenome pretensions; but the differences were settled in 1831† by a convention among the several states bordering upon the river, which insured the desired outlet, and regulated the duties and police.

England took some part in the previous regulations, and has always maintained that the treaty of Vienna made the Rhine open to her vessels, and those of all other nations,—a construction which may perhaps be doubted.‡ To the Convention of Mayence the Rhenish states were the only parties: viz. Baden, Bavaria, France, Ducal Hesse, Nassau, the Netherlands; and in settling by agreement the difference between the Netherland government and the others, that treaty reserved the rights of the several parties, but took no notice of the rights of maritime nations in general.

Under the head of the "International Rights of States in their pacific relations," (part 111), Mr. Wheaton considers legations, negotiations, and treaties (p. 257).—The sending or receiving of ministers from another state is truly stated to be perfectly optional with every government, and it follows that "one court may refuse to receive a particular individual as minister from another court, alleging the motives upon which such refusal is grounded." Passing minor matters,§ we shall only remark that the diplomatic character ceases when either the sovereign to whom, or the sovereign by whom, the minister is accredited, ceases to exist.

Wheaton tells us that a question has been raised among jurists, whether an ambassador, whose person is certainly inviolable within the country to which he is accredited,

* Treaty of Vienna, Hertzlet, i. 14; Martens, i. 121.

† May 31. State Papers, 1830-31, p. 1076.

‡ As this question arises upon the construction of a treaty, and not upon the law of nations, we shall only state shortly the reasons of this doubt. However general are the words of the article cited, *personne*, and *toutes les nations*, we think that coupled with the other articles, which always speak of the *gouvernements riverains*, and give to the Committee at Mentz, representing such governments, the entire control of the river, these terms may be constructed to apply to the *états riverains* only. And we think it likely that they were so intended, because the same terms are used as to all other rivers which traverse different states, including the Po. And it hardly appears probable that the whole world would have been admitted to navigate these rivers upon the same terms as those to whom they belong, and it is remarkable that the first article of the Convention of Mayence, in copying the first of the Vienna articles, omits the words *aussi favorable que possible au commerce de toutes les nations*. Mr. Wheaton treats at much length of a controversy, now obsolete, between the United States and Spain concerning the Mississippi, and one with England concerning the Saint Lawrence. As the latter is apparently still pending, and we have not access to the papers to which the author refers, we shall say nothing upon it.

§ There are several details as to the classification and privileges of ministers, and diplomatic etiquette, &c., for which we have no space, but refer to our vol. xiii. p. 20.

* See Martens, i. 116, 379.

† But see Pinheiro in Mart. i. 382.

‡ Sir W. Scott, 5. Rob. 385.

§ See Martens, i. 121.

¶ Page 228. It should be noted, that although we do not repeat his references, Wheaton seldom lays down principles without referring to the "text-writers," as in this instance to Grotius, Puffendorf and Vattel.

enjoys the same privilege in a country through which he passes to it. Vattel alone is supposed to maintain the affirmative: we agree with Wicquefort and others, in ascribing to a public minister no sacredness of character, except while in the country to which he is accredited; but it does not appear to us that Vattel differs. His opinion, given particularly upon the murder of the two ministers of Francis I. in passing through Milan, is, that this act, supposed to be committed by the Austrian governor, who was not punished by the emperor, constituted an outrage of which the king of France had a right to complain, as an infraction of friendship, if not of international law*.

It is stated under the head of "Rights of Negotiations and Treaties" (part iii. ch. 2), that the municipal power of each state is to determine what person or body shall have the power of negotiating with a foreign state. A question has arisen, whether a ratification by the sovereign or other competent authority in each state is absolutely necessary, although no reservation to that effect is in the treaty; and those who hold that it is *not* essential, "infer that the ratification may be arbitrarily refused when it is thus reserved. Others maintain that it cannot with propriety be withheld, unless for strong and substantial reasons, such, for example, as the minister having deviated from his instructions." Wheaton, as usual, gives no opinion. We are clearly of opinion, that a government is bound to ratify, except in a case of such an exceeding of power, or departure from instructions, in the negotiator, as to justify his prince's disavowal. To justify this there ought to be a manifest departure from the *decided* intentions of the prince. This is eminently one of the cases in which the principle of right, and the sense of honour, which actuate a christian and a gentleman, ought to sway the counsels of a prince. If the agent, on a fair construction of his instructions, was authorised to insert the article in the treaty, or the passage in the deed, the principal ought not to disavow him merely because he has himself changed his mind. Nor is he honestly at liberty to withhold his ratification on account of any change that has occurred in the situation of the parties.

Our author adverts to a mixed question, concerning partly the law of nations, and partly the internal law of states; whether a stipulation is absolutely binding upon the contracting parties, which falls under "some limitation of the treaty-making power, expressed in the fundamental laws of the state, as necessarily implied by the distribution of its constitutional powers,—such, for example, as a prohibition of alienating the national domain?" (p. 294.) Cases of more frequent occurrence in England, are those of a stipulation to pass certain laws of trade and navigation, or to *appropriate money*. In such cases, it is usual for the king to stipulate that he will *recommend to parliament* to make the necessary provision.

Considering these as international questions, we hold, first, that no sovereign ought to make a stipulation in a treaty which it is not within his competence to carry into effect, or to undertake to recommend such to those that are competent, unless he has, *bona fide*, a conviction that the thing will be done. Secondly, that if, from whatever cause, the thing be not done,—that is, if the recommendation be not complied with as well as made,—the other party to the treaty is justified in declaring it null and void; and if a prince makes a *positive* stipulation, where his prerogative only allows him to make a conditional one, he not only vitiates the treaty, but commits a moral offence.

Mr. Wheaton is of opinion, that the power to alienate national territory exists where it is not *expressly* withheld.

Whatever may be the powers of the king of England with respect to the alienation of the Isle of Wight, it is clear that he cannot transfer to a foreign state any portion of money from his exchequer, or raise money by taxes to be so transferred, or in any way alter the laws of the land. In the memorable instance of the commercial treaty of Utrecht, a measure, in the modern phrase, of *liberality*, in which the Tories were defeated by the Whigs, to the detriment, as we think, both of France and England,—the treaty fell to the ground for want of parliamentary sanction.† We do not recollect any later instance; but we apprehend that there have been some at recent periods, in which the sanction of parliament has been given, not so much from approbation of the agreement, as from an unwillingness to disavow the crown.‡

Wheaton shows,§ (p. 390.) that treaties are abrogated, if not renewed after an intervening war; but rights of property created under them are not annulled. If by a treaty of peace, a certain island is ceded by one power to another—the two powers again go to war, and terminate it by a treaty which does not renew the former,—the island does *not* consequently revert to its original owner; or if (as in a case cited by Mr. Wheaton,) private titles to lands are created or confirmed by a treaty, neither the war nor the non-renewal of the treaty invalidates those titles. But a stipulation that something shall be done continually, or repeatedly by one state to another,—as the payment of an annual sum of money, or the performance of some ceremony (as the lowering of topsail by the Dutch,) on occasions of repeated occurrence,—does become obsolete, if not revived after a war, either specially, or by general words of renewal.

One class of stipulations has a peculiar character, being made in *contemplation of a rupture* between the parties, who are at the same time engaging to live in perpetual friendship. Such is one made in 1794 between England and America, providing that private debts, or shares, or moneys in the public funds, or in public or private banks, belonging to private individuals, should never in the event of war be sequestered or confiscated.¶ Unquestionably both parties were under a moral obligation to respect this article.

Our author is less precise than we should wish, on the very important and practical question of *guaranty*.

"It is an engagement by which one state promises to aid another where it is interrupted or threatened to be disturbed in the peaceable enjoyment of its rights by a third power. It may be applied to every species of right and obligation that can exist between nations; to the possession and boundaries of territories, the sovereignty of the state, its constitution of government, the right of succession, &c.; but it is most commonly applied to treaties of peace...The guarantee may be stipulated by a third party, not a party to the principal treaty, by one of

* See Tindal, vi. 77, 85.

† The 12th article of the Greek treaty of May 7, 1832, relative to the Greek loan, affords a specimen of the method now adopted by constitutional sovereigns; "the emperor of all the Russias engages to guarantee, and the kings of the United Kingdom and of France engage to recommend, the former to his parliament, the latter to his Chambers, to enable them to guarantee," the proposed loan.—Ann. Reg. 1832, p. 389.

‡ See Martens, i. 150, 390.

§ It is not, we believe, now in force.

* See Vattel, b. iv. c. 7. sec. 84. and Rob. Ward, ii. 556.

† See Mart. 136, 389. and Kluber, i. 323.

the contracting parties in favour of another, or mutually between all the parties. Thus, by the treaty of peace concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, the eight high contracting parties mutually guaranteed to each other all the stipulations of the treaty. The guaranteeing party is bound to nothing more than to render the *assistance stipulated*. If it is not sufficient, he is not obliged to indemnify the power to whom his aid has been promised; nor is he bound to interfere to the prejudice of the just rights of a third party, or in violation of a previous treaty, rendering the guarantee inapplicable in a particular case. It was upon these grounds that Louis XV. declared, in 1741, in favour of the elector of Bavaria against Maria Theresa, the heiress of the Emperor Charles VI., although the court of France had previously guaranteed the pragmatic sanction of that emperor, regulating the succession to his hereditary states; and it was upon similar grounds that France refused to fulfil the treaty of alliance of 1756 with Austria, in respect to the pretensions of the latter power upon Bavaria in 1778, which threatened to produce a war with Russia. Whatever doubts may be suggested as to the application of these principles to the above cases, there can be none respecting the principles themselves, which are recognized by all the text writers. These writers make a distinction between a *surety* and a *guarantee*. Thus Vattel lays it down, that where the matter relates to things which another may do or give, as well as he who makes the original promise, as for instance the payment of a sum of money, it is safer to demand a *surety* (*caution*), than a *guarantee* (*garant*;) for the *surety* is bound to use his best endeavours to obtain a performance of the promise from him who has made it."—Page 302.

Surely Mr. Wheaton misapprehends the nature of guaranties, when he speaks of "the assistance stipulated." A stipulation to give, in any particular case, definite succour, or succour with the whole force of the party, is quite another matter.

By the 17th article of the treaty of Vienna, Austria, Russia, England and France guaranteed to the King of Prussia, his descendants and successors, the possession of the dominions which he then acquired, formerly part of the dominions of Saxony.* That this stipulation meant, or ought to have meant, something more than an undertaking to put Prussia in possession of this territory, is evident from its extension to his successors; and that it meant something more than a mere recognition of his descendible title, is evident from its *peculiarity*—there being no guaranty of other districts which were at the same time assigned to Prussia. Yet there is no promise of specific aid, or of any aid at all.

Vattel is quoted, who says that the guarantee is only bound "to use his best endeavours to obtain a performance of the promise from him who made it." But this remark, which our author appears to apply to all guarantees, is applied only to the case of something promised by some other party. In the case we have cited (which is one of many,) certain parties guarantee to another what they have done in his favour.

It might perhaps be said that the guaranty is satisfied, so long as he who gives it abstains from doing anything which tends to deprive of his possession, him to whom it has been given: but, if so, the stipulation is nugatory, for that obligation is implied in the mere stipulation or recognition of the transfer; and

thus the territory guaranteed, and that not guaranteed are precisely upon the same footing.

The distinction between *guaranty* and *surety* is applicable to a promise to pay money, to which payment (in case of failure) it is said the guaranty does not bind the party who gives it, the surety does. If this distinction be correct, guaranties certainly amount to nothing. Far from binding a party to give *stipulated succour*, they do not bind him to give any succour at all. Not only do they not bind him, as would, we conceive, be naturally supposed, to employ his utmost efforts to preserve to his friend that which he has guaranteed to him, but they do not bind him to use any effort at all; the engagement, instead of being something more than a stipulation to furnish a limited aid, is something much less; it is, indeed, as the king of Prussia said, a mere work of *fillagree*.

Nothing is said by Mr. Wheaton, nor by any other writer (so far as we know) of *joint* guaranties. In such cases two new questions arise. First, Supposing guaranties really to bind a party to exert himself to preserve the cession or stipulation guaranteed, is one party bound to that exertion, when the others, without whom, perhaps, it must be ineffectual, decline to fulfil their part in the engagement? and, Secondly, In that case, and still more where one of these parties himself infringes the stipulation of guaranty, and does that which his guaranty was to prevent, has the faithful party to that guaranty a just cause of quarrel with him?—and, it may be added, is he bound by his guaranty to pursue that quarrel.

Our conclusion is this: if guaranty means nothing, it ought to be disused, as an idle word. If it means anything, it ought not to be given by an honest prince, unless he is prepared to fight in the maintenance of it, as he would for his own dominions. Is it necessary to add, that there is scarcely a conceivable case in which a guaranty of a territorial possession, or of any complicated arrangement affecting various interests, can wisely and honorably be given?*

A case has lately occurred illustrative of the embarrassments arising from joint engagements. England, France and Russia undertook to guarantee, in case of need, loans to a certain amount, to be made by the new Greek government,—each state was to guarantee a third. All went well for some time. Two-thirds of the loan were thus guaranteed, and each state bore its share; but at last Russia and France demurred, and England was obliged, either to leave Greece without funds, or to take the whole of the next advance upon herself—and this she did.†

Mr. Wheaton explains the difference between defensive and offensive alliances,‡ of which the one extends only to "a war really and truly defensive," the other "engages an ally generally to co-operate in hostilities against a specified power, or against any power with whom the other party may be engaged in war."

There are also treaties whereby "one state stipulates to furnish to another a *limited* succour of troops, ships of war, money, or provisions, without any promise looking to an eventual engagement in general hostilities." Such a treaty does not necessarily ren-

* See on Guaranties, Martens, i. 160. and ii. 304.

† See Parl. Deb. xxxv. 615, and Act.

‡ See Martens, ii. 227.

* Martens, sup. vi. 389.

der the party furnishing this limited succour the enemy of the opposite belligerent."

It should have been added "provided that the treaty of succour was prior to the war;" and thus qualified, this dictum is undoubtedly conformable to the customary law of nations; and it was acted upon in a memorable instance by France and England, who fought on opposite sides at the battle of Dettingen, *without being at war!* The consequence of this principle, admitted, as it certainly is, into the diplomacy of Europe, is just this: a prince is not dishonoured that forbears to make war against one who attacks him in conformity with the principle.

But it is certain that this limited hostility has a tendency to extend itself into unqualified and angry war: nor can we doubt but that a state, attacked by a third party in virtue of a previous treaty, has a perfect right to consider that party as his enemy.*

According to the text writers, our author tells us, the party to a defensive alliance is not obliged to assist his ally in "a war manifestly unjust, *i. e.* in a war of aggression on the part of the power claiming the benefit of the alliance." And some hold that the stipulation of succour, is, *in all cases*, by a *tacit* condition, limited to a "just war." Still, this tacit condition must not be used as a pretext to elude an engagement. "In doubtful cases the presumption ought rather to be in favor of our confederate, and of the justice of his quarrel."

Wheaton illustrates this matter by two instances, in which England was concerned. A defensive alliance had existed between England and Holland, from the year 1678, and had been recently renewed, when war broke out between England and France in 1756. By this alliance, there was, with many other stipulations of the like nature, a mutual guaranty of possessions in *Europe*.

The Dutch, when called upon to assist England in virtue of this alliance, replied, 1st, That England was the aggressor in the war; and, 2nd, That, admitting France to be the aggressor in Europe, her aggression arose out of hostilities previously commenced in America.

The celebrated "Discourse" of the first Lord Liverpool, who answered these objections, is extracted with much commendation by our author. To the first, however, the answer is a little fanciful, inasmuch as the noble writer ascribes to the negotiators of the treaty of 1678, a more careful and foreseeing consideration of its wording than is either probable in itself, or consistent with the history of the treaty which was hastily copied from the French and Dutch treaty of 1662. He represents, too, the alliance as not altogether defensive, though the States General never made any other, and thus appears to weaken the main point urged in answer to the second objection, which was, that in the original cause of the war France was the aggressor, and that the attack on our European possession (Minorca) was a part of that aggression.

In our opinion France was the aggressor; but the case was certainly one of those,—indeed, there are few that are not—in which an unwilling ally might find a plausible ground for doubting.

The other instance is the succour given by England to Portugal in 1826; and this is adduced by

Wheaton, to show that the assemblage of troops, with a manifest purpose of aggression, the encouragement of subjects to revolt, and soldiers to mutiny, and all this while the sovereign was denounced as an usurper, did constitute an aggression, and entitle Portugal to call upon England.

All this is unquestionably just; an attack menaced is equivalent to an attack made; and England, no doubt, fairly and honourably fulfilled her engagement, under circumstances in which she might have found many precedents for evasion. But it is true, that although England took much pains to have it understood that her expedition was solely and entirely in pursuance of her treaties†, her ministers felt the obligation as in no degree burthensome, and did no violence to their inclinations in fulfilling them.

Grotius‡, but still more Vattel§, and Rutherford§, are quoted with approbation, for their "technical rules of interpretation," applicable to "international compacts in cases of doubt." It is perhaps hardly fair to style these rules *technical*. They all lead to a construction according to the most obvious and accepted meaning of the words, and the expressed intention of the party promising, and the probabilities of the case. In international transactions, as in those of private life, some cases of conflict and doubt will arise, which may place the most conscientious man in a difficulty.

In referring to the mediation, which our author says correctly, may be refused when spontaneously offered, and carries with it in no case any *authority*, or any obligation to enforce that which it recommends,—he omits to notice the cognate, good offices and arbitration¶. *Good offices* are a voluntary interposition of advice, to one or both of two contending parties with a view to adjust the difference; but do not require, as a mediation does, to be accepted by either party. Arbitration speaks for itself. There have been of late two considerable instances, in both of which England and America have been concerned. The King of the Netherlands acted as arbitrator between England and the United States, on the disputed boundary of the state of Maine; and England arbitrated between France and the United States, in regard to a pecuniary compensation from the latter for illegal capture at sea. The latter was successful—the former failed. Without going into the merits, we may say that this raises a question of some importance, and illustrates the necessity of precision, as well in drawing a treaty as in stating a case for arbitration and its objects. The question was how to carry into effect, according to the true intent and meaning of the treaty, a certain stipulation in the treaty of 1783 defining the boundary. The arbitrator found that the article was in itself incapable of execution, being geographically erroneous; but he took the map, and drew what he thought a fair line. England though not entirely satisfied with the decision, acquiesced in it; but the United States declared that the king had done that which was not

* Parliamentary Debate, xvi. 364. Stapleton, iii. 221. Wheaton refers, in his text, to the Edinburgh Review, xiv. 242.

† B. ii. c. 16.

‡ B. ii. c. 17.

§ Inst. of Natural Law, vol. ii. c. 7.

¶ See Martens, ii. 20. Klüber, i. 253.

* See Pinheiro's opinion in Martens, ii. 396.

referred to him, and that the arbitration was null: they still insist upon the old, and, as an impartial judge says, impracticable treaty, and will not consent to any *conventional* line of demarcation*.

The "International Rights of States in their hostile relations" occupy Mr. Wheaton's second volume.

"The independent societies of men called *states*, acknowledge no common arbiter or judge, except such as are constituted by special compact. The law by which they are governed, or profess to be governed, is deficient in those positive sanctions, which are annexed to the municipal code of each distinct society. Every state has therefore a right to resort to force as the only means of redress for injuries inflicted upon it by others, in the same manner as individuals would be entitled to that remedy, were they not subject to the laws of civil society. Each state is also entitled to judge for itself what are the nature and extent of these injuries which will justify such a means of redress."

Assuming, as we necessarily must in the discussion, that a *state* is so far to be considered as an *individual*, that any wrong done to any member of it is a wrong done to the whole, we are not aware that a more accurate explanation than this can be given of the *right of war*. But while we admit that a state is entitled to judge for itself of the propriety of making war, we hold, according to the principles declared at the commencement of this article,—that every person having power to sway the decision of a state in such a case is bound to decide according to the dictates of the religion which he professes:—he may take into consideration remote as well as immediate consequences; he may fairly calculate the injuries which he may bring upon himself and his fellows, or their posterity, by forbearing to resent an injury or even an affront; but unless he is satisfied that, upon the balance of good and evil, war is necessary, it is his duty to abstain from it.

And certainly it is his duty to avail himself, if possible, of any of "the various modes which our author enumerates of terminating differences between nations by forcible means short of actual war."

These are, first, *embargo* or sequestration of "the ships and goods of the offending nation which are found within the territory of the injured state." This is a mitigated act of hostility, adopted in a case in which the government which uses it has a cause of war, but while there still remain hopes of averting war, and of bringing the other party to a concession or accommodation. If, however, war does ensue, it is deemed by the law of nations, as administered in our courts and recognized by Mr. Wheaton, to have commenced at the date of the embargo.†

Another mode stated by Wheaton is, to take forcible possession of the thing in controversy; or by *retaliating* upon the offender, either vindictively, by doing the same wrong to him that he has done to you, or amicably, by applying to him the same rule of conduct which he has applied to you: or lastly, by "making reprisals upon the persons and things be-

longing to the offending nation, until a satisfactory reparation is made for the alleged injury. * * *

* * * Reprisals are *negative* when a state refuses to fulfil a perfect obligation which it has contracted, or to permit another nation to enjoy a right which it claims; they are *positive* when they consist in seizing the persons and effects belonging to the other nation in order to obtain satisfaction. General reprisals are the first step which is usually taken at the commencement of a public war, and may be considered as amounting to a declaration of hostilities, unless satisfaction is made by the offending state."

It will be seen that Wheaton's *em'argo* applies only to ships and goods which are within the territory of him who lays it; but there are ordinances under the name of embargo which extend to the detention of vessels met with on the high seas; and especially that of the order in council of 6th Nov. 1832, as to *Netherland vessels*.* Robert Ward considers the embargo being confined to the ports of the sovereign as one of its distinguishing characteristics.†

It is not easy to distinguish an act of general detention from *reprisals*. It appears to us that a nation which has a right of war against another may use *any* form of mitigated hostility. The larger right includes the smaller. Jurists say, that as reprisals and acts of this sort "are a retribution for some wrong done, they cannot lawfully be resisted."‡ Undoubtedly, if one party is clearly in the wrong, the other is clearly in the right, and resistance is a continuation of the wrong; but as, probably, each party is equally satisfied that he is in the right, that one who is the object of the hostility, however qualified, has clearly a right of war against the other, though [as in the case of Holland in 1832] he may sometimes not think fit to act upon it. The difference between the last and actual war is this; the state of hostility created by reprisals ceases, [unless the party upon whom they were made is thereby provoked into war,] so soon as the particular object for which they were made is accomplished; whereas

* Ann. Reg. 1832, p. 365. See Sir Robert Peel's speech of 15th February, 1833, [Parliamentary Debates, xv. 770.], but there is not much in the debate to illustrate the international law of embargo.

† Inquiry into the manner, &c. p. 50. A case has lately occurred, which we believe to be new, and which strikingly illustrates the difficulty of reducing international affairs to a fixed rule of law.—France has a quarrel with Mexico, is severe in her exaction of terms, and enforces them by a general blockade. It is alleged that she is in the wrong in the quarrel, or goes beyond justice in her demands; that blockades are never recognised by neutrals except in time of actual war, and that this blockade is imposed purposely to injure the British trade with Mexico. We cannot dispose in this article of the grave questions of law and fact which hence arise. We own that the debate in the House of Commons on the 19th of March does not make the matter quite clear to our minds. [Parliam. Debates, xlv. 891.] But the case is too much one of temporary politics to be treated further here.

‡ Ward.

* The government of the United States is hampered by the rights of the subordinate government of the State of Maine.

† Rob. adm. rep. v. 246. Vattel, b. ii. ch. 18, sec. 342.

a war once commenced is only terminated by an agreement, and upon terms.

There are *special* reprisals, where the sovereign authorizes an individual to do himself right upon the subjects of other nations: these are now in dis-use.*

"The right of making war, as well as of authorizing reprisals or other acts of vindictive retaliation, belongs in every civilized nation to the supreme power of the state." This remark opens one of the most difficult questions of practical government. The power of making war, or of pursuing such conduct towards a foreign nation as must probably lead to war, would assuredly be assigned by any theoretical framer of constitutions to the supreme power of the state: to that power which alone can take from any individual the smallest part of his property, or put it or his person under any sort of restraint. Yet there is, we believe, not one country in Europe, and very few elsewhere, in which this power of making war is reserved to the supreme authority.

In England it is the prerogative of the crown to declare war, make treaties, and employ the forces of the state (in foreign parts) at its pleasure. It is true that the king cannot raise or pay soldiers, or maintain and pay ships and seamen, without the consent of parliament, (which is the supreme power,) annually renewed; but it is equally true, first, that the king has constantly and necessarily at his disposal, in time of peace, by authority of parliament, ships and soldiers which he can employ in hostilities; and secondly, that although these would not enable him to carry on an extensive war, and he must come to parliament yearly for the means and authority to maintain even them, yet as he can himself commence hostilities, declare war, and make alliances for carrying it on, he can reduce the parliament to the necessity of either supporting him in his measures, whether they approve of them or not, or breaking the national faith, and submitting to what has by competent authority been declared an intolerable injury or unpardonable insult.

We take England as an illustration; but the same observation applies to France and other constitutional monarchies, and even to the United States of America themselves. How to avoid this difficulty, and at the same time to preserve unity and energy in the management of international relations, we are ourselves unprepared to suggest; but we do think the difficulty one of great, and by no means diminishing, importance.

The state of Europe, and the extension of our colonies, induce parliament to place at the disposal of the crown so large a force, especially naval, that it is in the power of the ministers to make a hostile demonstration, or commit hostilities from which there is no withdrawing, without asking the previous consent of parliament. We must not deviate into an internal question; but we believe that it will be found that the practice of conducting foreign affairs, without reference to parliament, in a case which may lead to war, is more frequent now than at any former period—much more so than in the times of Walpole or Pitt. The quadruple alliance of 1834 is a memorable instance: a treaty is made while parliament is sitting, and immediately laid before the Houses, concerning with other powers a rather indefinite interference in the affairs of Spain and Portugal. No communication is made from the crown, nor even explanation given by its ministers, of any intention to go further; but within a few days after parliament is prorogued, a further treaty is made, binding England to appropriate her money and employ her ships in assisting one party to a civil

war: and, according to one version of the engagement, of which there is no authentic explanation, in *eventual acts of hostility against a third state*.*

Although some attempts have been made in our time to insist upon the necessity of a *declaration of war*, we may fairly take it to be admitted, as Wheaton does,† that no such declaration is necessary. It is because we look upon war as justifiable only in extreme cases, and because we hold that christian principles ought to be applied to war, as to other parts of man's conduct, that we hold a previous declaration of war unnecessary, and in most cases inapplicable and inexpedient.

Wars for the display of chivalry, and wars for the acquisition of territory, we hold to be absolutely unlawful and wicked. If no war is just, but such as he who makes it conscientiously deems necessary, on the principles of self-defence, or the defence of a friend, the war is commenced by the party which inflicts the wrong. No previous declaration will sanction a wrong, and no previous declaration is required to justify the repelling it.

Assuredly, if the wrong is equivocal, the offended party is bound to make known to the adversary his intention to resent, or resist, or prevent it; but he is not bound to give notice of the moment in which he will begin to act hostilely,—a notice which would often deprive him of the means or opportunity of redress.‡

After the commencement of hostilities, a declaration of the existence of a state of war, and its motives, is certainly convenient for all parties; as well for the vindication of the national character, as for giving notice to subjects and to neutrals, who have respectively duties to perform, and who may be innocently betrayed into situations of great loss and difficulty. And it is the duty of a government to make this notification at the earliest moment at which it is compatible with the object of the hostilities.

Writers differ upon the question, upon which Wheaton gives no positive opinion, whether the goods of an enemy found within the territory of a belligerent state are liable to seizure;§ "and the tendency of modern usage between nations seems to be, to exempt such property from the operations of war."

Bynkershoek, the writer who, in our opinion, generally takes the soundest view of questions of this sort, because he has the most just view of the nature and justification of war, recognises the right of the belligerent to seize the property of the enemy, including "things in action, as debts and credits. And he gives precedents, ending however in 1657, and not without objection, especially from the States-general of Holland.

But Wheaton says on the other hand, "there is the negative usage of nearly a century and a half previously to the wars of the French revolution." During all this period, the only exception to be found is the case of the Silesian loan of 1753;—the subject of the celebrated report of Dr. Lee, and other English lawyers, whose report is highly commended by Vattel and Montesquieu.

But Vattel's commendation is applicable to the general exposition of the law, and expressly reserves the merits of the king of Prussia's conduct, on which he gives no

* Such is the statement of the Earl of Minto, First Lord of the Admiralty; he differs herein both from the First Lord of the Treasury and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. (See Parl. Deb., xxv. 953, and xxxviii. 158, xlv. 58.) Lord Melbourne disavows Lord Minto's instructions to our cruisers to prevent neutral powers from carrying supplies to the Carlists.

† Page xi. See Ward's Inquiry.

‡ See Ward, p. 5, and App. 62, &c. Martens, ii. 167, 377.

§ Ibid. p. 38.

* We believe that Cromwell granted them in at least one case.

opinion; and our author, as we apprehend, misconceives also the report itself, which turns upon this point, that the king himself, the author of the seizure, was the person bound by the terms of the loan.* "It will not be easy," said the lawyers, "to find an instance where a prince has thought fit to make reprisals upon a debt due from himself to private men." And then they quote the respect paid by France, Spain and England, in the late war, to the property of their respective enemies in their public funds. After mentioning other peculiarities in the terms of the contract, they urge that the money ought to have been repaid some years before; and the king having wrongfully withheld it, could not legally take advantage of his own wrong. And it is an illustration of this position that the report cites the restoration of "the French ships wrongfully taken, after the Spanish war, and before the French war." These ought properly to have been restored before the war broke out; they were only within the power of England because she had failed to give them up before; they came wrongfully into her possession, and she therefore could not lawfully, and did not include them in her seizure of enemies' property found within her jurisdiction at the commencement of the war. Mr. Wheaton misconceives the principle of this precedent, when he brings it to bear upon the general question of seizing enemy's property.

But having cleared away this case of 1753, we have still to consider, whether the practice of a century and a half before the French revolution is against the seizure. Of this averment our author gives no proof. He quotes Vattel, who, laying it down as a general rule, that "the property of the enemy is liable to seizure and confiscation, qualifies it by the exception only of real property." Debts, he says, and things in action, are equally liable to seizure; but in this particular, he says, "the advantage and safety of commerce have induced all the sovereigns of Europe to relax from this rigour; and as this custom has been generally received, he who should act contrary to it would injure the public faith, since foreigners have confided in his subjects only in the firm persuasion that the general usage would be observed."

On this part of his work Mr. Wheaton is not quite so precise as in the rest. We should have presumed that he, too, intended to mark the distinction between debts and other property; but that in the following section he accuses England of a want of liberality in her modern practice, and extracts with approbation a sentence from an English lawyer, Mr. Chitty, unfairly criticising the doctrine of Sir William Scott, which he has recently cited with apparent approbation, and which is, almost in words, similar to a passage which he quotes from Vattel†, as to the retro-active operation of a declaration of war. Mr. Wheaton is well aware that the first seizure is, in the case supposed, justified by the conduct of the enemy, although confiscation is suspended while the hope of peace remains.

Upon the principle of this question we have no doubt whatever. Enemy's property, found within the territory of the offended party, may lawfully, by which we always mean morally, be seized and confiscated.

* The money was borrowed by the emperor Charles VI., and secured upon Silesia, while that province was in his possession. The king of Prussia acquired it with all its incumbrances.

† Wheaton, ii. 7, 9.

No aggression will justify war, which will not justify this mode of waging it.

Nor can we make a distinction between the ships of the state, and the ships and property of individuals. The offence is committed by the whole nation; we can make no distinction between the people and those who represent them, any more than we can make it [as nobody pretends] between those who were actually parties to the wrong, and those who endeavoured to prevent it; though this last, we admit, is one of the moral difficulties of war of which there is no more perfect solution, than a determination to avoid war as carefully as possible.

Our author cites from Vattel, without remark, the opinion that a sovereign may not lawfully detain the person of his enemies who are within his dominion on the breaking-out of a war. The practice is very unusual: we are not aware of any instance among civilized nations, except that of Buonaparte in 1803; but we are disposed to place the seizure of persons upon the same footing as the seizure of ships or goods.

We now speak of rigid principle; but a nation may have put itself under circumstances in which the seizure would not be justifiable by rule of right.

One of these, upon which there can be no doubt, is that of a previous stipulation, made in contemplation of a rupture, for protecting property or persons. In this case there can be no doubt; but we conceive, that if there has been, on the part of a nation, an uninterrupted practice of respecting such property or persons,—if the conduct of civilized nations in general has been similar, and such conduct is conformable to the opinion expressed by writers to whose authority the nation in question, as well by its conformity in this particular case, as by appealing to it in others, has borne habitual testimony,—we conceive that this nation is bound to abide by the rule thus sanctioned and adopted by itself.

And although for many, perhaps for most purposes, no distinction can be made between a state and the individuals* composing it, yet, in this case, we do not think that it is to the individual by whom the property has been brought into the country, that the public faith is pledged, and that wrong is done when the property is seized.

In reference to these seizures our author quotes the American Chief Justice Marshall. "The rule, like other precepts of morality, of humanity, and even of wisdom, is addressed to the judgement of the sovereign; it is a guide which he follows or abandons at his will; and although it cannot be disregarded by him without obloquy, yet it may be disregarded. It is not an immutable rule of law, but depends on political considerations, which continually vary."—Page 18.

To us it appears that this passage, which Mr. Wheaton highly commends, does not place the rule in its right position. If it may be justifiably disregarded, it ought to be disregarded without obloquy:

*Pinheiro [Mart. ii. 371] holds it unlawful to seize private correspondence, but lawful to seize that of the government. He is right, unless it be thought that the seizure of the letters is such an annoyance as may induce a termination of the war. We entirely differ from this writer in his opinion that wars are between governments only.

but the justifiable reasons are put too low, when they are placed generally in political considerations. This term is hardly applicable to a case which we can imagine, in which a disregard of the rule would materially affect the state of our quarrel, and even prevent hostilities. But still, sovereigns should always bear in mind the possible effect which a deviation from a rule may have upon other cases, in which there may be a less complete justification.

We have dwelt the longer upon this part of Wheaton's book, because it is the only part in which the author has shown unfairness towards Great Britain. After mentioning the article in the treaty of 1794, by which England and the United States agreed not to confiscate either private debts or moneys in the public funds (an article which we believe has not been renewed) he says,—“On the commencement of hostilities between France and Great Britain in 1793, the former power sequestrated the debts and other property belonging to the subjects of her enemy, which decree was retaliated by a *countervailing measure on the part of the British government*. And he thinks that there was a want of even-handed justice in compelling France in 1814 to make good the losses sustained through her decree, while it does not appear that French property *seized in the ports of Great Britain and at sea, in anticipation of hostilities*, and subsequently condemned as *droits of admiralty*, was restored to the original owners under this treaty, on the return of peace between the two countries.”

From the first extract it would seem, that when France, departing from that which our author has himself established as the usage of nations, and the opinion of Vattel, confiscated private and public debts, England, by way of retaliation, adopted the same measure, or at least some other measure equally contrary to usage, and from the second extract it would appear that this retaliatory and unusual measure was the seizure of ships, in port and at sea, at the commencement of the war. Now this proceeding, it appears clearly from Mr. Wheaton's book, was conformable both to usage and the opinion of the text writers.

But he mentions these captures as *made in anticipation of hostilities*. It is very unwillingly that we suspect Mr. Wheaton of a misstatement, but we are bound to say, that no recollection or examination of books or documents, including the complaints of M. Chauvelin and the French enumeration of grievances,* teaches us to believe that any seizure of French goods or ships occurred previously to the declaration of war by the French convention, which was made on the 1st of February, 1793. If we are correct in assuming that no such captures occurred, it is unnecessary to inquire whether, by their embargo, or any other hostile act directed against England or her allies, France had justified us in measures of precaution, retaliation, or war. It is enough that there were no such captures before war was declared.

Another alleged case of unequal justice concerns not the English government, but the court of king's bench. In 1807 Danish property was seized in British ports, and the Danish government, by way of retaliation sequestered “all debts due from Danish to British subjects.” Here again, the English measure

was usual; the retaliation went beyond it, and beyond usage. The ground was taken in a question of private debt which arose in our courts.* †. Wheaton thinks erroneously. There certainly was much less difference than in the French case between the English and the foreign measure; but we will give no opinion upon this as a question in Westminster-hall.

The illegality of commercial intercourse with an enemy, on the part of the subjects of the belligerent or of his ally, is laid down correctly by our author, from Sir William Scott and the courts of his own country. ‡

Doubts have arisen whether persons domiciled in the enemy's country are liable to reprisals in common with the natives; and many questions have been raised as to the circumstances which constitute a domicile, and their effect upon the station of an individual, in reference to various matters arising out of a state of war. On all these Wheaton adopts, almost implicitly, the decisions of the English court of admiralty, and informs us that those of the American courts have proceeded upon the same principles.

On one point only it is observed that our decisions exhibit “strong marks of the partiality to the interests of captors, which is perhaps inseparable from a prize-code framed by judicial legislature in a belligerent country, and adapted to encourage its naval exertions.”—Page 71.

The observation arises thus. The English courts condemn, as enemy's property, goods belonging to a merchant residing in an enemy's country, but having a share in a house of trade in a neutral country; and they also condemn the goods of a merchant residing in a neutral country, and having a share in a house in the enemy's country. Reciprocity, Mr. Wheaton thinks, requires that if residence in the enemy's country condemns the share in the neutral country, residence in the neutral country ought to protect the share in the enemy's country. This is at least plausible: but without seeing a judgement upon the point we cannot pronounce upon it.

The “Rights of War as between Enemies” form an important chapter [ch. 4].

Wheaton notices the opinion of BYNKERSHOKE† and

* Wolff and Oxholme, in Maule and Selwyn, vi. 92. Lord Ellenborough, in an elaborate judgment, held that the right of confiscating debts, contended for on the authority of quotations from Vattel, was not recognised by Grotius, and was impugned by Puffendorf and others; it was not general at any period of time, and no instance of it, except the ordinance in question, was to be found for more than a century.

† Pinheiro has rather singular opinions upon this subject. He considers war as entirely an affair of the two governments, and would, upon political as well as economical principles, allow of a direct commercial intercourse between two belligerent nations.—Martens, ii. 378.

‡ “Bellum est eorum, qui sui potestatis sunt, juris sui persequendi ergo, contestatio per vim vel dolum. * * * * Dixi, per vim; non per vim justam, omnis enim vis in bello justa est, si me audias, et ideo justa cum liceat hostem opprimere, etiam inermem, cum liceat veneno, cum liceat percussore immisso, et igne factio quem tu habes et ille forte non habet, denique cum liceat, ut uno verbo dicam, quomodocunque liberit. * * * * Si rationem, juris gentium magistrum, sequamur in hostes, quia hostes, omnia licet. Bellum alicui facimus, quia putamus eum, per injuriam nobis illa.

* Ann. Reg. 1795. p. 114, 139.

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other writers, contrary to that of all modern publicists,* "that every thing done against an enemy is lawful, that he may be destroyed though unarmed and defenceless, that fraud, and even poison may be employed against him, and that an unlimited right is acquired by the victor to his person and property."

Assuming as we do, with Bynkershoek, that no war is lawful which is not in its nature defensive, we cannot recognize the exception of *poison*, or the unlawfulness of attacking a man *unarmed*,—or any restrictions which proceed upon a principle of *chivalry*. The absolute prohibition of *fraud* is an ethical question, upon which we shall only say, that if it may under any circumstances be used, it may be used in war.

But besides that prudence dictates an adherence to some rules of moderation, in order that others may apply the same to us; we are to be restrained in the conduct of a war as in the resolution to make war, by those principles of morality which form part of our religion; and these justify the doctrine which Wheaton inculcates,—that no force can lawfully be used but such as is "necessary for obtaining the just ends of the war." There may be occasions on which the killing of prisoners and other severe measures, not generally justifiable, would become lawful.

But a great difficulty remains. *What are the just ends of war?* It is admitted that the acquisition of territory is not a justifying cause of war. May we then continue the war, for the purpose of conquest, after its original object has been obtained? Let the case be that the enemy forcibly took an island belonging to us, or oppressed a friend. The island is recovered, or ready to be given up, and the oppression has ceased. But may we not, if victorious, punish our enemy, by obliging him to cede a part of his own territory? If he is very powerful, and habitually uses his power to oppress, may we not use our victory to reduce that power? or to obtain some additional security for ourself or our friend? And may we not, therefore, inflict upon our enemy—that is, upon all the inhabitants of the nation at war with us—all such evils as are likely to bring him to make these concessions?

We can give no more definite answer to these questions than this: A statesman may lawfully take all these matters into consideration; and it is not possible to lay down a rule for directing him how far to carry them; but he lies under a strict moral responsibility not to carry them beyond the point at which he is in his conscience convinced they are required for the future preservation of peace and justice; he must not be carried by them into projects of ambition and aggrandizement which would have been unlawful at the commencement of the war; and he must never cease to regard tranquility as his ultimate object. In endeavouring to obtain just objects by means of extraordinary harshness, he must always balance the evil to be avoided, with that which is perpetrated in adopting such measures.

We are inclined to believe that these principles will, at least in regard to the *conduct* of war, bring a prudent and

conscientious statesman pretty nearly to the same conclusions as those which are prescribed by the *Laws of War*, as practised in civilized Europe and America. Yet the foundation ought never to be forgotten.

According to Mr. Wheaton, (p. 81.)

"By the modern usage of nations, which has now acquired the force of law, temples of religion, public edifices devoted to civil purposes only, monuments of art, and repositories of science, are exempted from the general operations of war. Private property in land is also exempt from confiscation, with the exception of such as may become booty in special cases, when taken from enemies in the field or in besieged towns, and of military contributions levied upon the inhabitants of the hostile territory. . . . The property belonging to the government of the vanquished nation passes to the victorious state, which also takes the place of the former sovereign in respect to the eminent domain. In other respects private rights are unaffected by conquest."

This rule, like all others, is qualified by the two principles of *necessity* and *retaliation*. A belligerent, we are told, may "resort to measures not warranted by the ordinary purposes of war," when such are necessary to his military operations; and "when the established usages of war are violated by an enemy, and there are no other means of restraining his excesses, retaliation may be justly resorted to by the suffering nation."

Our author observes, that while civilization has "softened the extreme severity of the operations of war by land," that severity "still remains unrelaxed in respect of maritime warfare." Wheaton does not distinctly aver that this difference is unreasonable; on the contrary, he assigns reasons for it where it is not more apparent than real. For, first, private property is confiscated, as *booty*, when captured in cities taken by storm; secondly, *contributions* are levied upon territories occupied by a hostile army, in lieu of a general confiscation. But thirdly, the object is to acquire territory which may be reclaimed or hereafter exchanged, and it is therefore not the interest of the victor to ruin the country; whereas "the object of maritime war is the destruction of the enemy's commerce and navigation, the sources and sinews of his naval power."

Surely this last is sufficient; next to the destruction of his armed navy, we are interested in the destruction of our enemy's merchant vessels, and the capture of their cargoes; whereby the difficulty and danger of sending them to sea, and the expense of loading and navigating them, are greatly augmented. We thus weaken him in that arm in which he is most formidable.

And it should have been added, that a conqueror by land looks to the country which he occupies for the support of his army; and a general confiscation, or too severe exactions, might not only exasperate the inhabitants against him very inconveniently, but deprive them of the means of complying with his requisitions. If we duly weigh all these considerations, and bear in mind also all the cases in which *exceptions* have been made—we do not say unjustifiably—to the mitigated rule of land warfare, we shall probably find no reason to charge maritime captors with undue or unequal severity.

Wheaton notices, (p. 85,) another difference between land and sea wars. It is unquestionable, that by the usage of civilized nations, individuals of a belligerent state attacking the enemy, without being part of his troops commissioned or levied by the sovereign, are not treated as soldiers, and entitled to the mild usages of modern war, which authorizes only the *detention* of a prisoner. Unauthorized combatants, on the contrary, are treated as robbers and murderers. But any vessel of a

tam, sui suorumque perniciem meruisse;isque armorum nostrorum finis est, quem, qua forma adsequaris, quid refert? Ne judicem injustum dicam, qui ad mortem damnatum, licet vinctum et inermem, a carnifico gladio jubet necari; nam si damnatum solvas armisque, jam erit fortitudinis fortuneque periculum, non injuriæ factæ punitio. . . . Hostis tuus apud te damnati loco est, et ita tu quoque apud hostem tuum, sed apud tertium, utriusque amicum, par utriusque causa est, et ambo estis justi."—*Quæst. jur. pub. l. i. c. 1.*

* And of Grotius, b. iii. c. 4. See Vattel, b. iii. c. 8, and Rutherford, b. ii. c. 9. sect. 15.

belligerent state may attack at sea the vessels of an enemy,* though his captures, if he be not duly empowered by his sovereign, do not belong to himself, but to his government. If he be so empowered by what is called a *letter of marque*, he is in all respects (except those of rank and command) on the same footing with a commissioned naval officer.

Our author says, "that it is much to be feared, that so long as maritime captures of private property are tolerated, this particular mode of injuring the enemy's commerce will continue to be practised, especially where it affords the means of countervailing the superiority of the public marine of an enemy." Is it not enough that it makes an effective addition to the means of annoying the enemy which are afforded by the national marine?

Unquestionably, however, this system of *privateering* is liable to abuse, and if an equal force could be brought against an enemy, consisting of vessels belonging to the sovereign, it would be desirable to abolish it. The United States, shortly after the confirmation of their independence, persuaded the king of Prussia to insert in a treaty of commerce, a stipulation which Wheaton describes as forbidding the grant by one party at war, of "commissions to privateers to depredate upon the commerce of the other."—Page 87. The stipulation was in truth more extensive. It allowed of the free intercourse between the two belligerent nations by trading vessels.† But even this stipulation, so little likely to be called into action, was not renewed when the parties revised their treaty.

We shall not follow our author into those branches of maritime law which concern titles and property. It is correctly stated, that a judicial sentence of a maritime court, which is plainly against right, entitles the nation of the injured foreigner "to obtain reparation by reprisals." In other words, the sentence of a court in one country, however it may generally be respected by the courts of another, in questions of property arising among individuals, is still so much a national matter, that if injustice is done to one of another nation, decidedly against right, and especially if contrary to that which is done to natives, the foreign state has a right to regard it as the act of the government.‡

We should hold, and indeed Mr. Wheaton appears to lean to the same opinion, that if a wrong is done to a foreigner, through a judicial sentence, clearly because he is a foreigner, his nation may complain, whether it be the sentence of a municipal or of a maritime

court. But the propriety of making the sovereign responsible is much clearer in the case of a maritime court, because the person injured has not *voluntarily* brought himself under its jurisdiction.

Asserting this responsibility, Mr. Wheaton does not decidedly object, as some writers prepossessed on the side of *Neutrals* have done, to the adjudication of prizes taken from neutrals, in the courts of the country of the belligerent captor. The proceeding is in fact only an inquiry by the sovereign whether his subjects have acted justifiably, according to the laws which he recognizes, including the Law of Nations. And there have been several instances in modern times, of governments referring to a mixed commission complaints of illegal capture, and acquiescing in the decision of such commission, notwithstanding that it disregarded the sentences of competent courts: * each of these instances may probably require more explanation than we can afford; but it appears clear to us, that whatever respect, in matters of private property, a court in one country may pay to the judgment of a court in another, no judicial process within one country can finally decide a question between two nations.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that agreeing as we do with Bynkershoek, rather than with Grotius and other writers, as to the almost unlimited lawfulness of means in war, we agree with him and with Wheaton in condemning *perfidy*. If we swear to our enemy, as to our neighbour, we must not disappoint him, even though it be to our own hindrance. Accordingly, all conventions of truce or armistice are to be rigidly adhered to according to their terms. Our author, (p. 117,) quotes from Vattel certain rules peculiarly applicable to such conventions. We do not know whether these are the rules usually adopted by our commanders; but this is unquestionably one of the cases in which a book habitually quoted by statesmen of different nations has acquired a sort of authority, and may be taken as furnishing the general rules, a departure from which requires a strong case of justification.

"Each party may do within his own territory, or within the limits prescribed by the armistice, whatever he could do in time of peace. He may levy and march troops, collect provisions and other munitions of war, receive reinforcements from his allies, or repair the fortifications of a place not actually besieged."

"Neither party can take advantage of the truce to execute, without peril to himself, what the continuance of hostilities might have disabled him from doing. . . . In the case of an armistice between the commander of a fortified town and the army besieging it, neither party is at liberty to continue works constructed either for attack or defence, or to erect new fortifications for such purposes. Nor can the

* I do not quite reconcile this with what was formerly said about piracy; or with Martens on Privateers, p. 36. Yet Browne (ii. 526,) as quoted by Wheaton, contemplates such captures as not criminal.

† Treaty of 1785, Art. 23. "All trading vessels employed in the exchange of the productions of different places, and consequently destined to facilitate and diffuse the necessities, comforts and luxuries of life, shall pass freely without being molested; and the two powers engage to give no instructions to their privateers [or cruisers?] which shall authorise them to capture such merchant vessels, or interrupt their commerce." On the other hand, it does not appear that privateers were generally prohibited.—Martens, Rec. iv. 47.;—See N. Amer. Rev. xxxiv. 22.

‡ See Wheaton, 95.

* The first of them is in the 7th Article of our treaty with America in 1794 [Martens, vi. 353,] but one circumstance seriously affects the authority of this precedent. The commission consisted of five persons; two were chosen by each government; the fifth was to be English or American, as *lot* might determine, and the lot fell to the Americans. It is hardly necessary to add, that our objection would have been equally valid if the lot had fallen the other way.

garrison avail itself of the time to introduce provisions into the town through passages, or in any other manner which the besieging army would have been competent to obstruct and prevent, had hostilities not been interrupted by the armistice.

"All things are to remain in their antecedent state in the places the possession of which was specially contested at the time of the conclusion of the armistice."

Mr. Wheaton cites and compares the two cases of Closterseven and El Arisch, with remarks which imply, that in both cases the breach of the convention was defended upon the principle, that "they were of a nature to require a ratification, as exceeding the ordinary powers of military commanders in respect to mere military capitulations." We own ourselves incompetent to go fully at this moment into the Closterseven case; but we see nothing in the papers to which we are referred, to support this notion in regard to the convention of 1757; and we are sure that Mr. Wheaton entirely misrepresents that of El Arisch; and that his expression "Good faith may have characterised the conduct of the British government," conveys a very unfair insinuation.

"The convention was signed at El Arisch on Jan. 24, 1800. Lord Keith's letter, announcing that the British government would consent to no capitulation," [by which the French government should be allowed to come to Europe] was dated Minorca, Jan. 8, 1800, or sixteen days before the signature of the treaty. This letter was founded on instructions sent out by the British cabinet to Lord Keith, dated Dec. 17, 1799, in consequence of the intercepted letters from Kleber. . . . Kleber no sooner received Lord Keith's letter than he resumed hostilities and fought the battle of Heliopolis. . . . No sooner, however, said Mr. Pitt,* "was it known in England that the French General had the faith of a British officer pledged to him, and was disposed to act upon it, than instructions were sent out to have the convention executed, though the officer in question (Sir Sidney Smith) had in fact no authority to sign it."†

We cannot deem General Kleber justified in putting an end to the convention before he knew whether Lord Keith's previous notification would be acted upon, after it had been ascertained that a capitulation had been signed by a British officer professing to have authority; and we cannot approve of the attempt to justify him by *setting off* the Duke of Cumberland, who, indeed, resigned his command immediately after the signature of the convention, and had no concern in the resumption of arms by the Hanoverians.

After an explanation, which calls for no remark, of the nature of licenses, safe-conducts and other partial relaxations of warlike prohibitions, Mr. Wheaton treats (ch. 3) of the *Rights of war as to neutrals*; and it is with great pleasure that we recognise here the return of the spirit of candour and fairness, which, under the influence of continental misrepresentations, had seemed to have departed.

"The rights of neutrality bring with them corres-

ponding duties. Among those duties is that of *impartiality* between the contending parties. The neutral is the common friend of both parties, and consequently is not at liberty to favour one party to the detriment of the other."

So far we agree with our author, but he proceeds;—

"There is, however, one very important exception, arising out of antecedent engagements, by which the neutral may be bound to one of the parties to the war. Thus, the neutral may be bound, by treaty previous to the war, to furnish one of the belligerent parties with a limited succour in money, troops, ships, or munitions of war; or to open his ports to the armed vessels of his ally with their prizes. The fulfillment of such an engagement does not necessarily forfeit his neutral character, nor render him the general associate of its enemy. How far," [it is added,] "a neutrality thus limited may be tolerated by the opposite belligerent, must depend more upon considerations of policy than of strict right."

We have already given our opinion* that a belligerent has a strict right to treat a neutral thus acting as his enemy. It can hardly be argued seriously that one nation has a right to assist another with troops, to any extent, provided only that she promises so to do, and that there is a limit to the number of the troops employed.

A similar observation is applicable to "another case of qualified neutrality," mentioned by Wheaton, where a previous treaty gives to one of the belligerents the privilege of sending privateers with their prizes into the neutral port, to the exclusion of those of the other.

The case is somewhat different where a neutral allows to one belligerent, not in virtue of a previous treaty, a passage for his armies through the neutral territory. "It being granted," says our author, "is no ground of complaint on the part of the other belligerent power, provided the same privilege is granted to him, unless there be sufficient reasons for withholding it."

We do not understand this proviso, but we cannot agree with our author, that this permission is innocent if given to both parties. To one it may give a great advantage; the other may not want it at all. It may fairly be put upon the footing of assistance rendered; and as we shall presently show [quoting Vattel,] assistance is not to be given to both, but to neither.

The definition of neutral impartiality is taken by our author from Vattel, who states that

"the impartiality which a neutral nation ought to observe between two belligerent parties consists of two points:—to 'give no assistance where there is no previous stipulation to give it; nor voluntarily to furnish troops, arms, or ammunition, or anything of direct use in war.' I do not say to give assistance equally, but to give no assistance, for it would be absurd that a state should assist at the same time two enemies. And besides, it would be impossible to do it with equality: the same things, the like number of troops, the like quantity of arms, of munitions, &c., furnished under different circumstances are no longer equivalent succours. In whatever does not relate to war, the neutral must not refuse to one of the parties,

* Parl. Hist. xxxv. 590.

† We have extracted this short account from Alison's valuable history of Europe (iv. 547), it is borne out by the papers.

* See p. 299, *ante*.

merely because he is at war with the other, what he grants to that other*."

At the commencement of the war in 1793, an attempt was made to violate the neutrality of the United States, by arming and equipping vessels and enlisting men within their ports, by the respective belligerents, to cruise against each other†.

The Americans very justly refused their permission, and passed an act in 1794, which was revised and re-enacted in 1818, by which

"it is declared to be a misdemeanour for any person within the jurisdiction of the United States to augment the force of any armed vessel belonging to one foreign power with whom they are at peace; or to prepare any military expedition against the territories of any foreign nation with whom they are at peace; or to hire or enlist troops or seamen for foreign naval or military service; or to be concerned in fitting out any vessel to cruise or commit hostilities in foreign service against a nation at peace with them; and the vessel in this latter case is made subject to forfeiture. The president is also authorized to employ force to compel any foreign vessel to depart, which by the law of nations, or treaties ought not to remain within the United States, and to employ generally the public force in enforcing the duties of neutrality prescribed by the law."

This act, originally passed under the auspices of Washington, thus recognized not only the obligations of neutrality, but the duty of the government to enforce them. Our foreign enlistment act of 1819† fell short in this respect of its American model, although it gave, on the other hand, a power to the crown to dispense with its provisions in any particular cases. The propriety of giving this power is a question of internal, not international, law; but that the grant of such permission in favour of one belligerent, places the power which grants it in a state of hostility with the other belligerent, or at least authorizes that belligerent so to deem it, appears to us beyond all doubt. And this opinion, we presume, Mr. Wheaton entertains, though he has no occasion to state it; for assuredly, if it is the duty of a neutral to withhold assistance, a neglect of that duty is a breach of neutrality, and consequently an act of hostility. To us it appears, and so it did we apprehend to the president Washington, that a neutral government is bound, not only specially to permit, but carefully, and by all means to prevent, or detect and punish, such breaches of neutrality by its subjects.

We now come to some of the leading questions which have been, within the last sixty years agitated between neutrals and belligerents. After a very slight attempt to uphold a different rule upon "the

abstract principle of natural law," our author states it to be "undeniable, that the constant usage and practice of belligerent nations, from the earliest times, have subjected enemies' goods in neutral vessels to capture and condemnation as prize of war;" in other words, "free ships do not make free goods."

Some nations, France (1681) and Spain for instance,—England, we believe, never,—have, in some wars, even confiscated the neutral vessel on board of which enemies' goods are found; that is, goods, the property of an enemy. This practice was arbitrary, and rested upon no sound principle. To say to a neutral,—you shall not trade with our enemy, you shall not assist in enabling him to enrich himself, or to maintain the navy which he uses against us, is at least intelligible, though contrary to usage; but this would lead to the prohibition of carrying not merely the property of an enemy, but his produce, and the goods which he had sold.

The French formerly extended, in another instance, the anti-neutral code; an ordinance of Louis XIV., reviving more ancient edicts, confiscated not only the goods of an enemy on board the ship of a friend, but the goods of a friend on board the ship of an enemy. This rule has been maintained upon this ground, that "those who lade their goods on board an enemy's vessel thereby favour the commerce of the enemy, and by this act are considered, in law, as submitting themselves to abide the fate of the vessel." In that view, although this rule has not been adopted into the maritime code of England, and is not sustained by Bynkershoek*, it does not appear altogether unreasonable. It might also be justified upon the general principle of annoying the enemy in his trade and navigation; but, so considered, it cannot stand without those other extraordinary restrictions upon the enemy's trade which we have just noticed.

It has sometimes been held, that where the rule, *free ships, free goods*, has been established by agreement between two states, the corresponding rule *enemy's ships, enemy's goods*, is naturally admitted; and so it has been in certain treaties. But Wheaton contends, and the American courts have held, that the two rules are not necessarily connected; the one is a concession by the belligerent to the neutral, the other is a concession by the neutral to the belligerent; but this takes from him a privilege which he possessed under the law of nations, and it is not to be presumed that he has made it.

There has been a great preponderance of modern treaties in favour of the maxim, *free ships, free goods*, sometimes, but not always connected with the other. In order to account for this preponderance, it must be borne in mind, that many of these treaties, perhaps most of them, especially those in which England has had a part, were made for some temporary purpose, or with powers of whose neutrality there was small probability‡.

The united provinces of Holland, though occasionally parties to violent measures against neutrals†, have generally been desirous of establishing this rule, and they stipulated for it with France in 1662, and with England in 1674.

* Vattel, b. 3. c. 7. sect. 101.

† Wheaton, ii. 150. We know of no correspondence between England and America on this subject, but the fact is stated in the correspondence between M. Genet and Mr. Jefferson in June 1793; in which correspondence will be found, on the part of the American Secretary of State, acting under Washington, a most accurate explanation of the duties of neutrality.—Debre's State Papers, vol. i.

‡ 59 Geo. III. c. 69.

§ We do not certainly know whether there was any similar provision in the American Act, but believe not.

* Lib. i. c. 13.

† See Croke's Answer to Schlegel, 1801, p. 44.

‡ As in 1689.

The treaties with Holland, in which this stipulation was found, were also treaties of defensive alliance; and when, in our war with France of 1756, the Dutch refused to assist us*, our government asserted† a right to disregard that stipulation to which Charles II. had agreed as the price of the alliance, and this happened again in 1780. It has often been stipulated between England and France, from Utrecht in 1713 to Mr. Pitt's treaty of 1786, but is not in force now.

When the empress of Russia, in 1780, established, by concert with Denmark and Sweden, and ultimately the United Provinces and other powers, what is called the armed neutrality, this rule of *free ships, free goods*, was a prominent part of the system. We believe that there is not one of the parties to this confederacy who has not, at some subsequent occasion, set its principles at naught; and eminently Russia, who, in 1793, "made common cause with Great Britain and with Prussia to induce Denmark and Sweden to renounce all intercourse with France, and especially to prevent their carrying goods to that country." France too revived the severity of her ancient prize code; but in 1801, and again in 1807, Russia and the northern powers revived the confederacy, notwithstanding that, between the two periods last mentioned, its principal article had been abandoned by stipulation with Great Britain.‡

Throughout the whole of this period the United States of America, though repeatedly at variance with the belligerent powers on questions connected with their neutrality, adhered to the original decision of Washington,§ that except where there was a special treaty to that effect, *free ships did not*, according to the law of nations, make *free goods*; and that government rejected the demand of France, that because it had a special treaty with that country contrary to that general rule, it should therefore resist the other belligerent in acting upon the rule. The United States, however, made the stipulation where they could; and in 1785¶ they had stipulated it with Prussia. But in 1799, when the treaty came to be renewed, it was found advisable to stipulate, that unless a new and general code should be adopted, the belligerent should conduct himself towards the neutral "as favourably as the war then existing might permit, observing the principles and rules of the law of nations generally acknowledged."¶¶

It appears from our author (p. 183.) that in some more recent treaties his countrymen have adopted a new principle: they have stipulated with Spain** and with Columbia,†† that the rule of *free ships, free goods* (which they now assume to be the only rule consistent with natural right,) should not take effect when one of the parties is at war and the other neutral, unless the other belligerent gives the neutral the benefit of the same rule.

Our author gives a fair abridgement of the controversy, too minute to be detailed here, respecting *contraband of war*, under which certain articles, although the property of neutrals, are not permitted by one belligerent to be

imported into the country of another. It appears to us that the enumeration of the different opinions which have prevailed, as to the articles which may be prohibited as being useful to the belligerent in his warlike operations, shows clearly that there is no principle upon which any one of the technical rules, which have been devised, can reasonably be adopted to the exclusion of the others. Some say,—indeed, this is generally admitted,—that military stores, that is, arms and ammunition, everything belonging to the equipment of an army, may be prohibited; but there is a great controversy about *naval stores*, because they are not *exclusively* used in war. Then there is another question, as to the materials from which arms and other things useful in war may be made; and lastly, belligerents have sometimes made *provisions* contraband when the want of them would tend greatly to distress the enemy. Particular treaties have run all the changes upon the articles of alleged contraband, and England does not now stand committed to any general principle of definition. We say *now*, because the convention of 1801, though made with Russia and the other powers who acceded to it, and professing to effect "an invariable determination of their principles of the 'rights of neutrality, in their application to their respective 'monarchies'" alone, is fairly treated by our author, as it was by Lord Grenville* at the time, as an enunciation of general principles, from which, so long as it endured, it would at least be difficult for England to depart; and it is certain, that in some particulars, especially as to contraband, this treaty fell short of what England had frequently asserted when belligerent.

The most remarkable of these cases are those of 1689 and 1793. In 1689 England and her Dutch allies concurred in prohibiting *all* commerce with France. In 1793 England and Russia concurred in preventing *corn, flour or meal* from being carried to France.† This proceeding, doubtless unusual, was thus explained at the time:

"It is notorious, that at this moment the commerce of corn and other provisions between France and other nations, is no longer a private commerce in the former country, but, contrary to all former custom, it is now entirely in the hands either of the pretended executive council, or of the several municipalities. This commerce, therefore, can no longer be looked upon as a private trade carried on between peaceable and speculating subjects of the two or more nations, but as special means taken by the usurping government of France to forward their own measures in carrying on the war which they declared against us. It is not less manifest, that at this present moment one of the most effectual means, by which these who declared war against us might be forced to offer fair conditions of peace, would be that of preventing that pretended government to supply, by means of importation, the want of provisions in that country,—a want which they themselves have caused by their conduct,—which undoubtedly would open the eyes of the whole industrious class of the French people, and arm them against their oppressors. It has been acknowledged by all those who have written upon the law and the public rights of nations, as a principle

* See p. 300, *ante*.

† Lord Liverpool's discourse.

‡ Convention of 17th June, 1801; Martens, Sup. ii. 476.

§ Mr. Jefferson to M. Genet, July 24, 1793.

¶ Wheaton, p. 182; Martens, Rec. iv. 37; Droit, ii. 129.

¶¶ Treaty of 11th July, 1779; Martens, Sup., ii. 226.

** Art. 12 of Treaty of 22nd February 1819; Martens, Sup., ix. 328.

†† Art. 12 of Treaty of 3rd October 1824; Sup., x. 984.

* Parl. Hist. xxxvi. 200. It must be observed, that an elaborate ministerial defence of the convention, in a tract ascribed to Ireland, laid great stress upon the fact, that the stipulations were confined to Russia.

† Nov. 6, 1793: Ann. Reg. p. 353.

ple, that it is as equitable to prevent the importation of provisions into an enemy's country, in order, by that means, to subdue it, as in the case when the want of the necessary articles has been caused to the enemy by the means he may have taken to annoy his opponent. And no person can deny that this case, which is quite singular in its kind, must not be judged according to regulations and principles which have only been established with a view to such wars, the customs of which, at that time, had been well understood and learnt amongst the sovereigns of Europe.*"

This order was revoked, and afterwards renewed in 1795, with this modification, that the corn seized was to be sold on account of the owners; this modification was conformable to the article of the commercial treaty which had been made between England and the United States in 1794, which recognised the possibility of cases arising in which provisions and other articles, not generally contraband, might be regarded as such, and provided for the indemnification of the owners of articles seized in such cases.

This order came before the mixed commission appointed under the treaty; but as it is only from Mr. Wheaton's abstract that we have any knowledge of the proceedings of that commission, we cannot satisfactorily investigate them. It seems that the seizure was justified, not only as tending to reduce France to terms, but as necessary to supply England, where a scarcity was apprehended. The commissioners, as would be expected, decreed an indemnification of the owners, as for a wrongful seizure. We will not dwell upon the necessities of England (which are new to us as a ground of the order) but we can by no means admit that either this, or the order of 1793, was unjustifiable in principle. Indeed, upon this point, the framers of Mr. Jay's treaty (as that of 1794 is styled) appear to agree with us.

The truth is, that in this question of contraband, as in others of belligerent right, the true principle upon which war is justified, has been lost sight of among legal technicalities. We have admitted, that some of these technical rules are very convenient, and that generally speaking, as a matter of prudence, no one party would gain by a breach of them; but, always bearing in mind Bynkershoek's principle, that our enemy stands towards us in the light of an oppressor, whom it is lawful to resist, and an offender whom it is lawful to punish, even with death; and holding, therefore, that against him all measures of violence and annoyance are lawful; we hold that a third party has no just cause of complaint against us, although he may suffer some inconvenience from the restraints which we put upon our enemy. If the only man in a district who manufactures or supplies a particular article of general utility, is imprisoned for a crime, or mulcted in a penalty which puts a stop to his trade, the whole neighbourhood will suffer, but the magistrate is not to be blamed.

Upon this ground we maintain, that if by prohibiting the importation of corn into France we had a fair reason to expect that we should materially af-

fect the fortune of the war, we were fully justified in the prohibition.

Mr. Wheaton himself furnishes us with a case in which the American courts held that provisions might be contraband. They held that it was illegal for a neutral [a Swede] to carry provisions to the British army employed against France in the peninsula; because, though America had no concern in that war, she also was at war with England, and the supplying of the English troops *might* enable England to operate more effectually against the United States*.

This case is very valuable, as showing that all nations, even those most habitually neutral, assert such belligerent rights as they find convenient at the moment; but the principle for which we can contend cannot be better illustrated than by referring to the rules *universally* admitted concerning *blockade*†.

It is not denied by the most technical jurist, that a neutral is not permitted to carry *anything* to a place besieged or blockaded by a belligerent; all traffic, all intercourse is prohibited. Now it may so happen that the blockaded port may be to the neutral, the most important port in the country; it may be that through which his whole commerce has been continually carried on with that country, in articles, the exchange of which has been the principal support of his trade and even of his people.—But he must bear the loss; the law of nations neither permits him to complain nor to claim indemnification.

The reason of this prohibition of intercourse is, that "the belligerent might thereby be compelled to raise the siege or blockade, not merely by the direct application of force, but also by the want of provisions and other necessities. If, therefore, it should be lawful to carry to them what they are in need of, the belligerent might thereby be compelled to raise the siege or blockade, which would be doing him an injury, and therefore unjust."

And so much does the law in this case give the preference to belligerent interests, that "because it cannot be known what articles the besieged may want, the law forbids, in general terms, carrying *anything* to them; otherwise disputes and altercations would arise to which there would be no end."

It would not be easy to find any reason for restraining this belligerent right to the case of a siege, except that the effect of the intercourse of neutrals, upon the interests of the belligerent, is more immediate and more definite; and the loss to the neutral less considerable. There are, unquestionably, considerations which may induce a belligerent to be forbearing in the interposition of the restraint upon the more extended scale, and the neutral to be less ready to acknowledge the justifying necessity; but we can recognise no difference in principle between the re-

* Wheaton, p. 219. There is no controversy on the rule, that neutral vessels transporting military persons or despatches, in the service of the enemy, are liable to confiscation.—Wheaton, p. 210.

† Wheaton, p. 228.

‡ Wheaton, p. 229. Bynkershoek's words are; "Si quid eorum, quibus indigent, tibi adferre liceret, ego forte egerer obsidionem solvere, et sic facto tuo mihi noceres, quod iniquum est." B. i. c. 11.

* Note from Mr. Hailes to Count Bernstorff, Danish Minister, Ann. Reg., 1793, p. 353.

duction of a town to surrender, or of a government to submission or compliance,—between the relief of starving townsmen and famishing peasants.

The details of the law of blockade, which are numerous, are generally adopted by our author from Sir William Scott, and he corrects Bynkershoek, who appears to confound blockade to a case of *siege*, whereas it is held lawful to blockade a port, for the purpose of preventing the enemy's ships from coming out or going in, without besieging the town.

It is remarkable that he takes no notice of the extension of the blockade by England in 1806 to all ports from the Elbe to Brest; of the celebrated decrees of Buonaparte, or of our retaliatory orders. We shall only say, that the measures of England require no resort to the principles which we have now enumerated; that the blockade of 1806 was an effectual blockade, and that our naval force made it "manifestly dangerous" to enter any of the ports blockaded; that Buonaparte's so-called blockade of the British Islands had not any one of the legal requisites of a blockade; that in her measures of 1807*, England did professedly, go beyond the ordinary rules of the law, justifying herself upon the ground of retaliation, and the acquiescence of the neutrals in the illegal measures of France, which acquiescence constituted an injury towards England.

In the middle of the last century England set up a rule, which Wheaton controverts, which is known as *The rule of the War of 1756*. The French colonial trade had been a rigid monopoly; it was cut off, in their own hands, by the English naval force, and they then allowed the Dutch, by special licences, to carry it on for them. This England would not permit, and the vessels were condemned as having "identified themselves," (in Wheaton's words) "with the commerce and character of the enemy." Mr. Wheaton argues, that the rule, as it is now established by the decisions of Sir William Scott, does go farther than in its original introduction. It is now held that a neutral has no right to carry on a trade with the possessions of one belligerent, which trade was not open to him in time of peace. The reason is, that by carrying on this trade the neutral protects one belligerent against the effects of the naval superiority of the other. The difference, if any, is little more than technical; the principle being in both stages of the proceedings, that a neutral is not to do that for one belligerent which the other has disabled that belligerent from doing for himself.†

Although the changes which have taken place in colonial trade generally may render this rule of 1756 inapplicable to future wars, the principle is too just to be abandoned.

Our author states truly that the visitation and search of vessels at sea is essentially necessary while there is any case in which a ship or cargo may be seized. Forcible resistance, therefore, to search, by the neutral master, justifies the confiscation of the neutral property; nor does our author uphold the pretension of the *armed neutrality* to pro-

tect trading vessels from search by a convoy of men-of-war.

On the whole, the doctrines of our author are nearly such as England has asserted when belligerent, and is ready to admit as a neutral. For it cannot be too clearly explained, that what have sometimes been rather inaccurately styled the *maritime rights* of England, are nothing but the rights which she ascribes to every belligerent state. Henceforward, we hope and believe she is rather more likely to be the neutral than the belligerent party.

The chapter upon neutrals concludes with another case, in which one of the members of the armed neutrality appears as the alleged oppressor of neutrals. Denmark in 1810 issued an edict, which it enforced upon American vessels, for condemning neutral vessels which might sail under the convoy of an enemy of Denmark. The result of a negotiation conducted by Mr. Wheaton himself was, that Denmark paid a sum of money for compensating the neutral owners, without prejudice however to the argument on either side.

Mr. Wheaton's concluding chapter, entitled "Treaty of Peace," has been partly anticipated.—He raises a question, whether "a government is bound to indemnify those who may suffer a loss of property by the cession of territory" by a treaty?

His opinion is for the negative; but he does not clearly explain the sort of loss which he contemplates. A mere transfer of territory does not necessarily imply a loss of property. We are not prepared to lay it down as an imperative rule,—that a government, or, as it would be more correctly expressed, that part of a nation which is *not* affected by a cession, should fully compensate the proprietors or inhabitants of territory ceded, for any loss which they may sustain by the depreciation of their property, should such depreciation appear to be the necessary consequence. Indeed we do not see how it is possible to estimate a pecuniary loss of this kind; and it is absolutely impossible to set a value upon the sometimes less tolerable losses, of another kind, which attend a severance from one's native land.

But we go rather farther than our author, and do hold that for such loss as can be ascertained, the remainder of the ancient state is under an obligation, which has no limit short of the doctrine of self-preservation.

Wheaton refers to the cession of Burgundy by the treaty of Madrid, when the power of the king of France to dismember the kingdom was denied by the States General, and the Burgundians declared that they would not pass under a foreign dominion. The question,—Whether the Burgundians were justified in this declaration, which it is impossible not to applaud, belongs not so much to this article, as to one which should treat of government and constitutions. The case of cession might certainly puzzle the upholders of *original contract*.

It is correctly stated, that "the treaty of peace leaves everything in the state in which it found it, unless there be some express stipulation to the contrary;" and that "the title acquired in war to real property or immoveables, until confirmed by a treaty of peace, confers a mere temporary right of possession. The proprietary right cannot be transferred

* Jan. 7, and Nov. 11 and 25,—the first under the government of Lord Grenville and Lord Grey, the others under that of the Duke of Portland and Mr. Perceval.

† See Rob. ii. 200.

by the conqueror to a third party, so as to entitle him to claim against the former owner on the restoration of the territory to the original sovereign."

We believe that our author is justified in laying it down as a principle, that "a violation of a single article abrogates a whole treaty, if the injured party elects so to consider it." According to our doctrine, he ought, in making this election, to consider fairly whether there was not some ambiguity in the treaty, whether the breach of it originates in a fraudulent or hostile spirit, and whether an acquiescence, for the sake of avoiding war, would be deeply and permanently injurious to his lawful interests,—among which he is unquestionably permitted to include his honour and reputation, the disparagement of which would lead to fresh injuries and necessitate wars.

Our author concludes his work, rather abruptly, with a reference to the cases in which disputes between two nations are settled by the mediation of friendly powers; and specifically to the London Conference which has enforced a suspension of hostilities between Holland and Belgium, and terms of separation between those two countries. While he sees great objections to interference of this sort, he makes a just distinction between it, and the assumed right of interfering to prevent changes in the municipal constitutions of countries.

Not intending to enter upon the politics of the day, we shall only say, that enemies as we are to interference of all kinds, we admit that interference is in no case so justifiable, as where it is exercised by those who are strong enough to make it effectual in preventing hostile collisions.

Want of space obliges us to imitate our author in the abruptness of our conclusion. We fear that, by following him chapter by chapter, we have failed in the systematic arrangement which is desirable in a treatise—if we so venture to call it—such as that which we now present; but we trust that no reader will fail to recognize, throughout, our leading principle,—the necessity of recurring, in our foreign as well as our domestic relations, to our sense of right and wrong, and our obligations as responsible beings.

TURKISH TRADE AND POPULATION.

Instead of prohibitions on the importation of foreign commodities, or of imposing duties equal to prohibition, in imitation of France, Austria, and, in many instances, of England and other countries, the Turkish government, in wisdom, tolerance and hospitality, opened its ports and dominions to the people and merchandise of all countries,—a small *ad valorem* duty of 3 per cent., and a moderate anchorage charge on ships, being the only tax or restriction imposed, from the reign of Suleyman the Magnificent to the present time, a period of more than 300 years. But though the commodities of other countries thus found easy ingress to, and generally ready markets in, the Turkish empire, yet the commercial system of the Porte, especially in regard to the produce of her own soil, was narrow, impolitic and unjust. Turkish

subjects were chiefly either cultivators of the soil or pastoral races, yet the policy of the government was to prevent the exportation of all the products which were considered essential to the sustenance of life. While this restriction, with the view of securing abundance of food, paralyzed agricultural industry by limiting the natural market, the cultivator of the soil was subjected at the same time to insecurity and tyranny by the collectors of the revenue,—the corrupt *employes* of pashas, or local governors, the latter being, for fiscal, military or administrative purposes, invested, as agents of the Sultan, with despotic power. Monopolies of trading, not only in the commodities which were allowed to be exported, but in the corn and other articles of food which were purchased in the provinces, in order to be conveyed to the capital or to the principal towns, were granted to government agents or privileged persons, on their paying certain fines or duties to the treasury.

These exactions were exceedingly vexatious and arbitrary. The policy of the Turkish government being *not to borrow money*, whenever the public income was not sufficient to meet the expenditure, which often occurred, two chief expedients were resorted to: 1st, debasing the coin; 2nd, increasing the exactions from the agents of the Porte, who extorted the sum wanted from the people; the burden falling chiefly on the cultivators of the soil, and in the towns on those engaged in manufactures.—Whole towns and villages have frequently been ruined by these contingent extortions, beginning with those exacted by the Porte from the governors of provinces, and thence downwards by the pasha and the inferior agents, from towns, villages, and the simple cultivators of the soil. In short, were it not for the free intercourse with foreign countries and the relief afforded under the municipalities, which still preserve much of their original excellence, the corrupt and tyrannical *fiscal* administration of the interior would have utterly ruined the empire.

Owing to the pernicious system alluded to and the prohibitions as to exportation, the import trade of Constantinople, though considerable, has hitherto been much limited, while the exports have been comparatively of small value, and confined chiefly to wool, silks, carpets, goats' hair and wax; bullion and diamonds making up the difference in payment for the goods imported,—the latter being woollens, cottons, and hardware, to a very considerable amount, from England; sugar and coffee from the West Indies and Brazils, in which trade American ships have been far more extensively engaged than those of England. Jewellery, clocks, watches, &c., chiefly from France, and by Trieste and the Danube from Vienna. Printed cottons, chiefly those termed Turkey reds, have also, for several years, been extensively imported from the Austrian dominions.

Ships have seldom found return cargoes at Constantinople, although no port in the world can naturally be more favourably situated for a general entrepot. This has been caused by the folly of the Porte in regard to the export trade, and during late years by the regulations and tariff of Russia restricting the commerce and intercourse with the Black Sea.

Lately, however, wool and hair, imported in the first instance chiefly from the principalities and Asia Minor, have formed export articles of considerable value. Previous to 1831, no wool was imported into England from Turkey. Since that period, the quantity imported from Turkey and also from Russia (chiefly from Odessa) has greatly increased, as will appear from the following statement.

Years.	Russia.	Turkey.	Tripoli, Barbary, and Morocco.
1831	lbs. 263,920	lbs. 11,447	lbs. 14,465
1832	855,630	17,992	105,689
1833	1,380,823	361,591	1,977,816
1834	3,107,957	1,474,522	816,625
1835	4,024,740	1,281,839	791,816
1836	5,414,913	2,473,028	128,323
1837	6,114,945	2,277,775	511,426
1838	3,769,102	762,018*	

The legal duty on articles allowed to be exported was formerly fixed at 3 per cent., but the exactions of agents and farmers of purchases, often imposed, especially in Roumelia, and even in the principalities, from 10 to 15 per cent. on commodities purchased for exportation.—This formed one of the chief evils which were complained of by the *Frank merchants*.

Macedonia, a country greatly neglected, but rich in commercial resources, having Salonica, with a population of more than 70,000 inhabitants, for an outpost, was never so much restricted in her export trade as Roumelia. Raw cotton, tobacco, sheep's wool of very fine quality, wheat, barley, Indian corn and raw silk have long been exported in large quantities to various countries,—the Greeks being chiefly those who have carried on the trade of Salonica and the interior country.

In Albania, from the nature and position of the country and the character of the inhabitants, it was found almost impossible to prevent an export trade, which with the importation of foreign commodities has been carried on in small vessels by the inhabitants of the country, chiefly with Trieste, Venice, and Corfu, by the port of Scutari; yet this trade has been crippled by various exactions and the want of good harbours along the coast.

With respect to Smyrna, as the chief outlet for the produce of Asia Minor, the duties on exports have not been complained of, and did not exceed 3 per cent. until the government monopolized the silk and opium trade, first, by fixing the price which the government agents were to pay, and then forcing it to be shipped for sale and re-exportation to Constantinople, where, on being shipped to foreign countries, 10 per cent. duty was exacted.

Broussa, in Asia Minor, a few miles south-east of the sea of Marmora, has within the last few years become a great depot for the silk of the interior, but it was likewise subjected to the monopoly and sent to Constantinople.—A British consul has lately been appointed to Broussa.

In Egypt and Syria, and the Sherifat of Mecca, the whole trade has been monopolized by their ruler Mehemet Ali. Cultivation, manufactures and commerce have all been seized by him; any disputing of his authority, as to exaction of taxes, payment of the prices at which he, as the general merchant of those territories, purchases, as well as sells commodities, is severely punished by death or mutilation. The cruelties inflicted by this active and able tyrant are almost incredible. In regard to sales, he as late as last year nearly ruined those who imported goods from foreign countries by refusing to sell them his cotton, except at higher prices than the article would bring in the markets of Europe; and instead of selling the vast stock he had on hand in the country, he shipped it, on his own account, with considerable loss, to Trieste, Genoa, Marseilles, &c.

With regard to Tunis and Tripoli, countries through which a commercial intercourse might be opened with the interior of Africa, trade has been in like manner generally

embarrassed and restricted by the vicious administrations of the Turkish governors.

We now come to the principalities, forming that vast and fertile region comprehending the basin of the Danube, and lying between the Balkan and the frontiers of the Austrian and Russian dominions. The commerce of these countries, in early ages of vast importance, especially the export trade, has nearly at all times been restricted to little value under the Turkish rule. All exportation but to Constantinople was prohibited, except that of wool, hare skins, and berries; the revenues and administration at the same time having been, it may be said, farmed out to avaricious and tyrannical governors, of Greek (Fanariote) birth or race. The inhabitants, chiefly of Slavonic origin and nearly all professing the Greek religion, were naturally separated in their social position from the Moslems, whose arbitrary government was often moderated by the intervention of Russia; yet the people of the Principalities were never inclined to become subject to, although their country has more than once been overrun by, and in the occupation of the latter, In Wallachia and Moldavia we hear the people even say and with truth too, that such and such improvements have been made when the country was occupied by Russia. The latter having, as we have stated in a late number, possessed herself of all the navigable channels and the Delta of the Danube by the treaty of Adrianople, now commands, and may, under the form of quarantine or other pretext, close this great natural artery of European commercial navigation, and has thus, at the same time, further crippled the trade of those extensive provinces.—Russia has also, through the agency of the Greek religion, and the offers of parental protection, for a long time been endeavouring to win the affections of the inhabitants of the Principalities. That she has been to a great degree successful there is little doubt; nor is this surprising, when neither Austria nor England has ever come forward to protect or encourage those at all times most harassed of Ottoman subjects.

Turkey being an empire of nations, and not one nation, and the corrupt administration of her provincial governments and agents having vitiated her municipal system and the freedom extended to trade, it may be satisfactory, before we notice the changes contemplated in her commercial system by the recent treaty, to state the estimated population, and to show briefly the great commercial resources of this empire, and the importance of extending a trade to supply her varied population with the commodities which England can advantageously furnish.

It is not possible to ascertain, with any certainty, the population of the Turkish empire; from various estimates we take the following:

The population of European Turkey, not including Greece, may be estimated at not more than	10,000,000
Of which those of Mahomedan religion may be considered under	4,000,000
The principalities of Wallachia, Moldavia, Bulgaria, Servia and Bosnia contains a population of about	2,500,000
Of these four-fifths are of Slavonian, Roman, or Greek origin, and profess the Greek religion.	
Asiatic Turkey includes twenty Eyalets or governments, with the following great divisions, the populations of which are vaguely estimated at	
Asia Minor	480,000
Armenia and Georgia	368,000
Kurdistan, Druses, &c.	175,000
Mesopotamia	430,000

* The decrease of importation in 1838 of wool from Turkey seems unaccountable, unless its export may have been affected by the difficulties of the government.

Syria	680,000
Sheriffat of Mecca and Medina, about,	220,000

Total 2,350,000

This computation appears incredibly small for such extensive regions; and so utterly ignorant are most Europeans of the state of those naturally rich and important territories, that we have heard men of judgment and observation, who had visited Syria and Asia Minor, say that the population of Turkey in Asia could not exceed six millions, nor be under three millions. Balbi again, without giving any authority, states the number at 12,500,000.

In Africa the estimated population, under Turkish dominion, is given as follows:

Tunis	1,600,000
Tripoli	666,000
Magreb, &c.	100,000
Egypt, including Candia, about	2,000,000

Nearly all Mahomedans . . . 4,560,000

Chief exception about 80,000 Copts.

These estimates would give to European Turkey	10,000,000
Asiatic Turkey, say	3,000,000
African tributaries, including Egypt, &c.	4,560,000

Total . . . 17,560,000

In regard to the adhesion of these populations to the empire, the following can only be considered, in the most favourable light for the Sultan, as merely tributary, viz.

Egypt, including Tripoli, Tunis, &c.	4,560,000
Syria	680,000
Sheriffat of Mecca and Medina	220,000
Danubian principalities	2,000,000

Total tributary . . . 7,060,000

There remain, total subjects . . . 10,500,000

Of which the Mahomedans are probably not more than . . . 5,000,000

When we consider that Egypt and Syria and the Holy Cities are in the possession of Mehemet Ali, that the Principalities scarcely more than acknowledge the sovereignty of the Porte, and the loose subjection of Tunisia, Tripoli, &c., we cannot but conclude, that unless the Sultan has far stronger authority over his Christian subjects than we are generally informed he has, and as his power as Caliph and first Imaum of Islamism is reduced to at most his sovereignty over five millions of Mohamedan subjects, his empire can, hereafter, only be preserved by the great material and political interests of England, Austria, and Turkey, which would be destroyed by the dismemberment of the latter empire.

The commercial resources of Turkey in Europe are themselves of very great value, if the exportation of her productions be hereafter as unrestricted as the freedom of importation has been. Corn, wool, silk, cotton, timber, flax, hemp, tallow, wax, dye stuffs, and numerous other articles, she can furnish in great abundance, in exchange for the commodities of foreign nations. Her Asiatic and African countries are naturally as rich, if not more so, than the European states. All have their respective advantages and

resources; and it is only by connecting her material and political interests reciprocally with those of other friendly great powers who can have no view to breaking up the integrity of her empire, that Turkey can have any hope of existence among the Great Powers of Europe.

These conclusions lead us to consider the practical effects likely to be produced by the treaty recently concluded with the Porte, and how far its stipulations are applicable to the various nations of the empire. From the abuses under the old system, especially the exactions of the government agents, and the restriction on exportation, the just and uncorrupt application of the second, fourth, and sixth articles to all Turkey in Europe south of the Balkan, and to Asia Minor, must be of great advantage to Turkish trade, and especially to British commerce.

In regard to Tripoli and Tunis, we have been lately informed that the strict application of the treaty would enable England to open with those countries a most advantageous trade, and through them with the interior of Africa; as British subjects and their agents may, under the treaty, proceed inland to meet the caravans, and sell great quantities of British wares, in exchange for ivory, gold dust, ostrich feathers, skins, oil, &c. We are also informed that an adventurous, active extension of our trade with Tunis, Tripoli, and the interior country, would soon neutralize a rapidly-growing influence which the French have acquired in those states.

The first great obstacle to the application of the treaty, is the authority and power of Mehemet Ali. He has not, we believe, openly declared that he will not submit to its provisions, and abolish his monopolies; he has rather given the Porte and the consuls of European powers a promise that he would do so, and submit to the arrangements agreed to by the Sultan; but the great object of his ambition,—the hereditary government of Egypt, Syria and the country of the Holy Cities, being secured to his family,—is at variance with the abolishing those monopolies, which enable him to maintain armies that have hitherto supported his authority, and prepare him for contests with the Sultan's forces.

He would, we believe, abolish his monopolies, on a condition to which England can only assent by the dismemberment of the Ottoman empire,—that of the full sovereign independence of Egypt, Syria, and Arabia; but taking all circumstances into deliberate consideration, we do not see the probability of the treaty being commercially practical in Egypt and Syria. *Whatever Russia or France may pretend, as to their anxiety to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman empire, we are convinced that its dismemberment enters fully into the spirit of their political designs.* They weigh and balance circumstances; they observe the decline of the Sultan's authority and the extension of the power of Mehemet Ali; the decrease of the Mussulman population; and the increase, in numbers as well as in energy, of those of the Greek and Armenian faith. The influence of France in Egypt is evident; that of Frenchmen in the Pasha's service, especially in his navy, remarkably so. France may pretend to the contrary; but she neither wishes the Pasha to give up his monopolies, nor to become more submissive to the Sultan than he has been; still the time may not have yet arrived, when France would actually desire the independence of Egypt, Syria, and Arabia. It would be more in accordance with the

views of France, if a dismemberment of the empire should be the result of feebleness at the Porte, which would occasion the provinces, as members of the body, to fall off, not in a healthy, vigorous state, but in a disordered condition, which would leave them no alternative but submitting, according to their position and circumstances, to the sovereignty of such power as could most dexterously or vigorously manage to acquire dominion over them.

The ambitious policy of acquiring Egypt and Candia has long entered into the cherished views of France, to establish her preponderance, as a power, over Europe. In the history of diplomacy we cannot fail to remark, on her part, the design of acquiring this preponderance, and on the part of England and Austria, that of maintaining the balance of European power.

The celebrated Leibnitz drew up by special request, for Louis the Fourteenth, a memoir elucidating the means by which the *Grand Monarque* would acquire and maintain such preponderance over Europe*. Conquering and possessing Egypt and Candia entered prominently into this design, which was afterwards not forgotten in the ambitious views of Napoleon; nor has it, any more than the extending French sovereignty to the whole left bank of the Rhine as far as the sea, vanished from the present designs and hopes of France.

These are the views of the French nation, whether France be ruled over by a legitimate sovereign, a citizen king, or a republican conqueror. Were Egypt and Candia independent of the Porte, a pretext for invasion would soon arise; nothing so easy as to provoke an insult towards the person of a French consul, and then for France to act according to the precedent of invading Algiers under Charles the Tenth, and blockading Mexico under Louis Philippe. The leading views for some weeks past of the *Journal des Debats*, the government organ, are alone evidence of what we state. Russia meantime will most likely wait pacifically the events which may attend and succeed hostility between the Sultan and Mehemet Ali. Her agents will intrigue to enfeeble the Ottoman authority over not only Christian but Mohamedan subjects; and whatever Russia may hold forth to England and Austria, the only two great powers who have all-important reasons for maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman empire, yet the present aspect of Eastern affairs is viewed with satisfaction by the cabinet of St. Petersburg, as the certain immediate elements of those internal convulsions which dissolves empires, which, like Turkey, comprise several nations, races, and religions.

Mehemet Ali is confident in his strength, resources, activity,—in the organization of his army and navy,—and in his authority over Mussulmen by the possession of “the Holy Cities.” Sultan Mahmoud could no longer remain inactive or degraded enough to witness “His Sacred Rights as Caliph and First Imaun of Islamism, and the administration of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, usurped by a rebellious vassal.” Mahmoud referred to the Mohamedan lawyers or to his chief astrologer; they said, “Take up arms and trust to God and the Prophet!”

* The substance of this memoir (the original is in Latin) was published as one of many political tracts of the times, in 1802, by Hatchard, Piccadilly.

Will Russia interfere to mediate a peace, or to prevent hostilities? Not until her hour is come. Not until the day when, either from the collision of the fleets in the Levant or Bosphorus, or of the armies on the plains of Syria, another “untoward event” may be the consequence, which will, under whatever pretext, enfeeble and not extend the power of the Sultan.

England and Austria alone *ought* and *can* at once, and without war, by energetic interference, put an end to the assumptions of the Pasha of Egypt, and prevent the consequences of a war, which in all likelihood would be irretrievably disastrous to Austria, and scarcely less so to British power in the East. Exclusive of far greater considerations until an understanding of permanent tranquility is established under the Sultan in Egypt and Syria, the practical application to those countries of the provisions of the recent Convention of Commerce between England and Turkey, however desirable and advantageous to British trade, will be found impossible.—There are also other and most important countries comprised within the general stipulations of this Convention, to which their application, if possible, would be highly impolitic. Those are the regions through which the Danube flows, from the Austrian dominions to the Black Sea.

This Convention, in other respects so important to British trade, that is, if faithfully regarded by the Turkish official agents, has been concluded with apparent ignorance of the vast political and commercial value of the Principalities. This ignorance is to be deplored: we cannot attribute it to a wilful neglect of providing for the political as well as local circumstances which embarrass the trade and navigation of the Danube, and with the countries through which that river and its magnificent tributaries flow.

This improvidence is, saying the least, a most lamentable oversight, but we trust not, even at this late hour, without a remedy; that is, if England and Austria will energetically carry into execution the principle and spirit of the Treaty of 1838 between both countries, the 3rd and 4th Articles of which have been evidently agreed to with most extended views of the high political as well as commercial interests of the contracting States.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

Part of an article in the British and Foreign Review.

Aggressively, Russia has little in her power. *L'Empire Monstre* requires too much aliment for her internal support, to spare any for external aggression. We have obtained the following statement of what we are assured to be, in round numbers, the annual amount of the revenue of the empire; taking the average of the five years ending with 1837, and computing the silver rouble at from 2s. 8½d. to 2s. 9½d. sterling, say 2s. 9d.:—

Customs	£4,655,000
Excise on spirituous liquors	2,845,000
Commutations paid in lieu of exercise on brandy	975,000
Poll-tax* (peasants)	2,655,000

* The poll tax is rated as follows: Peasants, 1 silver rouble, or 2s. 9d. Burghers, 3 ditto, or 8s. 3d. Merchants, 1st class, equal to 140l. each. Merchants, 2nd class, equal to 35l. each. Merchants, 3d class, equal to 17l. 10s. each.

Poll-tax, (merchants and burghers)	965,000
Revenue of crown lands	1,237,000
Revenue of salt, gold and silver mines, &c.	875,000
Stamps and passports	1,227,500
Post-office	218,750
Average total	15,753,750

What is withdrawn out of this amount for foreign aggression, is the sum expended in presents and in supporting her diplomacy and spies in foreign countries,—*espionage* and diplomacy being the real elements of Russian aggression. This *espionage* and diplomacy is the most powerfully-organized that has ever existed,—we will not even except that of Ignatius Loyola and his successors.

In the summer of 1838 the Czar visited Germany—he had in view a voice in the Diet, as Duke of Courland; he came to Toplitz, where he met Prince Metternich and the King of Prussia; and he visited Bavaria and other German states. By the magic of presents and the fascination of his manners, he gained all but Metternich and Frederick. The first was too wary, and the latter too cold, to be won over. At Toplitz, however, Nicholas had before his arrival established his ambassador to Vienna—Tatischeff—in princely magnificence. His minister for foreign affairs, Nesselrode; his ambassador at Paris, Count Pahlen; his ambassador at Constantinople, M. Boutenief; and about one hundred others of his diplomatic ministers, inferior agents and spies, were there assembled to meet the Emperor of all the Russias. He sat in council with them. Intelligence from all countries was brought forth and concentrated; a plan or system of future diplomatic action, in perfect accordance with Russian design, was organized, and then each ambassador, member, agent, or spy, separated for his appointed destination. Thus each became acquainted with the other, and departed with the views and instructions of the emperor and his minister for foreign affairs; each to act separately and in concert, in one well-understood systematized course of action.

A diplomacy and *espionage* thus organized and instructed, and at the same time highly paid, can scarcely blunder. The Cabinet and minister for foreign affairs are always confident that their instructions are not only strictly followed, but that their diplomatic agents will never commit blunders or neglect Russian interests.

Far otherwise has the diplomacy of England been managed; and from the nature of the appointments and want of unity of purpose in the members of those who have been entrusted with foreign missions, it is not surprising that blunders and neglects are frequent,—for most of which the minister for foreign affairs may personally have little accountability, while officially he may be charged with the full responsibility of ignorance and neglect of duty.

Taking up the position of an alliance of material and political interests with Austria, as bearing upon the commerce and navigation of the Danube, and our trade and power in the East, in connexion with the possible, if not probable consequences, of the hostilities between the Sultan and Mehemet Ali,—we must repeat, that the immediate following up and securing, by a convention, between England, Austria and Turkey, the material and political advantages most evidently understood by Prince Metternich and Lord Beauvale, in fixing the stipulations of the 3rd and 4th articles of the Austrian treaty, will be adopting a course of straightforward negotiation, truly worthy of great statesmen, and, if boldly and ably conducted, such as Russia can neither frustrate by intrigue, nor prevent by force.

Delay will be fatal to British and Austrian power and

commerce in the East. Since the ratification of our last treaties with Austria and Turkey, a long time has been unaccountably given Russia to weaken British and Austrian influence in the Principalities and at the Porte. The *eleventh* hour hath already arrived, and if Austria and England do not boldly unite against Russian intrigue and aggression, before the *twelfth* hath gone by, Europe and the East will in all probability be involved in a war as disastrous, if not more so to England and Austria, as those of the French Revolution and Empire.

Here we considered this article concluded; and it had gone to press before we received the intelligence of Sultan Mahmoud's death. We have also at this moment heard from St. Petersburg, that no sooner had this, not unexpected news reached that capital, than Nicholas summoned a council, and sent off two of his most able diplomatists and courtiers,—Orloff and Ruckmann,—the one direct by Odessa, the other through Moldavia and Wallachia to Constantinople; while at the same time instructions were sent to the Russian generals in the Southern Provinces, and to the admirals of the Black Sea fleet, to be in readiness for such immediate orders as events might render necessary.

We are also assured that the instructions to Baron Ruckmann, on his passing through the Principalities, are, to arrange for the pacific march of Russian troops, when desired by the Czar, into Wallachia and Moldavia.

This *privilege* is stated to be in all likelihood agreed to both by Prince Ghika and the leading people of the Principalities, but more from necessity than from any wish for the protection of Russia, which they believe will, in the event of another occupation, soon place these provinces, like Bessarabia, under the absolute sovereignty of the Czar.

Meantime all the skill of Russian diplomacy is to be exerted at Constantinople to win the mind of the young Sultan over to Russian confidence and management. Presents, advances of money, flattering insinuations are to be used, and if all these should fail, naval and military demonstrations are to be made. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg is stated to anticipate events of the greatest importance, and complete success in the part to be taken in the movements of the East.

All this intelligence is suddenly followed up by the news of actual war:

“Therapia, July 8th.

“The Porte has received intelligence that a battle has been fought in the neighbourhood of Aleppo, and that the Turkish army has been destroyed. The wrecks of it had recrossed the frontier.”

“Alexandria, July 8th.

“The Egyptians under Ibrahim Pasha have attacked the Turkish army, commanded by the Seraskier Hafiz Pasha, at Nezib, beyond Aleppo: the latter abandoned the field of battle after a combat of two hours. All the *material*, cannons, and muskets fell into the hands of the Egyptians.”

That hostilities have commenced, and that the Turks have been defeated, with great slaughter, that their *material* of war is possessed by the Egyptians, there can be no doubt; but successful however as Ibrahim Pasha has been in arms, on land, the aspect of the naval power of Mehemet Ali has assumed a still more alarming position. Through no doubt more than one treacherous agency,—even treachery greater than that of the Captain Pasha,—the *whole Turkish fleet and sailors* have gone over to the tyrant of Egypt; and we now learn that he has formally declared his determination to hold

possession of that fleet and those sailors until the Sultan and the great powers of Europe acknowledge his hereditary SOVEREIGNTY, in complete independence, over EGYPT, SYRIA, and ARABIA.

Ever since the death of Sultan Mahmoud, anarchy, strangling and drowning, and destruction of the order and forms introduced by the late Sultan, have prevailed at the Porte.

Mehemet Ali or Ibrahim, may be even now at Stamboul; if so, Russia will have the pretext of protecting, or marching pacifically through the Principalities to Constantinople. That England, Austria, France, and Russia, may at once crush the power of Mehemet Ali, send back the Turkish fleet, transfer the military command and government of Syria from Ibrahim Pasha and Mehemet Ali, to the officers and government of the Porte, and restore order at Constantinople, there is no denying. But we neither trust Russia nor France; and we again repeat, that the energetic immediate union of England and Austria can alone prevent the hostilities which have commenced, and the evils which threaten from within, as well as the aggressions which menace from without, the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, from being the *very beginning of the beginning of the most fatal events.*

From Tait's Magazine.

SONG OF THE NORSEMEN.

The ocean shakes his angry brow,
He rages for his prey,
But shall we heed the tempest now?
Ye thousand barques away?
Away! each gallant mast
Shall bend beneath the gale,
As the reed bows to the blast,
In the tempest-bent vale.
Before we reach the sea-girt land,
Where the blue-eyed Saxons dwell,
Where the blood lies red on the thirsty sand,
To mark where our fathers fell.

Ye sons of the mountain, rejoice in your might
'Tis the sword of revenge waves us on to the fight.

On high the seaman soars
To chant his dismal tale—
How the storm will strew the shores,
Ere the eastern sky turns pale.
We listen to the crashing noise,
As the angry waters roll;
We love to hear the tempest's voice—
'Tis music to the soul—
We laugh at the rage of the foaming wave,
We laugh at the north wind's wrath;
What, what can daunt the breathless brave,
Who tread in glory's path?

Howl on restless blast, that dwellest 'mid the northern snow,

We love to hear your voice, for you bear us to the foe.

As the flood foams down the rock,
We rush into the fray,
For we love the battle shock,
As the eagle loves his prey.
Our eyelids scorn repose,
Till our swords are drunk with gore—
The cursed name of our fathers' foes
Shall perish evermore;
For we have girded on their blades,
To tread their glorious path;
Weep on! weep on! ye blue-eyed maids,
The whirlwind of our wrath

Shall leave not a lover, a brother, a sire,
For the vengeance of Norsemens can never expire.

And when the Saxon foe
Has sunk beneath our blades,
'Tis then to feast we go,
Beneath the forest shades:
With generous cups of the blood-red wine
We rouse the fainting soul,
Till the warrior glows with joys divine,
Deep drawn from the foaming bowl,
Our spirits roam thro' Odin's bowers,
Beyond the deep-green sea,
Where the chilling tempest never lowers,
Where the bowl is ever free;
'Tis thus that the ocean-borne sons of the north
To the fight, and the feast, and the wassail go forth.

Thou vast unfathom'd deep,
Whose waters never rest,
Thy warrior sovereigns sweep
O'er thy many-furrowed breast;
Then let thy billows bear us fast,
To the white-haired Saxon's home;
Let the hoarse winds bend each quivering mast,
Till it kiss thy churning foam!
Now o'er the mountain surge we go,
The northern blast our guide;
We mount their threatening crests of snow,
As the sea-bird mounts the tide.
Hurrah! hurrah! ere the morrow's sun has kissed the
burning wave,
The sons of Odin shall have won a kingdom or a grave.

From the Retrospective Review.

THE WORKS OF BEN JONSON, FOLIO, 1616.

The reader, who may compare the length of this article with the dignity and importance of its title, may justly consider us no unworthy disciples of Procrustes. To remove his scruples, and to explain our plans, we shall state, that in the subsequent article, two only of his plays are minutely considered which we have selected for their similarity of construction, and as forming a class of themselves among the dramas of Jonson. They are the most careful and high-wrought of his works. Trusting that the elucidation of so great a master may prove a subject well worthy the attention of our readers, we shall not confine ourselves to the present attempt, but probably, in future numbers of our work, pursue the course of his genius through all its varieties, and endeavour to accompany him in his loftier and more poetical flights.

The object, at least, of our aim we feel to be just. To restore the taste for ancient simplicity of style—for wit, whose zest is moral, and for humour, whose foundation is truth, can be no unbecoming trial. To shew, that the noblest exertions of imagination, and the most interesting pictures of passion, may be found amid the severest morals and the chastest methods of writing, will, at least, be an effort towards reclaiming the luxuriant romance of the age, and engaging the judgment in the assistance of the fancy. We cannot, perhaps, expect that the novel-reading lady should prefer Ben Jonson to her piquante food, but we will, at least, do her and her

sentimental male gossips the service to shew them, that the solid fare which honest Ben has prepared for their palates is of a description which will not disgust by its homeliness, nor pall by its false relish. Mr. Gilford's admirable edition, at all events, is within their reach, and may, by its more modern type, if not by its excellent explanations, afford some excuse to a fashionable friend for its lying on a reading desk. We shall prefix to our present offering at the altar of immortal greatness, the names of two of its noblest supports.

"Every man in his Humour."—*Every Man out of his Humour.*

NEXT Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please by method and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
With regular approach essay'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering days,
And they, who durst not censure, scarce could praise.

So says Samuel Jonson of his more illustrious namesake, in a prologue, which has been celebrated beyond any attempt of its kind for the mathematical justice of its criticism: so says the oracle of his day, of one of our greatest dramatists. These six lines are a curious specimen of how far a position, delivered with an air of certainty under the sanction of an authoritative name, will pass for years as a current truth, and become a test for the examination of the very powers which it misconstrues and belies. In a sense, however, evidently unmeant by the author, the last line, to which we in particular allude, is probably a historical fact. It has been the misfortune of Jonson's fame, that in order to be praised he must be understood; and that to be understood he must be studied. The "coldness of men's approbation" arose from their incapacity of understanding the justice of cause and effect, the nice link of character and action which Jonson, above any other even of his age of intellectual giants, comprehended and depicted. Jonson was no meretricious dramatist; with him, the pedigree of a jest is carefully inspected before it is installed in his house of fame; and his adoption of the ideas of others, or the use he makes of his own, is the badge and coat armour of their merit. His endeavour, from the beginning, was not so much to gain applause, as to shew that, if he failed, he deserved it. His plays possess not only their own intrinsic interest, but he has endeavoured to throw around them a new one—the justice of his own plea of encouragement from his auditors. In *Every Man out of his Humour*, in particular, our constant feeling is of a trial and proof of dramatic skill; and we feel no less pleasure in the author's success in his undertaking, than in the perfect and artful catastrophe of his subject. It is from this cause that, though much talked of, he is little read. He speaks to us with the gravity and command of an instructor, and the age is too weak and petulant to bear with his severities. He is of all authors the most perfect writer, because he is an exemplification throughout of his own precepts. His works are a grammar of classical sentiment and dramatic propriety. But let it not be supposed, that we mean to degrade him to the mere rank of a critic; to shew that he is fit to become the instructor of others, we shall prove not only that his rules are true, and his precepts golden,

but that he affords proofs of a mighty poetical genius, which his art frequently rather prevented from making use of unworthy means, than fettered from the attempt and attainment of its legitimate objects. There is another cause for his present neglected state;—his characters, although far from being in his best comedies individual satires, are the representatives of the embodied follies of his times; not mere abstract passions with voices, but individual enough in their respective humours, though in their excellencies, vices, or absurdities, they include the major part of mankind. With Jonson, the improvement of the times was the first object; the reprehension of their follies was the proper end of his comedies; while with Beaumont and Fletcher, and Shakspeare, they are only introduced occasionally: and these last rather attack the constant source of frivolity, and engage the passion of vanity in itself, than occupy themselves, like Jonson, with turning its outward form into ridicule. With master Stephen, we debate the merits of a silk or a woollen stocking; in Master Slender, we behold the vanity of a man endeavouring to recommend himself to his mistress, by his valour in a bear-fight: in the former we see the bare instance, in the latter the humour is incidental, and heightened by the interest of its purpose. Still, Jonson must not be considered as the mere satirist of his age. If the gallants of this time delight not in flame-coloured stockings, their pleasures of dress are not unworthy of their critical progenitors. The breed is not lost, though its motley is composed of different patches. The affectation of a Puntarvolo may be absolute in the generality of travel to which easier communications have given birth; but a Sordido and a Fungoso are "weeds of every soil," they will endure as long as avarice holds its iron reign in man's heart, and the respect paid to externals induces the weak to consider them the objects of highest attainment. In proportion, however, as Jonson becomes less interesting to the common-place reader, does he rise in utility to the historian of manners: in proportion as he is less understood by the crowd, is he valuable as a record of the habits of his time; and hence, though a first reading may be almost unprofitable, upon a second we begin to feel his spirit, and on the third become actual existents of the reign of Elizabeth, roving over Moorfields to Hoxton, through meadows and rustic avenues; or "drinking grist at the Windmill," in all the delight of antiquated jollity. If the fire of his genius were allayed by his learning, it was not in his comedy: under the name of comedy, he produced not only scenes of pure wit and humour, refined from the dross of nature in which he found them; but tragic passions and reflections, sublime elucidations of truth, which bestow on him a lustre of transcendent brightness when he wields the bolt and hurls the lightning of anger, or wears the steady grandeur of undeviating rectitude. The name of tragedy, indeed, was a spell of dark and unwholesome magic upon the powers of Jonson: he deemed it necessary to withdraw from the contemplation of those living models, which were the evident originals of his comedy; and which, when produced, seem ennobled by a reciprocity of nature and art; he found that men were no longer heroes, and, without examining the present beauties of the world, he endeavoured to cast

his statues in the immense moulds of antique Rome.

But the composition of those mighty forms was lost, and the fragile materials yet left were unable to bear the cumbrous adornments which he selected from the pages of history. To compare his *Folpone* with his *Sejanus* or *Catiline*, we shall have ample proof that, had he been content with the passions which he beheld, and spoken with the voice of that nature which he heard, we should have had, in spite of the want of romantic interest in the subjects, the noble and soul-rending summer storm of tragedy, instead of cold dramatic editions of Tacitus, Pliny, and Suetonius, embellished with the beauties of Latin literature, breaking, like spring flowers, through a frosty earth. Yet all that could be done, under this error of judgment, was accomplished by Jonson: if his characters were inanimate, they are Romans in their very sleep of death—decent, graceful, sublime: and, where historic materials are deficient, Jonson's mind leaps forth in its native vigour. Achilles arises to compensate for the fall of Patroclus.

"*Petreibus*. The straits and needs of *Catiline* being such,

As he must fight with one of the two armies
That then had near inclos'd him, it pleas'd fate
To make us th' object of his desperate choice,
Wherein the danger almost pois'd the honour:
*And, as he rose, the day grew black with him,
And fate descended nearer to the earth,
As if she meant to hide the name of things
Under her wings, and make the world her quarry,
At this we rous'd, lest one small minute's stay
Had left it to be inquired what Rome was;
And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence
Of our great cause, in form of battle stood,
Whilst *Catiline* came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a public ruin:
His countenance was a civil war itself;
And all his host had, standing in their looks,
The paleness of the death that was to come:
Yet cried they out like vultures, and urg'd on,
As if they would precipitate our fates.
Nor stay'd we longer for 'em, but himself
Struck the first stroke, and with it fled a life,
Which out, it seem'd a narrow neck of land
Had broke between two mighty seas, and either
Flow'd into other; for so did the slaughter;
And whirl'd about, as when two violent tides
Meet and not yield. The furies stood on hills,
Circling the place, and trembling to see men
Do more than they: whilst piety left the field,
Griev'd for that side, that in so bad a cause
They knew not what a crime their valour was.
The sun stood still, and was, behind a cloud
The battle made, seen sweating, to drive up
His frighted horse, whom still the noise drove back-
ward:

And now had fierce *Enyo*, like a flame,
Consum'd all it could reach, and then itself,
Had not the fortune of the common wealth
Come, Pallas-like, to every Roman thought;
Which *Catiline* seeing, and that now his troops
Cover'd the earth they 'ad fought on with their trunks,

* Compare this with a passage in Burke's Speech on the Impeachment of Warren Hastings.—*Museum*.

Ambitious of great fame to crown his ill,
Collected all his fury, and ran in
(Arm'd with a glory high as his despair)
Into our battle, like a Libyan lion
Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about him,
Till he had circled-in himself with death:
Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,
One of the giant brethren felt himself
Grow marble at the killing sight; and now,
Almost made stone, began to inquire what flint,
What rock, it was that crept thro' all his limbs;
And, ere he could think more, was that he fear'd:
So *Catiline*, at the sight of Rome in us,
Became his tomb; yet did his look retain
Some of his fierceness, and his hands still mov'd,
As if he labour'd yet to grasp the state
With those rebellious parts.

Cato. A brave bad death!
Had this been honest now, and for his country,
As 'twas against it, who had e'er fall'n greater?

The sublimity of the images made use of in this description, and the human passion displayed in it, render it awful and interesting—we think of it as we should of the ruin of a cloud-capt prison—rejoicing, yet wondering and sorrowful in our joy.

The critical examination of the plays mentioned in our title, will now probably be called for by the reader, and we shall endeavour to extract such portions as shall amuse the superficial, keeping in view the higher aim of opening a door to the more studious, whom we trust to induce to seek his collective beauties of character, by proving that they are adorned with the minor yet more generally interesting elegancies of abstract charms. *Every Man in his Humour* may be ranked among the first of Jonson's comedies, and, therefore, among the very first in the English language. Perhaps it is surpassed by the fire and action of *Folpone*, and the single character of *Morose* in *Epicure*, but by nothing else in this author. *Every Man in his Humour* is a conversation by Gerard Dow; a cabinet group of the highest finish. Exactitude is as much aimed at as effect, and every face is marked with lineaments as distinct and perfect as the hand of art can trace from the varied features of nature. It may challenge comparison with any work of the kind, for the contrast, the number, and the perfection of its characters, and for the neatness and justice of its plot; and, perhaps, in no effort of the comic muse are these two excellencies so admirably combined. To examine the characters in their proper order. Old Knowell is a fine picture of the sententious gravity of a discreet old age. Weaned from the gaudies of the world, from "idle poetry—that fruitless and unprofitable art," he contemns all that does not tend to worldly thrift; and with all the inconsistency of changed opinions allows, in a breath, himself to have had the very pursuits in his youth, the propriety of which he now denies in his son. He breaks open a letter directed to his son, and finding in it some railery of himself, his self-love magnifies the freedom of his son's manners into licentiousness. In the next scene, we are introduced to the witty Brainworm, a character of infinite jest, in a manner

peculiarly appropriate, and which gives us a hint of the shrewdness he subsequently displays.

E. Knowell. Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brainw. Yes, of my word, sir, and read the contents.

E. Know. That scarce contents me.—What countenance, pr'ythee, made he't the reading of it?—Was he angry or pleas'd?

Brainw. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Know. No? how know'st thou then that he did either?

Brainw. Marry, sir, because he charged me on my life to tell nobody that he opened it—which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have reveal'd."

The wits of this play are of the first class. Wellbred, in particular; bears the native stamp of a gentleman in his manners and conversation, and may be a proof to us that true politeness and generosity of breeding is not a matter founded on the observance of mere daily custom; for a character of this description could not be supposed unpolished in the most brilliant modern drawing-room. Next have we the two gulls. There is but one instance of the gradation of folly superior to this in the language—we mean the incomparable one, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where fathomless depth is deepened from Shallow to Slender, and from Slender to his man Simple. Here, however, the nicety of humour is most exquisitely preserved. Master Matthew is a town gull; the objects of his vanity are no less than,—his own poetry, his gallantry, his keeping company with the better sort: he is evidently an individual of some consequence to himself, and he imagines he hath the parts and appurtenances of a gallant: he hath his humours of melancholy, and times for poetic invention: he is the natural link between a Bobadil and a Stephen; a fool, half transformed into a cock-comb; a grub, with one of its wings. Master Stephen has yet some time to crawl, and sighingly to look forward to this pre-eminence: he "had as lieve as an angel, he could swear as well as that gentleman:"—his jest is, stealing a cloak—his firmness, buying a bad sword against his cousin's advice—his courage, telling the man who has cheated him, that "he is a rascal under his favour."

A braggart is a character that the whole world has delighted to cudgel with wordy and with wooden weapons. It is a kind of safe revenge, which this most magnanimous world takes upon those who have more imagination than heart—whose minds give their bodies the slip, and act deeds in their high fantasy, to which the clay that confines them denies corporeal birth. He who could plan, he who could, by his special rules, his punto, his reverse, his stoccato, and the like, undertake the challenge and defeat of forty thousand men, is destined by his malignant star to be the despised and confounded patient of a bastinado. Bobadil is the prince of conceit; the very obscure poverty of his lodging is to prevent too great resort; his science of defence is the light, and his courage the fire of the martial world, while his oaths are the very conversation of art military and travelled boldness. If the world would good-naturedly take the character from the idea of its fanciful and creative possessor, this is Bobadil: but it is impertinent enough to break in upon his ideal grandeur, and enviously to reduce him to the

feelings of inglorious frailty. A warrant, that unpoetical, that unwarlike, that anti-romantic revenge, is the last resort of poor Bobadil; and the salve for his wounded honour is the witchcraft and fascination which rendered him patient under his sufferings.—The name of Downright speaks for itself: he is the very opposite of the airy "butcher of a silk button"—a matter-of-fact cudgellist, neither indulging in aught ideal himself, nor allowing it in others; one to whom "a rhyme is worse than cheese or a bagpipe." He is no jocund companion of his brother Wellbred, and no sympathetic confidant of his brother-in-law Kitley's jealous fears: his remedies are uniform plain words, followed up by unequivocal actions. In this respect he is precisely contrasted with Kitley, jealousy forces his very speeches askance, and a hidden purport peers above the apparent one in every inconstant action.

"No Thomas, I dare take thy word:

But if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st good I am resolv'd without it—at thy pleasure.

Cash. By my soul's safety then sir, I protest My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.

Kitley. It is too much, these ceremonies need not; I know thy fate to be as firm as rock.

Thomas, come hither, near, we cannot be

Too private in this business.—So it is—

(Now he has sworn, I dare the safer venture)

I have of late by divers observations—

(But whether his oath can bind him, yea or no?

Being not taken lawfully? ha? say you,

I will ask council ere I do proceed;)

Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,

I'll spy some fitter time soon—or to-morrow."

In no instance is the passion of jealousy brought so justly within the province of the comic muse as in this play. Kitley's is of the exact kind likely to be felt by a merchant; it is an interruption to him in his business; no artificial dignity interposes to render it sentimental, and there is a kind of quaint order in it which denies a gentlemanly luxury in the feeling. The humour of Cob, the water-bearer, is obsolete: his pathetic address to his herring may have been ludicrous in those days; in these, the gallery would laugh, the pit would stare, and the boxes remain in their usual indifference.—Cash is the common-place inhabitant of a counting-house.—Robert Formal, the justice's man, answers to his name as exactly and precisely as he would were he alive to perform his response to a volunteer muster-roll.—From the latter idea only, can we frame any comparison for his ludicrous situation, when, awaking from a drunken sleep he finds himself invested with military paraphernalia, and wedged into a coat of mail. But there is a tit-bit of the eccentric reserved for the close of the play; nothing but the various, the quick-spirited Justice Clement was fit to dispose of the pretensions of the parties whose oddities came before him in their most humorous shape.

"He is a city magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a good scholar; but the only mad merry old fellow in Europe.

E. Knowell. * * * * * They say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

Wellbred. Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving of God—any thing, indeed if it come in the way of his humour."

He may almost be pictured by his character; hawk-eyed, portly, and healthy. If Justice Clement had a living original, the city magistrates of these days are a dull degenerate race indeed.

A general fault of Jonson, and indeed of some of his cotemporaries, is the want of female interest in their plays. Not only the difficulties of performing those parts rendered it the author's interest to prevent their being too prominent, but there is another cause in the want of prominence of character in the originals themselves, whose every day actions, being the proper models of the delineation of comedy, need the absurdities of more modern times and fashions, to bring them generally within the scope of the dramatist of humour. Hence the very few strictly comic female characters written at that period; and hence the fact, that all who are properly stiled so, are the possessors of native wit rather than peculiar humour, and are rather our friends, with whom we converse, than objects of our laughter. They are possessed of the indelible humours of their sex; not the absurd and affected peculiarities which distinguish modern life, and give a false and vitiated zest to modern comedy. In the next play, we shall have to notice one of the very few fine ladies which the old drama has admitted into its precincts. Dame Kately is a mere woman, easily persuaded and easily dissuaded, and that is the sum of her character; but there are some hints at domestic attention and kindness, which gave us no unamiable picture of the manners of those days—and Mrs. Bridget's candid love at first sight, is quite in harmony with the old frankneers. Perhaps marriage then, though more in the hands of friends than now, was less a matter of bargain and sale; and the happiness of which historical records gives us frequent instances, are often the rewards of the last act of filial duty. In those times, Doctor Johnson's idea of marrying, by order of the Lord Chancellor, a properly qualified helpmate, would hardly have been ridiculous, and its effects perhaps seldom unhappy. The catastrophe of the play is truly just and perfect: the gay Ned Knowell and his amiable Mrs. Bridget are married; Kately and his wife reconciled; the "sign of a soldier," and the verse making Master Matthew, are condemned to nightly penance in an outer court, in custody of the warlike Roger Formal; Master Stephen has a knife and fork in the buttery; and Brainworm, whose disguises must have required a Matthews, is the chosen companion of the merry Justice.

This play is, from the number and excellence of its characters, the vivacity, interest, perspicuity, and completeness of its plot, better adapted for representation than any comedy of its time; perhaps, with very few exceptions, than any of its successors. The secret in its want of attraction is not altogether in the antiquity of its manners; these might be rendered much more amusing, by the research of those who would undertake their representation; but to the actor, the scholar and the man of industry must be added to complete the performance of any of Ben Jonson's characters. Single instances are not sufficient to uphold and demonstrate its various and contrasted merits: beautiful flowers become wild when neglected, and disfigure what they should adorn. Garrick and Cooke in Kately, and Knight in Master Stephen, are however among the illustrious few who have felt and elucidated the beauties of their author.

To produce instances of wit and humour from a play which consists of little else, were to disgrace the performance; and the sentiment, which flows in a noble course throughout the part of the elder Knowell, is a fine specimen of Jonson's right judgment—To sum its merits, we must confess our incapacity to do justice to them, and refer the reader to the work for its own comment.

Who is so patient of this impious world,
That he can check his spirit or rein his tongue?
Or who hath such a dead unfeeling sense,
That heaven's horrid thunders cannot wake?
To see the earth crackt with the weight of sin,
Hell gaping under us, and o'er our heads
Black rav'nous ruin with her sail-stretch'd wings
Ready to sink us down and cover us:—
Who can behold such prodigies as these,
And have his lips seal'd up? Not I; my soul
Was never ground into such oily colours,
To flatter vice and daub iniquity;
But (with an armed and resolved hand)
I'll strip the ragged follies of the time
Naked as at their birth.

* * * * *

And with a whip of steel,
Print wounding lashes in their iron ribs.
I fear no mood stamp't in a private brow,
When I am pleas'd t'mask a public vice.
I fear no strumpet's drugs nor ruffian's stab,
Were I dispos'd to say they're all corrupt.
I fear no courtier's frown, should I applaud
The easy flexure of his supple hams.—
Tut, these are so innate and popular,
That drunken custom would not shame to laugh
(In scorn) at him, that he should dare to tax 'em;
And yet, not one of these but knows his works,
Knows what damnation is, the devil, and hell:
Yet hourly they persist, grow rank in sin,
Puffing their souls away in per'rous air,
To cherish their extortions, pride, and lusts.

* * * * *
O, but to such whose faces are all zeal,
And (with the words of Hercules) invade
Such crimes as these! that will not smell of sin,
But seem as they were made of sanctity!
Religion in their garments, and their hair
Cut shorter than their eyebrows! when the conscience
Is vaster than the ocean, and devours
More wretches than the Counters.

Mitia. Gentle Asper,
Contain your spirit in some stricter bounds,
And be not thus transported with the violence
Of your strong thoughts.

Cordatus. Unless your breath had power
To melt the world and mould it new again,
It is in vain to spend it in these moods.

Asper. I not observed this throng'd round till now.
Gracious and kind spectators, you are welcome:
Apollo and the Muses feast your eyes
With graceful objects, and may our Minerva
Answer your hopes unto their largest strain.
Yet here mistake me not, judicious friends;
I do not this, to beg your patience,
Or servilely to fawn on your applause,
Like some dry brain, despairing in his merit.
Let me be censur'd by th' austerest brow;

Where I want art or judgment, tax me freely;
 Let envious censors, with their broadest eyes,
 Look through and through me. I pursue no favour;
 Only vouchsafe me your attentions,
 And I will give you music worth your ears.
 O, how I hate the monstrousness of time,
 Where every servile imitating spirit,
 (Plagued with an itching leprosie of wit)
 In a mere halting fury, strives to fling
 His ulcerous body in the Thespian spring,
 And straight leaps forth a poet! but as lame
 As Vulcan, or the founder of Cripplegate.

This is the worthy prologue of a great play. This is the author who, when he speaks of himself and to his judges, disdains the trammels of imitation, and uses language which breathes the vital life of unfettered poetry in every tremendous epithet. Here Jonson felt—by this we may conceive why his conversation at “the Mermaid” was sometimes overbearing, but always great and noble; here we have a justification of his pride in the magnificent sublimity of the ideas which defend it. It were almost unfit, in an age of presumption, conceit, and arrogance, that the lord of so vast a domain should be humble.

The plan of *Every Man in his Humour*, and that of *Every Man out of his Humour*, assimilate almost as nearly as their titles. In each, a certain groupe of characters is drawn together for the purpose of moral comment. This play is, however, less interesting than its predecessor, from the design of the plot being more apparent. It is neither less nor more than the gratification of an envious man in beholding finally that there is nothing to be envied in the characters he has contemplated.

Macilente is the master-spring of the play; he is described by Jonson, in his “Character of the Persons” prefixed to the play, as “a man well parted, a sufficient scholar, and travelled; who [wanting that place in the world’s account which he thinks his merit capable of] falls into such an envious apoplexy, with which his judgment is so dazzled and distasted, that he grows violently impatient of any cōposite happiness in another.” The envy of Macilente, however, is of the most generous sort, at least in point of taste. The character, indeed, is half an apology for the vice—“The insolence of office and the spurs that patient merit of th’ unworthy takes,” are at least some excuse for the feeling that fortune has not dealt kindly with us. Nature has implanted in all great minds a propensity to employ them to the full, and nothing less than great successes engage their ambitious hope. But when the force of a soul like this is driven back upon itself, it sweeps down the common boundaries of right, and almost makes evil admirable. The groupe of characters upon which the envy of Macilente is exercised, will prove that he did no wrong to gentle or noble spirits, and that the superior aggrandizement of knaves and fools alone excited his spleen. First, we have the traveller Sir Pontarvolo, whose character, as well as that of most of his brethren, we shall give in Jonson’s own words:—“A vain-glorious knight, over-Englissing his travels, and wholly consecrated to singularity; the very Jacob’s staff of compliment; a sir that hath lived to see the revolution of time in most of his apparel. Of presence good enough, but so

palpably affected to his own praise, that [for want of flatterers] he commends himself to the floutage of his own family—He deals upon returns and strange performances, resolving [in despite of public derision] to stick to his own particular fashion, phrase and gesture.” It is said that Jonson has drawn many of the characters in this play from living originals; if so, Pontarvolo is certainly among the number. There are so many real occurrences in life, so many absurdities of character and affected singularities, which far transcend the most monstrous inventions of comedy, that to offer these fearlessly to the public eye, requires external evidence as well as internal truth to prove their correctness. Of this sort is Pontarvolo. The age, too, seems likely to have produced him: all his follies are the offspring of a chivalrous and romantic imagination. He is the last decayed ruin of ancient heroism, which totters with every breath, though once thought certain of immortal endurance. The flattery which he has taught his servant, and which she repeats to him when he approaches, as though he were a stranger, is not, however, perishable in principle. The secrets of many modern publications, and those of the first reputation too, would shew that we are not always displeased with our own praises of ourselves at second-hand. Macilente, though a fit minister for the misfortunes of Pontarvolo, is not his commentator in the play. Upon the ridiculous properties of most of the other gulls, he entertains us with a perpetual lecture, which, though tinged with the envy of his character, is a grand moral test to which all their actions are reduced. The follies of Pontarvolo are not however of the description to be envied in themselves, or their effects; and consequently, Jonson (whose aim has been in this play not to throw away a single stroke of wit for the want of its being pointed out) has provided him a companion and critic in the person of Carlo Buffone: “A public, scurrilous, and profane jester, that (more swift than Circe) with absurd similes will transform any person into deformity. A good feast-hound or banquet-beagle, that will scent you out a supper some three miles off, and swear to his patrons (damn him) he came in oars when he was but wafted over in a sculler. A slave that hath an extraordinary gift in pleasing his palate, and will swallow up more sack at a sitting than would make all the guard a posset. His religion is railing, and his discourse ribaldry. They stand highest in his respect, whom he studies most to reproach.” Buffone, however, is not confined in his remarks to the subject of the vain-glorious knight. It is his province to give the lighter colouring to the picture, to exhibit what is ludicrous rather than pernicious. Fearful of Macilente’s superior genius, he yet aids him in his plots against the other characters, and in the end gets a good beating for his pains. Pontarvolo, though unable to reply to his wit, is his superior in point of physical power; and a contest of mind is here, as sometimes elsewhere, ended by blows, which silence if they do not convince. Next in the groupe is a figure full of life and gaiety, that rides on the airy opinions of vanity over the world, which he scarce deigns to notice, unless to impart to it something in the best taste. The court is the heaven into which he soars, and the fair Saviolina his gentle deity; “a neat, spruce, affecting courtier; one that wears clothes well, and in fashion: prac-

fieth by his glass how to salute, speaks good remnants, (notwithstanding the bass viol and tobacco,) swears tersely and with variety, cares not what lady's favour he belies, or great man's familiarity; a good property to perfume the boot of a coach. He will borrow another man's horse to praise, and backs him as his own; or, for a need, on foot can post himself into credit with his merchant only by the jingle of his shin, and the jirk of his wand." This is a proper personage to feed the humour of the splenetic Macilente.—"Well, would my father had left me but a good face for my portion yet; though I had shar'd the unfortunate wit that goes with it, I had not car'd—I might have past for somewhat i' the world then."—And though he is not the first, he certainly becomes the most important object of Macilente's attention; not content with seeing him disgraced by his mistress, he pursues him into a prison, and discovers his amour with Deliro's wife to that enraged creditor. From his consequence in the play, he is worthy of such complicated punishment. Not only does Fallace doat upon him, but her brother Fungoso is his servile copyist. In dress, indeed, he is altogether so fantastical as to be worthily in the vaward of fashion.

In his account of a duel, our sympathy for massacred gold twist and amputated spangles can only be equalled by our feeling for the minute taste of the illustrious wearer. Blood, which would not follow the thrust of the combatants, is drawn by the wearer's spur, which likewise overthrows him, reading two pair of silk stockings, and a pair of Spanish leather boots: the vanquisher takes horse, and the wounded Fastidius pursues and embraces him at the court-gate, after having bound up his hurts with parts of his wrought shirt. Fungoso, though he does not aim at the gentlemanly valour here so punctiliously displayed, spends all he can wring from his father's avarice and his sister's doating passion for the courtier, upon rendering himself the looking glass of Monsieur Brisk. However, he only follows the fashion "afar off like a spie," "and still lights short a suit," till at length he swoons for very despair, and being obliged to pay a tavern reckoning, in which he has had no share, he resolves in future to quit this part of his absurdities. The extract following is an example of his character and that of his sister:

"Fallace. Brother, sweet brother, here's four angel's I'll give you towards your suit: for the love of gentry, and as ever you came of Christiana creature, make haste to the water-side (you know where Master Fastidius uses to land) and give him warning of my husband's malicious intent; and tell him of that lean rascal's treachery: O Heaven's, how my flesh rises at him! Nay, sweet brother, make haste: you may say I would have writ to him, but that the necessity of the time would not permit. He cannot chuse but take it extraordinarily from me: and commend me to him, good brother—say, I sent you.

"Fungoso. Let me see; these four angel's and then forty shillings more I can borrow on my gown in Fetter Lane. Well, I will go presently, say on my suit, pay as much money as I have, and swear myself into credit with my taylor for the rest."

It is not to be wondered at, that the means Fallace uses to quicken Fungoso's diligence effectually retard it. Saviolina is the remaining satellite of Fas-

tidius Brisk. She is "a court lady, whose weightiest praise is a light wit, admired by herself and one more, her servant Brisk." In order to put her out of her humour, Sogliardo is introduced to her, "an essential clown, yet so enamoured of the name of a gentleman, that he will have it though he buys it. He comes up every term to learn to take tobacco, and see new notions. He is in his kingdom when he can get himself into company, where he may be well laught at." He is represented to her as counterfeiting that which he is; and her discrimination, in discovering his hidden gentility, is highly amusing. It not only affords a practical lesson upon the prejudices of names, and the desire of being considered wiser than we are, but perhaps as justly shews that extremes often meet, and that a gentleman counterfeiting a clown would not be very unlike a clown counterfeiting a gentleman. We may, indeed, go farther and observe that the excess of politeness is vulgarity, and that vulgar familiarity is sometimes very near the excess of common-place politeness. Even Sogliardo, is, however, amiable as compared with his brother Sordido. Their punishments are proportionate: that of the former is only to discover that the man he had loved, upon his own description of his feats as a highwayman, never committed a robbery—the last hangs himself, but being saved, repents and reforms. Jonson describes him, "a wretched hob-nail'd chuff, whose recreation is reading of almanacks, and felicity foul weather. One that never pray'd but for a lean dearth, and ever wept in a fat harvest." Every passion, when its prevalence over the heart occasions it to fill it with unmixed and elemental purity and singleness, becomes in a degree sublime. His chuckling over the almanack, which prognosticates ill to all but himself—his revelling upon the misery which increases his riches, give him somewhat of demoniac awfulness. If there be none now who will own his sentiments, we could wish that none had adopted his principles. When he is informed by his hind, that he must bring his corn to market, his observations are characteristic of the spirit of selfishness in all ages.

"O but [some say] the poor are like to starve;
Why, let 'em starve, what's that to me; are bees
Bound to keep life in drones and idle moths? no.
Why such are these that term themselves the poor,
Only because they would be pitied;
But are, indeed, a sort of lazy beggars.
Licentious rogues, and sturdy vagabonds,
Bred [by the sloth of a fat plenteous year]
Like snakes, in heat of summer, out of dung;
And this is all that these cheap times are good for.
Whereas a wholesome and penurious dearth
Purges the soil of such vile excrements,
And kills the vipers up."

Macilente interferes no farther, in his distaste for his former pursuits, than in the following imprecation, which is a grand specimen of tragic power.

"Ha! ha! ha! is not this good? Is't not pleasing this?
Ha! ha! ha! God pardon me! ha! ha!
Is't possible that such a specious villain
Should live, and not be plagued? or lies be hid
Within the wrinkled bosom of the world,
Where Heaven cannot see him? why, methinks,
'Tis rare and strange that he should breathe and walk,
Feed with digestion, sleep, enjoy his health,

And [like a boist'rous whale, swallowing the poor]
Still swim in wealth and pleasure! Is't not strange?
Unless his house and skin were thunder-proof,
I wonder at it! Methinks, now, the hector,
Gout, leprosy, or some such loath'd disease
Might fall upon him: or that fire [from Heaven]
Might fall upon his barns; or mice and rats
Eat up his grain; or else that it might rot
Within the hoary reeks, e'en as it stands:
Methinks this might be well; and, after all,
The Devil might come and fetch him. I, 'tis true!
Meantime he surfeits in prosperity,
And thou [in envy of him] gnaw'st thyself;
Peace, fool, get hence, and tell thy troubled spirit,
'Wealth, in this age, will scarcely look on merit.'

Without considering the minor characters of Shift, a versatile bully: and Clove and Orange, two citizens, who, like a pair of wooden foils, are fit only to be practis'd upon; we shall give Jonson's description of Deliro.

"A good doting citizen, who, it is thought, might be of the common-council for his wealth, a fellow sincerely besotted on his own wife, and so rapt with a conceit of her perfection, that he simply holds himself unworthy of her: and, in that hood-winkt humour, lives more like a suitor than a husband, standing in as true dread of her displeasure as when he first made love to her. He doth sacrifice two-pence in juniper to her every morning before she rises, and wakes her with villainous out-of-tone music, which she, out of her contempt [though not out of her judgement] is sure to dislike."

Of his wife Fallace, our account has already justified the author's character, "Deliro's wife and idol—a proud mining peat, and as perverse as he is officious—she dotes as perfectly upon the courtier, as her husband doth on her, and only wants the face to be dishonest."

Macilente having poisoned Puntarvolo's dog, on which his ventures depended, gained Carlo Buffone a beating, by persuading him to taunt the Knight with his misfortune, disproved the wit of Saviolina, and cured the imitative vanity of Fungoso—crows the victory of his envy, by exposing Brisk and Fallode to the opening eyes of Deliro, and consigning poor Fastidius to a hopeless prison. He then completes the play, by resigning his own peculiar passion.

"Why here's a change, now is my soul at peace;
I am as empty of all envy now,
As they of merit to be envied at.
My humour [like a flame] no longer lasts,
Than it hath stuff to feed it; and their folly
Being now rak'd up in their repentant ashes,
Affords no ampler subject for my spleen.
I am so far from malicing their states,
That I begin to pity 'em. It grieves me
To think they have a being. I could wish
They might turn wise upon it, and be sav'd now,
So heav'n were pleas'd—but let them vanish,—vapours!"

We think that our extracts and description have sufficiently endeavoured to prove, that this play is replete with character and sentiment. Jonson doubtless thought highly of it. It was his challenge—his examination theme. That the public might lose no jot of his intentions, we have not only the characters of Macilente and Carlo Buffone in the play itself, who are constant lecturers upon the others, but we have a chorus of critics, and a definition of the characters prefixed. This, at least the chorus, must have been a great drawback upon the

power of the illusion; which, successfully preserved, might have spoken more highly in the author's praise, than his own continued and laboured defence. But it was for Jonson to instruct a whimsical and barbarous public; and if his instructions were a punishment, it fell far short of what their presumption merited. That he has left these proofs of skill to us is, however, highly fortunate, as they enable him to become far more serviceable to us, than he would have been had he been a dramatist only. Indeed, there is something so noble in a great man's demand of the rights of his greatness, that the cause is itself a drama of no mean interest.

These then are the twins of Jonson's first and most laboured stile; they are literally a pair of plays: they are the works of a master, before popularity has made him indolent, or taught him to look for success to any means but those which deserve it. There is throughout a judgment of design, which renders every part of the complicated plots clear and conspicuous. The very sentiments are proper for comedy: they may be serious, but they are only directed to the follies of mankind, and such vices as are, from their sordid unpoetic nature, unworthy of tragic representation. To say that this is a field of great utility, most ably cultivated, is affording a praise far too common-place. If the decisive intuition of Shakspeare is denied to these plays; if his bold colouring and sketchy power, that created a figure at a stroke, would be sought for here in vain; there is no want even of the greatly fanciful or the tremendous in conception—true it is, the effort may have been more painful and less instantaneous, but industry and science have supplied what was wanting to natural strength. The artifices of ingenuity and judgment were at length enabled to rival original capacity. The imitation of acknowledged greatness gave them immediate, certain, and intrinsic worth. The mind, in their perusal, may not be constantly expanded, but it is always corrected. Were the tribes of creeping rhymeters and would-be dramatists of the present day to explore his works—if we should not be delivered from their tediousness, we might from their absurdity. If the great men, which this age has undoubtedly produced, would profit by his example, they might learn that severity of style is the concomitant of severity of manners, and that the rock-based edifice of Jonson is firm from its simplicity, and revered because unpolished. They have condescended to build airy castles of unreal fancies, which, though delightful, are not permanent—day-dreams of meretricious beauty, which obscure the sun of truth, but which, when his beams shine forth, vanish into nothingness. All he had, he exerted to the noblest purpose, the reformation of mankind. His wit was human, for its constant endeavour was to wean us from our follies. The cause of justice he alike upheld in morals and poetry, and was equally reckless in laying bare the front of vice, and exposing the dogmas of conceited ignorance. Though that age only could give him birth and nourishment, he has if studied, lived for this—he gives us a test of the good old virtue for our morality, and an example of the only worthy use of heaven-born genius for the exercise of our talents.

From the Foreign Monthly Review.

GERMAN QUARTERLY PERIODICAL.

Deutsche Vierteljahrsschrift. (German Quarterly Periodical.) 8vo. No. 1-6. Stuttgart and Tübingen 1838-9.

Abounding beyond any other European nation in men of extreme learning and unwearied industry in every branch of human knowledge, whose ceaseless activity produced books too numerous even for the most zealous of their countrymen to digest, Germany was, until the last few years, without public associations, even for the advancement of objects strictly scientific. Her learned professors buried themselves in the obscurity of their respective universities, held little converse with each other, save from time to time to pour the full torrent of their learned wrath on some teachers of new doctrines who had dared to say, or perchance even to print, as Fichte did of his mighty master Kant, "that he did not understand himself." Compelled, as the learned were, by the jealousy of the government to concentrate all their mental energy upon matters not affecting the welfare of the state, it certainly was surprising that the periodical general literature of Germany should be confined to some few heavy critical journals, many successive numbers of which were not unfrequently occupied with the ponderous discussion of a single volume, or journals of lighter reading, as the *Morgenblatt*. Legal and medical periodicals of high reputation have, indeed, long existed, and number among their editors and supporters many of the most celebrated names in Germany; but no work ever professed to give any general view of the actual state of literature in Germany, so as to enable those who had neither leisure nor inclination to wade through the countless volumes of "a fair catalogue" to form an estimate of the intellectual labours of their fellow men.

To remedy this obvious defect, the German Quarterly Publication was established (January, 1838), and though by no means coming up to our ideas of such a publication, it cannot but be looked upon as an important step in the literary history of Germany. Its composition is by no means regular; instead of being confined to the consideration of works which have recently appeared, or the discussion of questions of present interest—the majority of which the total absence of freedom of speech in politics must necessarily exclude—we have a series of essays, geographical, historical, medical, critical, &c., ancient and modern; some highly interesting and excellent, both in style, argument, and length; others precisely the reverse, and, apparently, totally out of place, and of the most fearful dimensions, amounting, in some instances, to sixty or seventy pages. The principal objection to this system, as far as foreigners are concerned, is, that it does not give them that insight into what is actually going on among the leaders of the intellectual world in Germany, which they naturally expect to derive from a work bearing the title of this publication. With the exception of a review of Heine's writings in the first number, there is scarcely an allusion made to a single German publication of any kind.

The paper in the first number, that we think most worthy of notice, is Professor Fischer's. He is a

believer in Animal Magnetism, and we think some of his arguments, as well as his mode of stating his case, ingenious. To discuss their value is here evidently out of the question; and we take leave, once for all, to disclaim any identification of our opinions with those that we may have occasion to adduce upon this or other subjects. Our sole business is to exhibit the character of this periodical.

Professor Fischer observes, that one of the arguments deemed most conclusive against animal magnetism is, that those phenomena of somnambulism, which if true, would deserve diligent, scientific investigation, are at variance with all the known laws of physiology, inasmuch as therein the offices of the senses are represented as performed independently of the several organs to which those functions are respectively assigned. This argument he thus proceeds to state and combat.

The facts asserted are impossible, and, being so, are deception and falsehood, or self-delusion and dreams, whether on the part of the somnambulist, or of the magnetiser, or of both. It is impossible, for instance, that a somnambulist should see by means of the tips of the fingers, or of the pit of the stomach, and, moreover, at great distances, and even through opaque solid bodies. . . But how should fraud avail to see, when the eyes are securely closed and bandaged? . . . To these physiological sneerers might it not be retorted, that seeing by means of the eyes is hitherto nearly as impossible as the distant perception of the somnambulist, being, in fact, equally unintelligible, that unintelligibility signifies little in a physiological phenomenon, since all the phenomena of corporal life, even the commonest, as assimilation and germination, or reproduction, are more or less inexplicable, and therefore are only better known, not better understood, than somnambulism.

. . . So as to the impossibility of seeing with the tips of the fingers. Vision in the strict sense of the word, by means of light, is assuredly impossible to those parts of the body, since it requires the peculiar adaptation of the eye to the refraction of light, without which nothing can be distinctly seen. But there is no question of this proper vision in the distant perception of somnambulists, which takes place in the dark, and through opaque bodies. It is only figuratively called vision, because this distant perception relates to visible objects. This misapprehension being thus explained, the cautious physiologist will hardly assert the absolute impossibility of a mode of distant perception, different from seeing, by means of a corporal organ, other than the eye, and of a medium other than light.

But the professor rests his case mainly upon the following argument.

A comparison of the phenomena of ordinary sleep walking with those of magnetism should be efficacious in clearing up the reality of the latter. The never mistrusted, undoubted facts of sleep-walking, if reproduced in the magnetic state, must, in common justice, be acknowledged in the latter form. The certainty of sleep-walking must neutralize the mistrust of magnetism. Sleep-walking, has not been misused by quackery, is not shrouded in a fog of superstitious mysticism; its phenomena are unhesitatingly acknowledged by the soberest philosophic inquirer. . . . He who distrusts Mesmer and Kerner, will put faith in the *Encyclopedistes*.

A remarkable fact of natural sleep-walking is recorded in the *Encyclopedie*, from the lips of an Archbishop of Bordeaux. When the said Archbishop was at the *Seminaire*, a young sleep-walking priest was also there. To watch him in this state, the prelate repaired nightly to his chamber, and made the following observations.

The young man rose, took paper, and wrote sermons. When he had filled a page, he read it aloud, from beginning to end. If a passage displeased him, he struck it out, and actually interlined his improvement. The Archbishop found the sermons that he read well composed and correctly written, and amongst others, noticed the following remarkable alteration. In one passage, *ce divin enfant* occurred; the somnambulist thought proper to substitute *admirable to divin*; he drew his pen through the one word, interlined the other, and did not overlook the necessity thereby induced of adding a *t* to *ce*, which he carefully changed to *cel*.

In order to satisfy himself that the sleeping writer really made no use of his eyes, the Archbishop held a pasteboard between them and the paper; but he wrote on without appearing conscious of the obstruction. When other sheets of paper were substituted for his, he noticed it if they were of different dimensions; if they were exactly similar, he took them for his own, and placed his amendments precisely where they should have come in his MS. He had no consciousness of the presence of strangers in his room.

A remarkable part of this statement is, that the sleepwalker's faculty of distant perception appears to have given him knowledge only of the paper, while the words can have existed only in his memory, but with extraordinary graphic distinctness.

In No. 2, we find a paper upon *Life, Dwellings, and Enjoyment in Germany*, which affords some curious matter, tracing the changes produced in German habits by the different wars and vicissitudes to which the empire has been subject. Another, signed W. M., traces the various revolutions of novel and romance writing; and a third, by Fr. Nebenius, gives the history of the great German Custom-house Union. But none of these are adapted to short extracts; and we proceed to No. 3, where our attention is, at once, fixed by the first paper, Depping's Account of the Services rendered to Humanity by some Parisian Associations. To the *Societe de la Morale Chretienne* he ascribes a degree of influence of which we had no notion. With this society, he tells us, originated the assistance given to the Greek insurrection, the improvement of prison discipline, and of the condition of the slaves in the colonies, the diffusion of education, and the abolition of lotteries and licensed gaming-houses. The present objects of the society are the abolition of capital punishment, of the slave trade, and of slavery. With regard to these last, the writer, we are pleased to see, rejects the French reprobation of Great Britain.

A pretty general prejudice has led many Frenchmen to regard the recent steps taken by England towards the abolition of slavery in her colonies, as a snare laid for other powers, especially for France. England, it is said, can now dispense with slaves, and has done away with slavery only because no longer advantageous to her; this state being always actuated by selfish motives, and only attending to

humanity when it cannot interfere with her private interest. The French colonies are very differently situated.

As before said, we are glad to see justice done to British benevolence by a foreigner, and have only to hope that the folly of the somewhat hastily emancipated negroes may not supply the country with a yet more irrefragable vindication.

Having noticed the negro-slavery apropos of the Parisian Association, we turn to a paper upon slavery in the United States and Texas, signed VII., but avowedly by a writer who has formed his opinions upon the spot. He holds the abolition of slavery in the Southern States to be impossible, chiefly for the following reasons:—1st. Because white men cannot, in that climate, perform the labour requisite for the cultivation of tobacco and cotton, which products are as essential to the manufacturing industry of the Northern States as to the prosperity of the Southern. 2ndly. Because, if whites could stand the labour, the hire would be too expensive. 3rdly. Because, the negroes being both more numerous than the whites in the slave-holding states, and, moreover, ignorant brutal savages, they would if emancipated, expel, if not murder, their ex-masters, and remain unfit to constitute states in lieu of them. 4thly. For the sake of the slaves themselves, who are better off than their free brethren in the other states; as our writer infers from the statistical fact, that whilst the former increase faster and live longer than the whites, the latter are rapidly dying off. One reason of this mortality appears to be the exclusion of people of colour from almost every means of earning their bread, except as domestic servants; and that the free Americans ever should treat coloured people as their fellow-creatures our traveller deems an impossibility. How far they are from considering them in that light, at present, the following facts demonstrate.

"In playhouses no negro is admitted into the pit or boxes; a small upper gallery only is allotted to these outcasts of society; and from some theatres they are now altogether excluded. A negro who has occasion to travel must, in the most inclement weather, go outside, as no white man will sit in a carriage with him. In a steam-boat, his whole fortune would not purchase his admission to the best cabin. If the New York negroes walk in Broadway on a Sunday, the whites shut themselves up, that they may not breathe the air contaminated by the blacks. To all this, the free negroes in the Northern States submit, for they know that the slightest murmur would be the signal for their massacre by the whites. In one county of Pennsylvania, the negroes, according to law, have voted at the election of a sheriff; but the whites forthwith confederated, declared to the blacks that they would not again suffer such impudence to pass unpunished, and protested before the legislative assembly against the election. . . .

"To bid a negro sit down is a crime against the majesty of the whites; the negro, be he free or slave, who sits down in the room of a white, is guilty of high treason. "Give way!" cries a drunken white to a negro at Philadelphia. "Why so?" returns the negro. "Knock him down, the presuming runaway slave!" yell a dozen whites. "Bravo!" claps the mob, and the negro is stretched on the pavement. At Boston, a free negro would send his child to the

public school, for the support of which his earnings are heavily taxed. "No!" says the schoolmaster, "I am not here to teach your black brood; bring them up as you will, no black brat shall sit by a white child in my school." The negro applies to a private teacher and is willing to pay for his son's instruction. "What fancy's this" is the rejoinder; "why should your son learn to read and write? you can make nothing but a servant or a barber of him! If you persist, hope not that a white would so degrade himself. Send him to Europe; the French do such things for money, but no American."—But I am the son of a white," cries the mulatto. "My father, grandfather, and great grandfather were whites," moans the Quarteroon. "No matter, so long as you have negro blood in your veins."

And all this the writer attributes to republican freedom, to equality and democracy: for he says:—

"Were the United States a monarchy, or divided into principalities, the abolition of slavery were easy. . . . But what an abyss severs the rude African, born in slavery, from the American, with his European civilization, and drunk with liberty! . . . Thus the continuation of slavery is so intimately connected with the maintenance of the republican constitution, that the one seems to me the very condition of the other."

The writer, nevertheless, feels and avows that slavery cannot last for ever; and, amongst many external causes that must eventually induce or compel the planters to emancipate their negroes, he gives the following, growing out of the evil itself.

"The rapid and dangerous increase of the blacks in South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia, &c. which renders the utmost vigilance necessary, and lessens their value. The inhabitants of Charleston have already built a citadel, as an asylum for the women, in cases of a negro insurrection, and similar measures of precaution have been taken in other towns. In the country, as in the towns, the planters have a regular nightly watch, and every negro found out of his own hut after nine o'clock, without a written permission from his master, is imprisoned. Other towns hire troops, or solicit from Congress a division of the standing army, &c. . . .

"The abolition of the right of primogeniture, beneficial as it has proved to the industry of the north, acts more detrimentally upon the value of plantations and of negroes. The division of landed property into small parcels, as in France and in the Northern States of the Union, is advantageous only to free labour."

It appears that the cost of production, upon a small plantation, with a few negroes, is out of all proportion greater than upon a large and well stocked estate.

"But, it may be urged, if the slaves increase faster than the whites, a moment must come when their power will be formidable to the planters. It may be answered that this case would inevitably occur, were it not opposed by another principle, calculated to restrict, and finally to destroy, slavery. This principle is the diminution in the value of slaves, which, sooner or later, must necessarily take place. The value of a negro is the difference between the cost of his rearing and maintenance, and the price in

wages of his work. In colonies and young countries where labour is dear, this price is far above the cost of the slave. With an increasing population, and the increasing industry that goes hand in hand therewith, the relative proportion lessens until it is completely reversed. . . . When this state of things is reached, emancipation follows of itself; that is to say, capital takes another direction; and the slaves becoming useless or valueless, are gradually manumitted by their owners, as has been the case in Delaware, and now is, partially, in Kentucky. . . . How far distant this moment may still be, and what will at last be its consequences, we leave the reader to judge from what has been previously said."

We have said that we will not discuss the opinions we lay before our readers, but, upon a question so interesting, and so disgraceful to the United States, we cannot refrain from a word or two. Upon the writer's own showing, the consequences must be then as much worse than they would be now, as the numerical superiority of the negroes shall be greater. And does it never occur either to the Americans, to whom the matter is so vitally important, or to this writer, who seems to have deeply meditated upon it, that the way to guard against or alleviate such calamitous results, is to elevate the character of the slaves, and by education, especially in religion and morality, gradually to fit them for becoming free agents, if not free citizens?

An Essay on the present position of the nobility in Germany, signed H. E., considers nobility, taken as a privileged caste—its continental character, as wholly emanating from Germany, but as having there nearly died a death, partly natural, partly violent. He says:—

"Until the dissolution of the Empire, Germany passed for the home, the native land, of nobility. Not only have her ruling families alternately occupied almost all the thrones of Europe; her Emperor was regarded the head of the nobility collectively: and to become a prince of the Empire appeared an exaltation even to a Potemkin; how much more to a Polish, to an Italian, to a French nobleman, but not to an English peer, because he, in his constitutional position, early saw the need of national exclusiveness. . . . The historical impulsions that have changed the original position of the nobles of Germany, are too well known to need mentioning. [They result mainly in impoverishment.] . . . Old names become fewer and fewer, as they ever must where many children are a burthen. Since the reformation, four-fifths of the families then flourishing in Southern, and upwards of half those in Northern Germany are extinguished. . . . It would seem strange that only in the Russian provinces on the Baltic does the German nobility retain its old form and part of its old spirit, had we not similarly to seek abroad for the old German burgher character in Holland; the old free peasantry in Switzerland. . . . The old families were reduced, their possessions mostly sold, their political rights lessened, and forcibly altered. A heap of new created orders conferred personal nobility. Capitalists had acquired power, overweening power, in proportion as landed property sank in value. . . . The reduction and economy rendered necessary by the evil times, further lessened their traditional superiority. An impoverished nobleman rather drags than bears the name, for the vulgar

habitually connect the idea of independence, and an expenditure according to station, with that of social superiority."

The remedy suggested is the assimilation of the German nobility to the British peerage.

A paper on the meeting of the German agriculturists informs us that an agricultural society has been formed in Germany, on the plan of the scientific associations, with the subject of improving agriculture.

One of the most informing of all these essays opens the fourth number. It is by Alex. von Humboldt, on the variations on the production of gold; and from the interest of the subject, and the celebrity of the writer, we must needs indulge in somewhat ampler extracts from this paper than we have hitherto given. With respect to the quantity of the precious metals in Europe, in the earliest times, Humboldt says:

"From Bokh's acute investigations we know that, on the opening of the East through the Persian war and the expedition of the great Macedonian to Hither India, gold accumulated gradually among the European Greeks: that, for instance, in the age of Demosthenes, the precious metals had sunk to one-fifth of their value in that of Solon. The stream then flowed from East to West, and the influx was so abundant that gold, which, in the days of Herodotus, bore to silver the relation of 1:13, was, at Alexander's death, 100 years later, as 1:10."

Upon the treasures said to have been amassed by despots, or acquired by conquerors, Humboldt bestows little notice; as preliminary to the American period, the following passage may suffice.

"The local importance of the Southern European mines cannot be denied, but, in comparison with Asia, their produce in gold was paltry. This last quarter of the globe long remained the chief source of metallic wealth, and the direction of the stream of gold upon Europe must be designated from East to West.

But Asia itself, that is to say, the reports spread by the travellers of the Middle Ages, of the immense treasures of Zipangu, [Japan,] and the Southern Archipelago, wrought a sudden change in the direction of that metallic stream. America was discovered, not because Columbus, as it was long erroneously believed, suspected the existence of another continent, but because he sought a westerly shorter road to the gold-fraught Zipangu, and the spice-countries in the south-east of Asia. "The greatest geographical mistake [the idea of the proximity of Spain and India,] led to the greatest geographical discovery." Both Christopher Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci died in the firm conviction that they had reached Eastern Asia. No dispute could, therefore, exist between them for the glory of discovering a new continent. In Cuba, Columbus was for delivering his sovereign's letters to the Grand Khan of the Mongols. He thought himself in Mangi, the southern part of Cathay [China]."

Proceed we to later and more important times, when the mines of America were known.

"The mass of the precious metals brought to Europe, between the discovery of America and the breaking out of the Mexican revolution, amounts to 10,400,000 Castilian maces [2,381,600 *kil.*] of gold; 533,700,000 marcs, or 122,217,500 *kil.* of silver; in value amounting together to 5,940,000,000, piastres, or about £594,000,000 sterling. * * * This silver would form a ball of 83 seven-tenths Parisian feet in diameter. Such a reduction to form and size appears to me as unobjectionable as analogous graphic representations. If we compare the

produce in silver of Spanish America, during 318 years, with the produce in iron, in a single year, of single European states we obtain balls, according to the calculation of my friend, the able geologist von Decken, for Great Britain, of 148, for France, of 111, for the Prussian monarchy, of 76, Paris feet in diameter. So great is the difference in the abundance of the two metals, silver and iron, in the portions of the earth's surface accessible to man.

"The produce of Spanish and Portuguese America has fallen off far more in gold than in silver; but this falling off is much older than their political revolutions. * * * The produce of Minas Geraes, which, already, from 1785 to 1794, averaged only 3,300 *kil.*, sank between 1810 and 1817 to 1,600 *kil.*; and between 1818 and 1820, to 428 *kil.*

It is a remarkable phenomenon in the history of mining by Europeans, that since this great reduction of the gold produce of Brazil, that of Northern Asia, and, though it may seem transiently, of the southern parts of the North American United States, has most unexpectedly risen. The Ural chain of mountains is found to yield gold throughout an extent of nearly seventeen degrees of latitude. If in the years 1821-2, the Ural yielded only from 27 to 28 *poods* [440 to 456 *kil.*] of gold; during the following three years, 1823, 4, 5, the produce gradually rose to 105, 206, and 337 *poods*. In 1834, it had risen to 363 *poods* 10lb. * * * Since the year 1834, the labours of the gold-seekers have been unexpectedly rewarded in Siberia. Beds of gold sand have there been found similar to those of the Ural. . . . In the year 1837, the entire Russian produce of gold from all parts, and in all forms, amounted to 469 *poods* or 7644 *kil.* *"

So considerable appears in recent times (and the main object of this inquiry is the variation of the stream of gold) the influx from the East! These 469 *poods* of Ural and Altia gold, the produce of 1837, are worth in the silver coin of Prussia, 7,211,000 *Thalers*. Such a produce is only one-eighth less than the produce of Minas Geraes, in Brazil, in the richest years of the prosperous epoch from 1752 to 1761; but it is about one-third less than the produce of New Granada, Chile, and Mexico, just before the breaking out of the revolution in Spanish America. .

The views thus opened within the last fifteen years, of the abundance of gold extant in northern Asia, almost unconsciously recall the Issedoni, Arimaspi, and gold-guarding griffins, to whom Aristeas, of Prokonnesus, and, some 200 years later Herodotus insured so lasting a renown. To me was the joy conceded of visiting the spot on the southern Ural, where, a few inches below the turf, brilliant masses of gold, weighing 13, 16, ay, and twenty-four Russian pounds* were found, lying near together. . . . Since such rich beds of gold sand have been discovered in the branch of the altia running northward as far as the parallel of Tomsk, the reference of the Arimaspi to a region lying far east of the Ural chain certainly gains likelihood. The myth of the gold-guarding griffins of Herodotus is connected by the erudite and accomplished traveller, Adolph Erman, with the fossil bones of the primæval pachydermes, so frequent in

* The largest mass of ore hitherto found in the Ural is eight inches long, five three-eighths broad, and four three-quarters high. It weighs twenty-four Russian pounds, sixty-nine Solotnik, (forty-three and a quarter *marcs*), and is preserved in the magnificent cabinet of minerals of the mining corps at St. Petersburg.

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northern Siberia, and regarded by native hunters as heads and claws of a gigantic bird.

Whilst reading of these golden treasures of the north, it is curious to recollect the old impression that the precious metals were generated by tropical heat. In the beginning of this essay, Humboldt records the following entry of Columbus's in his journal. "According to the great heat that I am suffering, this country must be rich in gold."

But we have to advert to another modern source of gold.

About the same time that the Ural opened its golden treasure-house, strata containing gold were discovered in the southern parts of the Alleghany mountains, in Virginia, both the Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama. The flourishing period of these North American gold-washings, which led to mining in the adjacent rocks, was from 1830 to 1835. They have not indeed, in the last eight years, yielded above 4,500,000 dollars; but the appearance of even that quantity of gold, so near the coast of the Atlantic, deserves more attention, geologically, than it has received in Europe. It is, likewise, historically interesting, as showing that the store of gold found by the first Spanish conqueror, in the hands of the natives of Florida, was no proof of an old commerce with Anahuac, (Mexico,) or Hayti. . . .

Since my return from Siberia, I have uninterruptedly, and for the most part vainly, sought to procure an accurate account of the progress of gold-washing in the Southern States of America; and have but very lately obtained the gratification of my wishes, through the kindness of Mr. Albert Gallatin, now bank director, one of the most enlightened statesmen of the day. I insert an extract from the letter of this far-travelled man.

"The fecundity of the Ural, and, perhaps, of all Northern Asia in gold, could not but direct your attention to the gold washings and gold mines of our Southern States. I hope, through Professor Patterson, director of the mint, and Professor Renwick, of New York, both distinguished mineralogists, soon to answer your geological questions. I now send you, from official documents, the account of indigenous gold, coined here since 1824."

We omit the specification of the separate produce of the several States, to give the annual sum total.

1824, 5,000 dollars; 1825, 17,000; 1826, 20,000; 1827, 21,000; 1828, 46,000; 1829, 140,000; 1830, 466,000; 1831, 520,000; 1832, 678,000; 1833, 868,000; 1834, 898,000; 1835, 528,500; 1836, 467,000. To this sum, Mr. Gallatin thinks the addition to be made for smuggling very trifling, and thus concludes:—

"Upon the whole, the old gold washings are falling off, especially in Carolina; but new veins, containing gold, are constantly discovered, and mining for gold becomes more and more hopeful."

In the republics of Mexico and South America, gold mining has not hitherto revived, even as much as silver mining.

But we are in danger of exceeding our limits; and, passing over a paper upon Literature, in its relation to social life, and another upon the Municipal Institutions of Prussia, which the writer says are so liberal, so anti-centralizing in principal, that they would terrify a minister of the French self-entitled republican monarchy: we turn to an essay by R. Mohl, on

Foundling Hospitals and Orphan Asylums, or rather upon the comparative and positive influence of these institutions, on public morality. By Foundling Hospitals are understood establishments like, not the London, but the Parisian, where infants are indiscriminately received, while those who bring them are not even seen.

Respecting the best mode of providing for destitute children, Europe is divided into two parties, of which the one supports the Foundling Hospital system, and the other that of Orphan Asylums, or of only granting relief after inquiry into the necessity of the case; [meaning that children are only taken charge of, upon proof that neither the parents, whether married or unmarried, nor any relations, are in a condition to support them;] and it is somewhat remarkable, that all the Roman nations have adopted the first plan, whilst all of German origin follow, in essentials, the second.*

The objection urged against the German system is, that, by withholding from unmarried mothers the means of concealing their shame, it leads to infanticide. The answer to this is from statistical reports.

In France, during the ten years from 1826 to 1835, 984 cases of infanticide were brought before the tribunals, making 98 yearly. So that, taking population at 32,000,000, infanticide bore to the population the proportion of 1: 326,530.

In England, on the contrary, which has long given up receptacles for foundlings, the prosecutions for infanticide, in twenty-four years, from 1810 to 1833, amounted to 339, or 14 yearly. This, taking the population of England and Wales at an average of 12,012,275, upon an average of the three censuses of 1810, 1820, and 1830, gives the proportion of 1: 856,581.

In Germany, Mohl either finds a deficiency of authentic reports, or such variations, that they afford no satisfactory data; but he takes the proportion in Wurtemberg at 1: 400,000, and in Baden at 1: 250,000.

On the other hand, Mohl asserts that Foundling Hospitals do not appear either to prevent the exposing of children, or to encourage licentiousness in the commerce of the sexes.

There is (he says) no difficulty in refuting the assertion that Foundling Hospitals at least prevent innumerable exposures or desertions of children.—Here we need neither many words nor statistical data. We shall simply appeal to the notorious fact that, throughout Germany, such child-dropping is infinitely rare. Years elapse without the occurrence of such a case, in the most populous districts even in large towns. . . . The well known instance of the city of Mainz (Mayence), proves most clearly how little a great number of exposures of children is the consequence of a want of Foundling Hospitals. In this town, so deeply infected with licentiousness, both from its numerous garrison and the concourse of foreigners, only thirty cases of this description occurred between the years 1799 and 1811. In this last year a Foundling Hospital was established, and in the following forty months, 516 children were sent thither. The hospital was abolished, and, in the next nine years, only seven children were exposed. . .

* Austria, however, has foundling hospitals in large towns.

Accurate statistical researches show that the number of illegitimate births is not greater in countries with than those without, Foundling Hospitals.—Whilst in France, out of every 100 births, 7.5; in Portugal, 10; in the Sicilies, 4.4 are illegitimate; the proportion is, in Prussia, 7.4; in Hanover, 8.4; in Sweden, 7.4; in Wurtemberg and Saxony, above 13; in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, 17.5; and in Bavaria, even 20 But another moral evil consequent upon these establishments cannot be denied, to wit, the dissolution of family ties. It was always known that illegitimate children were not the only foundlings. It now appears, from the calculations of the administration of the Parisian hospitals, that, from 1804 to 1833, there were 8 legitimate children in every 100 foundlings; and, in 1832, the number had amounted to 14. In the provinces the proportion varies from 5 to 12 in 100; and in some manufacturing districts, the legitimate out-numbered the illegitimate; nor were the former the offspring of very indigent parents And to such depravity the state gives occasion, fosters it at the cost of heavy sacrifices.

The sixth number of this periodical, the last that has reached us, though some of its articles are not altogether free from the nationally besetting sin of German writers, yet is certainly, taken altogether, an improvement on the previous numbers. The subjects are of more general interest, and the length of the articles more moderate and suitable to the character of the work. Many of the articles in the former numbers, as, for instance, that on "English and American Banking," though ably written, were both too long (seventy pages), and entered far too much into detail for a mere periodical publication.

The first article in this last number, "The German Universities, their present Evils, and means of Cure," will be read with interest by all. It is evidently the production of one whose situation has enabled him duly to appreciate the existing defects, and whose zeal for the improvement of the Universities, as the main sources of national enlightenment, is apparent in every page. He enumerates the advantages which Germany derives from its numerous independent universities—so many centres, from which new light, in every branch of education, is constantly radiating—the causes of the disturbances which have taken place at the Wartburg festival, the murder of Kotzebue, &c.; and the police regulations adopted both by individual states and the German Confederation, and concludes by suggesting as remedies:—the constituting the professorships in such a manner as shall induce the best qualified persons to accept them; the appointment of the best qualified, and the removal of the incompetent; the creation, from time to time, of new professorships; a liberal endowment of all scientific collections and institutions; and last, but not least, a systematic scheme of discipline. "These," he concludes, "are my views upon this important subject; they are based upon the experience of half a century—they are sent forth anonymously, in order to avoid the possibility of misinterpretation in respect of any of the above suggestions and wishes."

The article on the "Nationality of Switzerland" consists of little more than a succession of contrasts of the German and Gallic elements, of which the various cantons are composed: "The German state

ever has been, and ever will be, a corporate monarchy, that is, composed of various estates; the French state, on the contrary, is, since the revolution, a representative or constitutional monarchy." Those who have the courage and perseverance to follow Professor Fischer through his elaborate discussion, will find all the blessings of the German system lauded with considerably more zeal than force of argument, and the French system, of course, correspondingly vilified.

The best mode of managing woods (Forstwesen,) and the question as to the propriety of having houses of deposit for the dead (Leichenhauser,) possess but little interest for English readers.

The article on "Rhetorical Improvisation," by Professor Peschier of Tubingen, contains many sensible remarks, both on the advantage of possessing, and the difficulty of acquiring, facility in speaking without previous study; but from what possible source the learned professor can have derived the following information of the state of things in England, we certainly are at a loss to conceive; a more precious compound of mistakes it would be difficult to put together in an equal quantity of words. We cannot but suspect that the credulity of the learned writer has been practised upon by some travelled countryman, whose three weeks' residence in England qualified him, in his own opinion, to treat of the actual state of things, both past and present.

In England, where trade and industry play so conspicuous a part, the necessity was long since felt of accustoming one's self to speak without previous preparation, in order to be able to act a conspicuous part in the assembly where the destinies of the land are decided. In most of the large towns of England there are societies (debating clubs) whose business it is to prepare the subject which will, probably during the ensuing session of parliament, be introduced by the member for the town in which the club is formed. The result of these debates is generally a petition. These discussions are not confined to politics exclusively, but comprise whatever can interest the particular town. In London, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, the most numerous of these bodies exist, and all men who occupy a high station in society, or have any influence in politics, are members of them. In Liverpool, the principal matters of discussion are subjects connected with trade, internal and foreign industry, the commercial relations of England with other nations and her colonies. Men of all parties are members. Radicals, Ultra-Radicals, Whigs, Tories, and Ultra-Tories, here meet together, and deliberate without restraint. These meetings, though frequently very numerous, are by no means regarded with apprehension by the government, and the discussion is as freely carried on as in the House of Commons.

In the universities, these societies meet three times a week, and occupy themselves with matters more immediately concerning the university, though internal and external politics form, for the most part, the subject of their discussions. Every student may become a member of the club, on payment of a yearly subscription. Pitt, Fox, Canning, Brougham, all belonged to these societies, which may be called the cradle of their talents.

The society consists, in addition to the members, of a speaker, a president, and a vice-president. The

speaker has the same functions as the speaker of the lower house of Parliament; the president and vice-president preserve peace and order; the treasurer manages the funds destined to support the society. A new speaker is chosen half-yearly; the president and vice-president are elected for three years, the treasurer for six.

These clubs are of great antiquity. Many of them existed in London at the time of the commonwealth, as, for instance, that at the Crown and Anchor, which is still in existence, and numbers among its members O'Connell, Brougham, Hume, and others. The number of these clubs increased greatly during the reign of George III.; some of them were formed in Oxford and Cambridge, which still continue almost in the same condition as at their creation. The point most deserving of attention is the vast influence which these societies have had upon the prosperity of England. A multitude of enterprises might be adduced, even from the reigns of George IV. and William IV., which have been equally beneficial to the increase of trade and to English industry, the first idea of which originated with these societies. We will select three only from the mass. *The club of Liverpool made the first step towards the emancipation of the slaves*; in that of Manchester, the first discussions took place upon steam navigation and railroads; we are indebted to the club at Leeds for the now universal use of gas for lighting streets and shops.

The Aphorisms on the national distinctions of character of the English, French, and Germans, are a merely stringing together of common-places and truisms, interspersed with not a few displays of national vanity, and total ignorance of the subject upon which Mr. F. J. G. undertakes to enlighten the world at large. Thus he informs us that "loyalty is the principal feature in the English character, and the want of it in the American." What the meaning of loyalty in a republic may be, we are not informed. "The Germans are the most just towards other nations," which he afterwards improves into their being absolutely just in their estimate of the worth of others, and being modest, even to imbecility, in their estimate of themselves. "In England the women have more power than in France, for they govern their husbands. For this reason no democracy can exist in England."

The whole merit of the highly praised English constitution consists in depriving the masses of all moral existence, while the representative system only enables a few distinguished individuals, no matter by what means, to obtain the government. Thus the rulers obtain extensive power, while the ruled are habituated to unconditional submission. This kind of government is the most natural to the English, and, therefore, it has subsisted for centuries.

Every Englishman is by nature an aristocrat, and will submit to have twenty men above him, if he can only have one beneath him. The beggar who sweeps the street at the west end, and receives his penny from the fashionables, looks down with contempt upon the city street-sweeper, who receives alms from the plain citizen. Even in the very vagabonds of the metropolis, the higher classes find supports and defenders.

We are further informed that the reason why the English officers possess so much moral courage is that they almost universally belong to the first families of the land; that the reason why the conscription

has not been introduced is, that such a system would not include a sufficient number of nobility, and because the population of the manufacturing districts is not of sufficient physical power to do military duty; and, by way of completing his picture of English society, the writer informs us that the rich manufacturers (that is, the squirearchy) are infinitely more unpopular than the nobility, because they come more immediately in collision with the people, "and the people always both fear and hate most those tyrants who are placed nearest to them."

It certainly does not betoken any undue German preponderance of modesty in a writer to make such assertions as these; and that, moreover, under the title of aphorism.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

Histoire de la Littérature Hindoui et Hindoustani.

(History of Hindoui and Hindoustani Literature.)

By M. Garcin de Tassy. Vol. I. 8vo. Paris, 1839.

Anthologia Sanscriticæ Glossariæ instructa. Edidit Christianus Lassen. Bonnæ ad Rhenum. 8vo. 1838.

Scriptorum Arabum de Rebus Indicis. Fasciculus primus, 8vo. Recensuit et illustravit Joannes Gildemeister. Bonnæ. 1838.

The first volume of the first-mentioned of these works, published under the auspices of the Asiatic Translation Fund of Great Britain and Ireland, which has just reached us, contains a biographical account of all the Indian writers whose works have been composed in the Hindi and Hindustani languages. These two idioms bear to each other the same relation as the Saxon does to the modern English. The Hindi is the direct descendant of the Sanscrit, and is spoken by the Hindus, from the province of Bihar to the confines of Cashmere, along the Ganges and Jumna; and, in fact, the language of Cashmere itself, together with that of the Panjab, is a kindred dialect of the Hindi. The Hindustani is the language generally used by the Mussulmans throughout India. It is a complete "lingua franca," whose basis is the Hindi, but admitting an unlimited supply of words from the Persian and Arabic, or any other source that is convenient.

The two languages, or rather dialects, above-mentioned, therefore, are upon the whole the most important of modern India; and, in consequence, M. de Tassy's work is a valuable addition to our stock of information respecting a country in which we are so deeply interested. Of the author's abilities to do ample justice to his task, his former works on these languages are a sufficient guarantee. He has spared neither labour nor expense, in order to gain access to the most authentic sources. Twice he journeyed to England to examine our treasures of Oriental manuscripts in the India House, the British Museum, and the Asiatic Society's library, besides many private collections. Nothing has escaped his glance, and the result is an elegant octavo volume, of some 630 pages, which we strongly recommend to every one of our youthful countrymen, whose destiny may lead them to spend a portion of their life in India.

The second volume will consist of numerous ex-

tracts from the works of the authors treated of in the present. We may observe, however, that the two volumes are independent of each other, each being complete in itself, so that it is not necessary to defer the purchase of the first till the publication of the second. In concluding this brief notice of M. de Tassy's work, we cannot help expressing our surprise that some of our own countrymen, resident in India, should not have long ago attempted something of the kind. It is probable that there may still remain some valuable works in Hindi or Hindustani with which Europeans are as yet unacquainted.

Mr. Lassen, editor of the second of the works whose titles are placed at the head of this article, is well known as one of the first Sanscrit scholars in Germany. He is the colleague of the venerable Schlegel as Professor of Sanscrit in the University of Bonn. His Sanscrit Anthology consists of one hundred and two pages of text, about half the number of pages of notes, and a vocabulary. It is the first work of the kind that has appeared in Europe; and so far it is, in the present state of things, invaluable. Although the Sanscrit has been taught at some of our Colleges for the last thirty years, yet we never dreamt of the utility of such a work as this. To the scholars of Germany we are indebted for our best elementary Sanscrit works; and the labours of Bopp, Schlegel, Lassen, and many others of that country, deserve our tribute of gratitude.

Whilst we give our sincere approval of the present work of Mr. Lassen's, we will be equally candid in pointing out what we consider its defect. Nearly the first half of the work consists of easy tales, written in a very plain and simple style. This is exactly as it should be, for, in a language so complex as the Sanscrit, there is little danger of selecting too easy a specimen for a beginner. The rest consists of poetical and dramatic extracts, as difficult as any in the whole language. This is the defect to which we alluded. Mr. Lassen forgets that the transition from the easy to the difficult is too sudden. What would be said of a Greek delectus of a hundred pages for beginners, embracing, we shall suppose, the first fifty pages from Æsop's fables, and the next fifty out of the most difficult parts of Aristophanes and Pindar? simply, that there was more learning than judgment displayed in the compilation.

We should have liked Mr. Lassen's work much better then, had he filled his last fifty pages with some easy and attractive episode from the Mahabharata, or the Ramayana, something similar to the Nala and other gems published by Bopp. As it is, we have a strong presentiment that the comedy entitled the *Dhūrta-samagana*, which occupies about thirty pages of the book, will be *damned*, to use a theatrical phrase. The beginner will find it *no joke* (as the title* holds forth) when he comes to read it. We point out this defect in the work, with the hope of

seeing it remedied in the next edition. We are sincerely of opinion, and we venture to say that Mr. Lassen himself will agree with us, that the Sanscrit student will require to read, not fifty pages, but five hundred pages at the least, as a preparatory step towards the *Dhūrta-samagana*, and the hymns from the Rigveda. But, setting these out of the question, or, if our readers choose, imagining them so much waste paper, still we have no hesitation in recommending the work as the best that we have yet seen or heard of on this interesting subject.

The selection from Arabian writers, which stands third in our list, is a highly interesting work, illustrative as it is of the state of India during the middle ages. It is a curious fact in the annals of mankind, that, in a country which has continued for upwards of three thousand years in a state of comparative civilization, there should have survived nothing in the shape of an authentic history. Such, however, is the case with India. The Puranas, it is true, treat of the heroic ages of that country; but the very remote *antiquity* to which they extend renders them useless as histories, although it is highly probable that there is some truth mixed with their splendid fictions. For our present knowledge of ancient India, then, we are indebted to the Greeks. Another unexpected source of information respecting India, during the earlier centuries of our era, has lately been found among the writings of the Chinese. After these come the writings of the Arabs, who are again succeeded by the moderns of Europe.

Gildemeister's work consists of extracts from all the Arabian writers who have described India. The Arabic text is given in full; also a Latin translation, and numerous notes and illustrations. We know not as yet how far the work may extend; but the present *fasciculus* has our hearty recommendation, both for the interesting nature of the subject, and the neatness of the Arabic type. Even the very paper is good—"ut est captus Germanorum"—as Cæsar hath it. We must confess, however, that the Arabian narrators remind us strongly of our own good Sir John Maundeville; still, a reader of ordinary acuteness will have no great difficulty in separating the wheat from the chaff.

The last extract in the work concludes with the following anecdote.

It is said that some one stated, in the court of King Anushirwan of Persia, that in India there was a mountain, on which grew a tree, whose fruit restored life to the dead. The King despatched a trustworthy person into India, that he might examine into the truth of so strange an assertion. The envoys reached India, but no one could give him the least information respecting such a mountain as he was in search of. At last an aged Brahman told him that the whole was a parable—that the mountain signified a man of wisdom—the tree, the doctrine which he taught; that by the fruit was meant the right application of that doctrine, which would fit men for a blessed immortality, and that was most truly restoring life to the dead.

* "*Dhūrta-samagana* nama prabhasanam," that is "A Comedy (or joke) entitled, the Congregation of Thieves."

TRAVELS TO THE EAST.

Reise nach dem Oriente von Eremiten von Gauting.
(Travels to the East, by the Hermit of Gauting.)
Published for the benefit of the Colony of Hall-
berg, on the Moor of Freising. 2 vols. Stuttgart,
1839.

The celebrated Hermit of Gauting, M. von Hallberg, one of the most indefatigable travellers, continues, in spite of his advancing age, to stroll over the world with the courage and, we might almost add, with the humour of youth. For though he avails himself of the privilege of years to pronounce every thing in the world to be vanity, still he is any thing but grave and gloomy; his narrative is full of humour, and even borders frequently upon the frivolous. The more freely he expatiates, the more original are his descriptions; and as he treats of the East, about which the bespoken and paid newspaper articles of England and Russia have lied so measurelessly, it really does one good to see the Hermit, in his reckless love of truth, break through all mystifications.

Many a reader will, perhaps, be staggered at first; by the Hermit's way and manner. Let not this, however, deter him from further acquaintance. Blunt as is his manner, it envelops a great deal of truth: and his apparent severity covers a great deal of goodness. This manner is often peculiar to energetic veterans, and in them it has nothing offensive. Here are a few specimens of his original style. Speaking of the Hungarians, he says:—"You hear the word 'fatherland' pronounced with pride, and the man who himself chooses the blockhead by whom he will be ruled is quite a different sort of being from those imbecile wretches, on whose shoulders you may clap any ninny."—"To the detriment of religion, the catholic clergy here, like real coxcombs, rigged out in silk and the finest cloths, of the most fashionable cut, are to be seen in all the promenades where handsome women seek pleasure and recreation. Religion falls through its priests, as the state does through bad administrators: they are the real cause of those disorders in the world, for which the stupid demagogues are blamed." For the rest, however, the Hermit says much in commendation of the Hungarians, and especially of the fair sex.

The demi-oriental pictures, presented by the author, are very attractive, as well as those which have an entirely eastern character. "A Wallachian family from Bukarest has just arrived at my inn—the Crown—the best in Kronstadt, and the worst in the world. This inn, without a door or a window that will shut, looks as if an advanced post picket had been quartered in it for many years. This family, composed of several gentlemen and ladies, is travelling to Arapatak, four leagues distant from this place, to the baths; you would take it for the advanced guard of the Jewish host, proceeding to the Land of Promise, under General Moses. Two large waggons, covered with mats, are full of people; the owners in dirty, shabby, tattered apparel, with a crowd of servants, ladies' maids without shoes or stockings, all nasty and dirty; then cooks and valets, Turks and Wallachians, in soiled and ragged garments, and half naked: then beds, and other household furniture, worn out with age, and broken, even to the old trough in which dough is made for baking. Ducks,

geese, cocks, hens, hares, and lambs, constitute the orchestra of this precious crew. Every thing is unpacked, and the rooms look like a broker's shop of the very lowest class. They then fall to cooking, eating, sleeping, till, at length, the gentry, dressed in the French style, sally forth to show themselves in the streets. Before the room-doors are spread the mats which covered the waggons, and on which the attendants lie stretched, and sleep, day and night, when their services are not required. By this numerous suite, which looks more like a herd of beggars, they think to proclaim their grandeur, their nobility, and their wealth, whereas it is a heavy burden, and a real image of barbarism and confusion."

The Hermit dined with the Hospodar at Bukarest. He speaks very unfavourably of the administrative system in Wallachia, "the regulations of which are so confused," he says, "through contradictions of all sorts on the part of the authorities themselves, that the Hospodar, with the best intentions in the world, cannot remedy the evil, since the policy of Russia guides every thing according to its own views." His departure from Bukarest furnishes occasion for another curious picture.

"After my pass had been once more duly examined on all sides by a clerk, with the physiognomy of a blockhead, he wrote several lines upon it, certifying that he had seen it, and that I might continue my journey. The poor civilized Boyars had read in the newspapers about rebellious France, and fancied, like the German asses, that they had found the true means of ensuring the safety of the country by such a paper. After the dolt had thus granted the permission to travel, I was furnished with a *prosdoschne*, which enjoins the postmasters to supply me with a post-chariot and four horses, for which I paid only three ducats for twelve posts, and could proceed for that sum to Krajiva. It is a most convenient arrangement to be able to pay down the post money for the whole journey, and one that deserves to be imitated in every country. The different postmasters enter my name in a book, and the *prosdoschne* is delivered at the last post, as a voucher. The post-chariot is five feet long, and, like all the carriages of this country, has no iron whatever; the horses, which have nothing to draw, go at full gallop over bridges that have lost planks, and others that threaten to tumble down, through mud, over corn fields and meadows, through holes and along cut-throat roads, where you are almost jolted to pieces. As the postillions on the horses feel nothing of this, they continue galloping on, and you are obliged to promise them money to drive slower. In general they cannot hear the cries of the traveller, as they keep up an incessant shouting and bawling on their horses. They swam them across several rivers; and the river Alt was so swollen with the heavy rains, that a boat came to my assistance, as the postillion was drowned with the horses. I was told that many men and beasts annually perish in this manner, but that is of no consequence so the pass be but examined."

The author describes an atrocious scene which took place at Krajiva.

"The wife of a Boyar had, among her other cattle, a number of gipsies. One of these was a very handsome girl of fifteen, whom she had sold for two ducats to a known debauchee. The girl was just

going to be taken away when I happened to pass the wretched hut, where I heard a loud weeping. I inquired the cause, and was told what I have already stated. The parents, brothers, and sisters were all weeping; the girl was, nevertheless, torn from her mother's arms, and dragged away. I went to the barbarian to purchase her from him, but he was rich, and laughed at the fifty ducats which I offered him to set her at liberty, saying that he had bought her for his pleasure, and if she would not comply, he would have her beaten till she did. He added that, if I wanted to buy gipsies, he possessed five hundred, among whom there were very pretty girls too, who would not be coy, as they had all been at his service: but he was in love with this one, and he would not part with her for any price. I went to the governor, and talked every where about the matter with the warmest indignation, but the people laughed at my stupidity. "The gipsies," said they, "are our property; we have a right to do what we please with them." I had seen in Bukarest several beggars without hands, and was now told that they had been cut off by order of their masters. One of them related to me that his father had strangled the Boyar by whose command he had been thus mutilated, but had been executed for the murder. The Boyars frequently have the children of the gipsies brought forward, that their own children may flog them for their amusement. This is said to be a very general practice; the parents put to death and mutilate for their pleasure; and the children, too, must be early accustomed to such recreations. It is computed that in Wallachia there are forty thousand gipsies, all worse treated than the beasts of the field." And this, be it remembered, in *civilized Europe*!

In Serbia, the Hermit found things very different from what they are usually represented. He reproaches the German enthusiasts with having lavished the most extravagant flatteries on prince Milosch, with having called him an enlightened prince, while he is but a barbarian, and with having extolled the new improvements of the country, the roads, and the public institutions, though nothing of the sort exists. M. von Hallberg predicts what has since actually happened. "The Servians," he says, "are so dissatisfied with their prince Milosch, who oppresses them more than the Turks, that there can scarcely fail to be new a revolt." As the newspapers have mentioned the commotions in Serbia, which led to the abdication of the prince, it is interesting to read what the Hermit of Gauting says concerning him.

"Milosch reigns as nitric acid does over iron. He has more than doubled the taxes. Laws, he says, are superfluous, for his will is law, and he will not give up that for a scrawled paper. He can neither read nor write himself, and looks just like a pig-jobber. He has appropriated to himself the monopoly of every branch of commerce. Having caused Kara George, or Czerny George, the leader of the Servians against the Turks, to be assassinated, on his return from Russia, whither he had gone to solicit succour, he seized all his stolen treasures, and, by means of them, paved the way to the sovereignty. His wife and two sons reside at Belgrade, while he lives at Kragouevatz with a female slave, purchased at Constantinople. When he sees hogs, he runs after them, and calls them together as the pig-drivers

do. He orders men to be flogged, or flogs them himself. He maintains that all possessions in Serbia are his property, and that no Servian can possess any thing. He takes away whatever he pleases, whether land or houses, as he lately did a house which a physician had built for himself at Belgrade. The owner was obliged to quit it, and to be content with a trifling sum, which Milosch gave him as a matter of favour: and the prince then enjoyed himself for some days in the handsome habitation. A long history of suchlike arbitrary proceedings might be written. It is a wonder that Russia decorated him with orders, and made him hereditary prince, to which the Sultan was obliged to assent: and now, in return, he abuses Russia." We find nothing to enable us to judge how far the enmity that sprang up between Milosch and Russia may have contributed to his deposition.

As the author proceeds towards Constantinople, he makes his observations on the Turkish empire; "The greatest part of the land lies uncultivated. The Germans are shipping themselves for America, while a second Europe lies waste in these regions, where the population of all Europe might be doubled. But the officers of government think of nothing but their salaries." The author occasionally introduces other remarks on Germany, all of which manifest right feeling. "The Greeks, involved in continual wars among themselves, never could attain national greatness, any more than the Germans and the Italians, who take the colour of every country, and are always the greatest enemies of one another; whereas the English and the French carry their nationality all over the world, because they form one people who quarrel among themselves only about ideas, but never for a separation of countries. The Germans brag of the seven years' war, because Prussia wanted to have a province; instead of uniting and recovering the countries, disgracefully rent from Germany, some of which might have been got back during the last war by the stroke of a pen; but France was suffered rather to retain them, because jealousy would not permit them to divide those provinces among themselves; and diplomatists maintained that France ought to be left great, that she might do us no more mischief; the rending away of Brabant very soon showed the result of such policy."

We pass over the animated sketches given by the author of Constantinople and Smyrna, because they contain only things that are more or less known. His sentiments respecting Greece, again, are highly original, and expressed in his homely and unreserved manner. That he is far from flattering the diplomatists on this occasion may easily be conceived. He treats circumstantially of Egypt: and, though he does not shut his eyes to the misery of that country, still he feels himself overpowered by the greatness of Mehemet Ali, and pays that prince encomiums, which seem to be the more sincere the more manifestly the author seeks to show his independence of the high and highest powers on other occasions. The wonders of Egypt made no impression upon him. At the pyramids he was interested by the figure of a pear, which a Frenchman had painted there, to express, certainly in no very appropriate place, his enmity to Louis Philippe; and, by a drinking bout, in consequence of a wager of two dozen bottles of Champagne, which he had won of a young English-

man, that he, an old man of seventy, would ascend the pyramid; he even got to the top before the latter. Of the pyramids themselves, he merely says: "I have seen and ascended the pyramids, and crawled about in the interior of them; they are mementoes of the stupidity of the age, erected as a warning to us to govern the nations with greater prudence, but which will not be heeded." Of his excursion to Upper Egypt, he says: "The most tedious thing that can be imagined is a voyage up the Nile to the far-famed antiquities. From Cairo upwards to the Cataracts, as they are called, there is no variation; the vessels are the most wretched that can be, filthy, and swarming with vermin of every kind." Even the ruins of the ancient temples made no impression on the author; and he speaks of them also as "follies, useless monuments, with all sorts of representations drawn from a masquerade life."—"To-morrow," he says, "I set out. Egypt is not worth the traveller's trouble; and all its monuments are nothing but the triumph of folly—but I have seen and conversed with Mehemet Ali, the greatest man of his time, and who has not had his equal for many centuries past. God grant him prosperity, blessing, and long life! Amen!"

We must extract one more passage. "I was shown," says the Hermit, "as a remarkable object, the mosque in which Buonaparte adopted the Mohammedan religion; and the door-keeper, who conducted me about, showed me the spot, where, according to his assurance, the ceremony took place. So little did Buonaparte know of the Turks, that he hoped by this step to gain adherents: they regard the Christians as impure, but despise the apostate. A Christian dare not enter the city of Mecca; and when one, attended by a Turk, had recently found means to get in, and was discovered, the Turk could save him only by telling the furious populace that they ought to treat him like a dog, and drive him out of the city. They have a still greater contempt for the Jews; when a Jew wishes to embrace the Mohammedan religion, he must first turn Christian. A European, in the service of a wealthy Turk, having embraced the religion of the Prophet, informed his master of the circumstance. 'I am heartily glad of it,' said the Turk. 'As thou must now drink no wine, I shall pay thee thirty guilders per month less than I used to do;' and he gave orders that a strict eye should be kept upon this perjured fellow, otherwise he might be false to him also."

The Hermit returned by Italy and Malta. His descriptions of Malta, Syracuse, Palermo, &c., contain much that is attractive. He had travelled in Italy before, and published an account of his tour about ten years ago. But he visited that country at a much earlier period still, and saw the great eruption of Vesuvius in 1794. When in Rome, the long-bearded Hermit was presented to the Pope—not under the same circumstances, indeed, as the Hermits of old, who lived in forests, and who were summoned on account of their sanctity to the capital of the Christian world.

These Travels of Baron von Hallberg belong to the most original productions of German literature; and, though the taste which prevails in them may not please every reader, still all must admire the author's youthful energy, and his more than unsparing love of truth; and sure we are that none will repent

having perused a work which is remarkable in so many respects.

POLISH POPULAR TALES.

Polnische Volkssagen und Mahrechen. (Polish Popular Tales and Legends.) From the Polish of K. H. C. Moycicki, by F. H. Lewestam. Berlin, 1839.

After the worthy example of Jacob Grimm, efforts are every where making to collect the ancient popular tales, and to rescue them from oblivion. To the most distinguished collections of this kind belongs that which lies before us. Though comprising no more than 157 pages, it is uncommonly rich in the finest and most remarkable subjects of legendary lore; some of which, it is true, are already known, being common to the Poles with other nations, while many are entirely original.

The inquirer after ancient pagan popular notions will here meet with many a prize. The doctrine of the personification of the powers of Nature, and that of the transmigration of souls (the transformation into wolves and birds, principally ravens and doves), is, in particular, evidently interwoven in the Polish tales: and a great number of mythological conceptions seem to be connected with the properties of animals and plants. We also meet with sorcery, witchcraft, and superstitions of all sorts.

We shall show, by a few specimens, how poetic at the same time is the garb in which most of these Polish tales (called *Klechde*) are clothed. The following, from the Servian, is one of the finest, and certainly of mythological origin. It treats of king Trojan, a personification of the dew.

"Bring hither my steed! quickly bring him hither. The sun has long sunk to rest. The stars are already out; the moon shines; and the dew already glistens in the meads. The south wind no longer blows, or, if it does blow, it no longer heats, but its breath is cooling. Then quickly bring hither my steed! for all further delay is but time lost to me. With heaving bosom the black-eyed maiden has long been awaiting for me. On the wings of the eagle, on the wings of the wind, I will fly away on my swift-footed steed: for the night is so short, and the day is so long, and it is in the night-time alone that I can live."

"Thus cried Trojan, the king of the brave Servians, who could not endure the rays of the sun: never had he beheld the light of the brilliant day. For, had but one beam fallen upon Trojan's head he would have dissolved like a rain-cloud, and his body turned to dew.

"The obedient squire leads the horse from the stable. Trojan springs upon him, and bounds away. The faithful attendant follows.

"How cool and refreshing! the very time for me!" exclaims Trojan, in joyous mood. "To be sure the stars glimmer, to be sure the moon shines, but their pale rays give no warmth. The pearly dew, white as coral, covers the verdant mead, and in every drop, I perceive the image of the stars, and of the moon's bright face. What silence! what tranquility! Nothing disturbs my senses: only now and then the melancholy voice of the owl resounds from the dark forest."

"O, my lord," replied the squire, "much better do I love the sun and the bright day, though his beams are hot, than the gloomy shades of night. Then I am quite blind, and the loveliest colours—the violet, and the rose, and the fragrant lilac—are all black. And in the night all things sleep—birds, beasts, and men. At times only the wanderer from the village discerns a solitary light on the highway; at times only the faithful guardian of the house, when he snuffs a wolf or something strange, wakens Echo with his barking. Like the billowy sea, like the corn-field waving in the wind, so does Echo undulate and wave on all sides. And not a bird interrupts the silence of night; for the minstrel of spring, the lark, roused by the dawn, flies cheerily over the verdant lea, and, with the sun, greets the white day. At night he sleeps, like all other beings, to recruit his strength. And we, good my lord, we roam about in the thick shades of nocturnal darkness."

"A stately mansion glistened in the distance—in every window appeared a light. There Trojan's love awaited the entrance of her friend. Trojan's stripes fell thicker and faster on the flanks of his steed, and away he flew with the swiftness of an arrow. He bounded across the bridge of lime-tree wood and over the paved courtyard. He leaped from his horse, and hastened into the well-known halls."

"Long waited the squire, holding the horses by the bridle, till sleep closed his weary eyelids. At length, rousing up, he said to himself: 'O, how the cocks are already crowing! I must waken my king. Long is the way to his palace: and the day already begins to dawn.'"

"Approaching the door of the bed-chamber, he rapped at it with vigorous hand. 'O, my liege, awake! awake, my king! Day already begins to dawn. Let us quickly to horse, and ride back to the palace.'"

"'Disturb not my slumber,' cried Trojan, angrily to his attendant. 'I know better when day begins to dawn, when the sun sends forth his first rays as the signal for my death. Wait outside with the horses!'"

"The obedient squire answered not a word, and waited a long time. He looked around, and perceived with alarm the first faint gleam of daybreak. And he hastened in, and, with vigorous hand, he rapped louder than before at the door of the dark chamber."

"'Awake, O my liege! cried he, filled with despair. 'If thou tarriest but another moment, the sun's rays will kill thee.'"

"'Wait but a moment; and then I will hasten away. If I can but mount my horse before the rosy dawn awakes, before the bright sun begins to shine, I shall be in my palace in a trice.'"

"Long did the obedient attendant wait. At length Trojan came forth, mounted his steed, and away he flew with the swiftness of an arrow."

"Scarcely had he crossed the paved courtyard and the bridge of lime-tree wood, when the bright light glared upon him from the other side of the hill."

"'That is the sun!' exclaimed the affrighted squire."

"'Then is the moment of my death but too surely come!' replied Trojan, with repressed vexation. 'I will dismount, and press my poor body close to the damp earth. But do thou cast thy cloak over me,

and about sunset come with my steed to fetch me.' And trembling he leaped from the horse, and sank fainting upon the damp earth. The faithful squire carefully spread his cloak over the poor king."

"Away he goes with the steeds to the palace—knocks at the iron gate. Open, porter, open quickly! he cries, all trembling with fright. Down drops the drawbridge, the squire bounds in at the gate, and calls the servants together. "Where is the king? where is Trojan? they all inquired. He pointed in tears to the horses. 'The king lies upon the field: he lies upon the damp earth; a cloak covers his body; and I am to fetch him with his steed at sunset.'"

"It was a sultry day; not a breath of wind stirred, and the sun burned like fire. Trojan trembled beneath his cloak for fear and heat; and he vowed in his mind, if he should get out of this scrape, never to wait again for the dawn of morning."

"Herdsmen going that way to tend their cattle came to the spot where Trojan was. Behold! there lies a cloak. They lift it up, and perceive a man; and they quickly drew off the cloak entirely from him. Trojan shrieked, and besought them by all they held dear: 'Cover me again with the cloak! let me not be burnt by the fire!'"

"But in vain he beseeches, he conjures, them—for the sun shines bright, and darts his beams directly upon Trojan's face. All at once he is silent, for his eyes are turned into two drops; head, neck, and bosom dissolve, and presently his whole body is transformed, as it were, into tears. And the corpse of Trojan glistens for a moment longer like dew; but these drops, too, are soon dried up by the heat of the day."

"About sunset the faithful squire hastens to the spot with the servants of the palace. Trojan is not there. He finds nought but the cloak upon the ground, wrings his hands, and weeps bitterly. Vain are thy tears and thy sorrow, faithful squire; they will not bring the king to life again."

In like manner we find the plague personified in several of the tales, for example, in the following:—

"A Reusse [not Russian] was sitting in the open field. The sun scorched like fire. He perceived something at a distance approaching him. He looked again, and behold it was a female. She was covered with a white garment, and walked as though upon stilts. At first he was frightened, and would have fled, but the spectre clasped him in her withered arms. 'Dost know me? I am the Plague. Take me on thy back, and carry me through all the land of the Reusses, and omit not a town, not a village: for I must visit them all. For thyself fear nothing: thou shalt enjoy health amidst the dead.' So saying, she flung her long arms around the neck of the trembling wight."

"The Reusse now went forward, but soon looked behind him astonished at not feeling any weight. The spectre was nevertheless, upon his back. Presently he came to a small town. In all the streets were dancing, merriment, and jollity. No sooner had he reached the market-place than the female waved her handkerchief; the dancing and the jollity were at an end; which way soever he looked were to be seen funerals; bells were tolling, the churchyards were crowded with people; there was no more room in them for burying the dead. In the market-place lay heaps of naked corpses."



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"He went farther. In every village that he came to, the houses were empty; and the inhabitants fled with pale cheeks, and trembling with fright; and on the highways, in the woods, and in the fields, were heard the heart-rending cries of the dying. On a high hill was seated the village where dwelt the poor fellow to whose back the Plague was clinging; there lived his wife and his children, and his aged parents. His heart was filled with anxiety, and so he passed at a distance from the place, and held fast the beldam that she might not leap off. And he looked before him, and before him flowed the azure Pruth; and beyond the river rose higher and higher hills, green and wooded; and beyond them black mountains, the loftiest of which were covered with snow. He ran straightway to the river, jumped in and sank, hoping to drown the hag along with himself, that so he might save his native place and country from her fatal influence. And he himself was drowned; but the Plague, light as a feather, so that he had not even felt her weight while she was on his back, could not sink, and fled, alighted at this courageous deed, into the woods on the mountains. And so he saved his village, and his parents, and his wife, and his little children, and all the fair land of the Reusses to which he would not carry the fiendish woman."

The tale of the hill of glass, which the unfortunate suitors were obliged to climb in order to reach the splendid castle on the top, inhabited by a princess, seems to be connected with the old notions of hell punishments. That concerning the overthrower of mountains and render of iron reminds us of the Titans and of the giants of the northern mythology.

One of the most significant of these tales, and as far as we are aware, quite original, is the following: A young man is promised that he shall have what he wishes for. He accordingly wishes for a sweetheart and a friend. He soon perceives that they become extremely familiar, care nothing about him, and only love one another. Too late he perceives that he has wished for too much at once, and that he ought to have been contented with either a sweetheart or a friend only.

Not less ingenious is the following christian tale: A merchant is saved from imminent danger of life by the devil, who in return demands something that is in the house of the merchant, without his knowing it. The merchant agrees to the bargain, and learns too late that this unknown price is an infant son, born during his absence. He becomes very melancholy; the son grows up to be a very pious clergyman, and boldly proceeds to hell to fetch back his father's agreement.

The numerous tales relative to Twardowski, the Polish Faust, are better known. Several of them are real Eulenspiegel feats. A poor devil besought Twardowski to rescue him from poverty by his miraculous art. Twardowski took compassion on him, and gave him the following advice. "Go to some far distant place, and seek an empty hut. At nightfall take from thy pouch nine new pieces of money, and count them without intermission from one to nine, and then backward from nine to one; and keep counting away in this manner till it begins to be light. Only be sure to make no mistake in counting, or thy labour is lost. Spirits thou needest not be afraid of, for I give thee my word that these will do thee no harm. Do all this just as I tell thee, and

thou shalt surely be a richer man than thou ever wast."

The poor wight obeyed the conjuror's direction. He found an empty hut, seated himself in it, and fell to counting nine groschen forward and backward without stopping. Day began to break, when the Devil appeared to him in the shape of Twardowski, and asked if he had not made some mistake. The poor gentleman joyfully replied in the negative. "Well then, count away," said the Evil One, "for morning will soon be here." With these words he vanished. The poor fellow would have gone on counting, but he knew not where he had left off. His dream of wealth was of course at an end.

Twardowski used to play his wife, who sold crockery, still more vexatious tricks, driving past unknown like a person of distinction, breaking all her ware, and enjoying her rage. His end is remarkable. "At length the devil became weary of the almost hourly services that he was obliged to render, and therefore had recourse to a stratagem. He assumed the shape of a servant of the court, and begged Twardowski, as an eminent physician to hasten to the relief of his master, who was sick unto death. The sorcerer followed the messenger to the neighbouring village, the public house in which is called the City of Rome. No sooner had he crossed the threshold of the public house than a flock of screech-owls and ravens settled upon the roof, and filled the air with their sinister voices. Twardowski, was instantly aware of the danger of his situation; trembling, he lifted an infant just baptised from the cradle, and walked with it in his arms up and down the room. Presently, in rushed the Devil in his true shape, though handsomely dressed—he had on a cocked hat, a German frock coat, a long waistcoat hanging down over his thighs, short tight breeches, and shoes with silver buckles—though he was thus handsomely dressed, every body knew him; for horns peeped out from beneath the hat, long claws from the shoes, and a fine tail hung behind. He was about to drag away the captive Twardowski along with him, when he discovered a serious obstacle. This was no other than the little innocent babe, to which the Devil had no right. After long consideration, he went up to the conjurer, and said: "Thou art a true gentleman, and knowest that *Verbum nobile debet esse stabile*. Twardowski felt that he could not break his word of honour as a gentleman; he therefore replaced the infant in the cradle, and instantly flew up the chimney with his companion. The congregated owls and ravens raised a harsh peal of joy. Meanwhile the two rose higher and higher, but Twardowski did not lose his presence of mind: he looked down, and the gray earth lay outspread beneath him. At length he attained such a height, that the villages looked like midges, the towns like flies, and Cracow itself no bigger than a couple of spiders.* Deep sorrow seized his heart, for there he was leaving all that was dear to him: and, when he got still higher, where neither kite nor eagle of the Carpathian mountains ever flaps the air with his wings, where his eye could scarcely discern the earth, he made a last effort to raise his voice, and be-

* The comparison of the numerous steeples of Cracow with spider's legs is proverbial among the common people.

gan to sing a religious hymn. It was one of those in honour of the Mother of God, which he had composed and daily sung in his youth, before he was acquainted with any black art, and while his soul was pure and innocent. Though he sang lustily, his voice was drowned in the air; but herdsmen, who were tending their flocks on the mountains below him, looked up in amaze, for they knew not what cloud had sent down to them the words of the pious hymns. For the voice of the sorcerer did not rise, but descended to the earth to edify the hearts of men. So he sang the hymn from beginning to end, and, when he had finished, he perceived to his astonishment that he was no longer borne upward, but that he was fixed in the air as though nailed to the spot. He looked around: his companion was gone. He heard only a loud voice above him, saying: "So shalt thou hang, till the last day between earth and heaven!" And so he actually does hang to the present hour; and though he has not the power of utterance, though no one can any longer hear his voice, yet only a few years ago, aged people, when the full moon was shining in all her glory, would point out a minute speck in the heavens, which they swore was the body of our necromancer." Twardowski had previously changed a faithful disciple of his into a spider, and this is now in the habit of letting itself down from the air, to learn tidings of the earth, for the purpose of carrying them back to him. May not this be a myth of the floating cobwebs which are known by the name of gossamer?

The collection contains much that is akin to the German tales, and some of very great antiquity, which were current in the East. Among the witch-tales, that of Hare-heart is one of the most original. A cruel knight having taken prisoner an old woman, she contrived, while he was asleep, by conjuration, to take the ferocious heart out of his bosom, and to place a hare's heart there in its stead. The tale of the evil eye is here prettily told. Stories of found and lost treasures likewise occur; and we also meet with that of the storm raised by witches, which one may still by flinging a knife that hits the witch, and drops to the ground covered with blood.

The custom of the huntsmen in Podlachia of plunging their guns, on Twelfth day, into a holy pond, in consequence of which every shot is sure to hit the mark, reminds us of the many sorceries and consecrations with holy water which Grimm enumerates in his German Mythology.

From the Foreign Monthly Review.

GERMANY AND RUSSIA.

Deutschland und Russland. [Germany and Russia.]
Mannheim, 1838. 8vo.

That the rapid increase of power and dominion, and the menacing attitude of Russia, holding, as she does, the central citadel of two quarters of the globe, whence, herself unassailable, she can pour her countless legions with equal facility upon Europe or Asia, should be a source of peculiar anxiety to Germany, exposed as she is by geographical position, and shorn of her real strength by the want of union among her rulers, is indeed but natural. That iron barrier,

which might have defied for years the swelling waves of Russian aggression on central Europe, and formed the same triumphant safeguard against the Tartar which it had before done against the Moslem—unhappy Poland—blotted from the family of nations, is now but the advanced guard of the Muscovite, whose outposts are but a few days' march distant from Vienna and Berlin. That the retributive justice of Providence is visible in thus visiting the crimes and treachery of the "crowned spoilers of Sarmatia" upon their descendants, few will be found to deny; that the fearful atonement may not involve the loss of freedom and nationality must be the ardent wish of all who desire the best interests of humanity.

The work before us consists, for the most part, of a compilation of documents, many already familiar to the English reader, from having appeared in the Portfolio, besides some severe and well-executed exposures, both of the manifold sophisms they comprise, and the "eloven foot" which is everywhere visible. The work is further enriched by some interesting statistical information as to the numbers of the Russian armed force, and the real amount of her sinews of war, as well as by some excellent investigations of the real dangers to which Germany is exposed, and of her internal points of strength and weakness.

The entire population of the Russian empire amounts, according to the Russian official documents, to upwards of sixty millions, the army to more than one million. The navy consists of about 350 vessels of war of all sizes, carrying about 6000 guns, and manned by about 45,000 sailors and sea-soldiers.

The revenue, exclusive of certain property appropriated for the tsar's privy purse (about £300,000,) and the appanages of the imperial family (£200,000,) amounted, in 1833, to about thirty two millions sterling, of which the sum of five millions was expended by the ministry for internal affairs, and almost as large a sum for the army, while the expenses of the fleet amounted to nearly two millions. The national debt, including the debt of Poland (five millions,) and the amount of depreciated assignats in circulation (twenty-six millions,) amounted, in January, 1834, to about seventy-one millions sterling: the yearly interest payable on that portion which bears interest was two millions.

Of the Russian army the author appears to entertain no unbecoming terrors. "Union is our strength," he says; "and, if Prussia be not seduced by her ties of kindred to betray the cause of German liberty; if Austria be not led astray by the delusive promises of the tsar, or induced to stand aloof by the imaginary terrors of popular tumults; if the smaller states see their own real interest, and reject Russia's insidious offers of protection, the fatherland may yet be saved, and, in case of actual aggression, the same fearless inspiration that laid low the pride of Napoleon in the *Folkerschlacht*, would save our fair plains from the ravages of the Cossack." Of the Russian navy he speaks on the authority of Captain Crauford, whose exaggerated statements, though little attended to in England, where their fallacy has been amply exposed, very naturally appears conclusive on such a question in the eyes of a German. There are ships enough lying in the man-of-war's harbour at Cronstadt, no doubt; but that there are sufficient to chase the red-cross flag of England from the Baltic, is an

assertion which we should least of all have expected to find in a work bearing the signature of a British officer.

The far-famed speech of the Emperor at Warsaw forms a befitting introduction to the entire work. The cold-blooded atrocity of that premeditated avowal of the despot's, that Poland had ceased to be a nation, will long excite the indignation of free Europe; the schemes of aggrandizement there hinted at are more fully developed in a passage which the cautious policy of Russia has suppressed, but the authenticity of which there appears no good ground for calling in question.

I have forbidden your sons, as well as the Russians, to study at the German Universities, or even to travel thither, in order that they may thus escape the pollution of foreign principles. You are no longer Poles but Slaves,* brethren of the Russians. I speak to you as emperor of all the Russians. I shall soon address your other Slavic brethren as Lord of the whole land inhabited by the Slavic race. This is the real ambition of Russia. My empire contains in itself the elements of its (future) greatness. From a Muscovite dukedom it has become a tzardom, and reduced to vassalage all the neighbouring free cities and dukedoms. The tzars have incorporated all the Russians into one empire, and assumed the title of "Emperor of all the Russias," more suitable to the extent of their dominions, and the title of "Autocrat," expressive of their unlimited power. My brother again subdued Poland. This country is the heritage of our mighty family, of which I am the head, and whose heritage it is my duty to preserve, without losing a span of ground that has once belonged to Russia. *Believe me, it is a real blessing to belong to Russia, and to enjoy her protection.*

With reason, indeed, may Germany, torn and convulsed by political and religious dissensions, with her strength so divided as to be incapable of acting effectually in concert against the enemy, read with alarm the ominous declaration that the whole Slavic race will soon be united under the sceptre of Russia. Even the refusal of Russia to enter into any commercial treaty with Prussia (united as the two countries are in other respects), and the consequent distress inflicted upon the Prussian inhabitants of the frontier provinces, is but a part of the long-cherished design to make those provinces sigh for a participation in the commercial advantages which can only be obtained by belonging to Russia.

One of the most interesting portions of the work is the historical outline of the gradual increase of the Russian empire, from an insignificant dukedom, exposed to the invasions of its more powerful neighbours on all sides, to its present gigantic dimensions, exceeding those of the entire continent of Europe. Kiev and Novgorod were the earliest seats of the power of the Slavic races, after they had succeeded in reducing under their sway the other tribes scattered over the vast extent of what now forms Russia in Europe. Novgorod appears to have soon outstripped its rival in power and splendour, and, about A. D.

1000, to have united it to its already far-extended dominions.

Under the government of Wladimir (1015), Novgorod became the most powerful state of the north, so rapidly did the stream swell from such a small beginning. The reason of this increase of power may, perhaps, be found in the circumstance that the level nature of the country afforded but few means of resistance, or that the people clung more closely together, from a feeling that their strength lay in their union. Instances constantly occur of the facility with which the empire united again after it had been torn asunder.

Of the facility with which despotic governments are established and maintained in level countries, which afford no mountain home for liberty, all history, both ancient and modern, bears but too mournful testimony; while the gallant and successful resistance of the mountaineers of the Caucasus—

..... while all around them kneel
In sullen homage to the Russian steel—

shows how powerfully the physical character of the country has contributed to the vast and progressive expansion of the dominions of the Autocrat.

The death of Wladimir, and the subdivision of his dominions among his twelve sons, soon destroyed the rising power of the northern state, when the mighty chief of the Mongols, Genghis Khan, having made a triumphant march through Asia, at a single blow (1224) reduced under his power the whole of Southern Russia. The tide of Eastern conquest rolled on, and, at Liegnitz, the pride of German chivalry was laid low beneath the impetuous assault of the Moslem. A sudden retreat of the victors rescued Europe from the impending danger, but Russia remained the vassal of the Mongol Khan of Kaptschak, and subject to the unbridled licentiousness of the Golden Horde, until Timour, a conqueror even more fearful than their former master, destroyed the former oppressors; but, before he had time to establish his own empire over the subjugated land, other dreams of conquest lured him away to the fairer regions of the south, and Ivan I. (1470), was enabled to restore the faded glories of the Russian sceptre in Moscow. Rapid and unchecked was his career of victory, until, at his death, he left a kingdom extending over 47,000 German square miles, which his son and successor, Ivan II., extended to 127,000 square miles, and, at his coronation, assumed the title of Tsar (1547). By the death of Feodor, his son, the male descendants of Ruric became extinct, and the land was once more plunged in anarchy and civil war. The Poles obtained the mastery, and seated several tzars in succession upon the Russian throne; "but they soon fell by the knife of the assassin, from their attachment to the Roman Catholic faith, and the irritable character of the national jealousy"—a fearful precedent for tsar-murdering, acted upon, with fatal correctness, in modern days.

Wearied with these ceaseless dissensions, the nobility, the clergy, and the cities, sent their deputies to Moscow, and by them the young Michael Romanoff, descended from Ivan I., by the mother's side, was unanimously elected tsar of Russia. Michael, like his predecessors, extended the bounds of his empire till they embraced 255,000 square miles.

The might of the Poles, though no longer supreme

* The name, "Slaves," was originally applied to the inhabitants of European Russia by their German oppressors, the Knights of the Sword, as expressing the wretched and degraded condition to which their cruelties had reduced them.

in Russia, was still such as to effuse serious apprehensions to Alexis, the father of Peter the Great; and, laying the foundation of that wily system of diplomacy, which has spread the vast domains and influence of Russia far more than her arms, the crafty tsar fanned the lurking dissensions which had long subsisted between the Polish king and the Cossacks of the Ukraine. An ill-advised attempt of Casimir, to convert these wild hordes to the Romish faith, offered the long wished-for opportunity; and Alexis took the Cossacks formally under the protection of the Russian crown. Pressed at the same time by the Swedes, the Polish king was glad to make his peace with Russia, by the sacrifice of all the acquisitions of his predecessors during the time of the Russian dissensions; added to which, the Ukraine became a Russian province. It was now the turn of Sweden to yield some of her fairest provinces to Russia, though the frantic valour of Charles XII. promised for a time to realize his wildest visions of northern conquest. The fatal field of Pultowa, and the fall of the "hero of the age" before Frederick shall laid her prostrate at the feet of the tsar; and the peace of Nystad (1721) established the power of Russia over Swedish provinces comprising 3000 square miles, and which, independently of their extent, were of the highest importance to Russia, both from their position on the shores of the Baltic, and the advances made by their inhabitants in civilization. Upon the territory thus ceded Peter founded his new imperial city.

But it was in the east that Peter achieved the most stupendous conquests; the icy sea and the "great ocean" alone set limits to his invading armies. The wild tribes of the steppes of Asia, even the distant Kamtschadales, owned the sovereignty of the Russian tsar. "The Roman empire, in its greatest expansion, could not bear a comparison with Peter's Asiatic domains."

The frontier of the Russian Empire appears to have receded rather than to have advanced during the reign of Catherine I. and her immediate successors, Peter II. and Anne (1725—1740.)

Elizabeth compelled Sweden to cede a large portion of her remaining possessions in Finland, while the Russian troops now for the first time appeared on the theatre of European warfare, under the command of Munich, a German, and gave the more civilized southern a foretaste of the tender mercies to be expected at the hands of the Tartar.

It was reserved for Catherine II. to break the power of the Moslem, before which, scarcely a century before, Europe had trembled, and to extend the Russian empire to the Kuban, the Black Sea, and the Dniester. The partition of Poland, and its attendant horrors, are too familiar to require us to follow the author through his recital of the causes and event, of that compact of iniquity—a deed of arbitrary forces which, as he well remarks, had not even political wisdom to justify its infamous violation of justice. It was not only a crime, but a mistake, as was said of a more modern deed of blood, and even-handed justice has indeed since commended the ingredients of the poisoned chalice to the lips of those who mingled it—Austria and Prussia—for they are, above all other European nations, exposed to the invasion of their ally in this unholy robbery of a nation's rights; and it is in consequence of this very robbery that the

Russian outposts are, as their own circular to the German princes expressed it, but a few day's march distant from Vienna and Berlin.

It is seldom that injustice wants a plausible pretext, and, certainly, the original ground of Russian interference had all the appearance of equity. Catherine demanded religious freedom for Poles of the Protestant and Greek persuasions; but the mask was soon thrown aside, and a Russian armed force hemmed in the Diet in its sitting at Cracow, and carried away, into Russian dungeons, those members whose zeal and influence made them the most obnoxious to the tsarina.

While the nations of Christendom, who took no share of the spoil, looked on in fear or apathy at this extinction of Polish liberty, and suffered "the bloodiest record in the book of Time" to be inscribed, almost without raising a voice even to protest against its antiquity, the Sultan alone took up arms in aid of his ancient rival; but his chivalrous attempt only increased the power of Russia, by the cession of the Turkish provinces on the north of the Black Sea, which was speedily followed by that of the entire Crimea and the Caucasian provinces.

The greedy eyes of the tsarina were again fixed on Poland, and again the accepted robbers were ready to join in dividing the plunder; but the free voice of the people called Cosciusko to the chief command, and a death-struggle commenced for the safety of the fatherland. But what availed the superhuman valour and exertions of the gallant chief and his devoted bands against the united forces of the spoilers! Russia obtained the lion's share—six millions of subjects, upon an area of 8500 square miles.

The last achievement of Catherine was the addition of Courland to her empire, which, at her death, numbered 31,000,000 inhabitants, and extended over 331,800 square miles.

The short and frantic career of Paul (1796-1801) added but little to the Russian dominions; it is chiefly remarkable for the first appearance of the Russian army, under Suwaroff, in Italy, as an ally of Austria against the French republic.

The direct interference of Alexander in the affairs of central Europe commenced with the peace of Lunneville [1801], from which time his influence gradually increased, until the peace of Tilsit [1807], when the only two independent monarchs of the continent, each magnanimously satisfied with half a world, relinquished the remainder to his rival and fond ally—France taking the west, and Russia the east. A new war with Sweden stripped that power of the remainder of Finland, and the humble Porte was compelled to recognize the Pruth as its northern frontier, and thus relinquish Bessarabi and Moldavia, with the fortresses of Bender and Choczim. The quarrel of the two "rulers of the world" seemed to threaten for Russia a fall as rapid as the growth of her power; her forces were totally unequal to meet the invading army in the field; her generals without renown; while the French army, in addition to its vast superiority in numbers and discipline, was commanded by the stern child of Destiny, before whose star those of all other men had as yet paled their fires, and whose name alone was a host. But the icy hand of Winter laid low the pride of France, and the multitudinous rising of the oppressed people of Germany drove

back the invaders beyond the Rhine, and finally caused the abdication of Napoleon.

Russia seized on the duchy of Warsaw, but the Congress of Vienna rescued it for a time from her clutches, and declared it to be "an independent kingdom, with a representative constitution." A mockery of a constitution it indeed was; while the destinies of that gallant people, who had poured out their blood like water in the service of Napoleon, and received in return only false promises of nationality, were now delivered to the keeping of Constantine, as very a fiend as ever worked the will of a tyrant.

The increase of territory acquired by Russia, while the other great powers of Europe have been at peace, is well known, as well as the unavailing attempt of Austria to prevent the further increase of Russian influence. Persia has given up many of her northern and western provinces; and Turkey, in addition to her cessions of territory, may be said to have almost ceased to exist as an independent power, "for the Russian eagle holds her so closely to her breast, that it is scarcely possible to distinguish whether she is beneath her wing, or in the grasp of her talons."

The sudden outbreak of the Polish insurrection, in 1830, threatened for a moment to hurl down this colossus, "with front of brass and feet of clay." "The Poles were resolved to conquer or die; the ancient Polish provinces sympathized with their brethren; and nothing but an imposing armed force could prevent the burst of a universal rising. All Germany was enthusiastic for the cause of Poland. France burned to hasten to its succour, and England would gladly have seized the opportunity of humbling the pride of Russia. Persia and Turkey would have joined the league. It lay with Austria and Prussia to decide. Metternich might now have realized what he attempted in vain in 1828. The Hungarians demanded impetuously to be led against the Russians." "But it was this very excitement among the people that made the cabinets of Vienna and Berlin lend a ready ear to the suggestions of Russian diplomacy," and Austria and Prussia aided in suppressing a revolt, the success of which would have interposed an iron barrier between their most dangerous foe and their own unprotected capitals. That gallant chivalry, which would then have "closed, with their armed bosoms," the way of the invader to Germany, will now form the vanguard of the invading army.

Thus, in a space of four hundred years, has Russia, escaped from the slavery of the Mongols, attained a degree of power which the Roman empire alone reached before her. The Tartar tribes, the original lords of the soil, are her subjects. Sweden, once the ruler of the north, has yielded to Russia her fairest provinces. The Turks, once the terror of Europe, are prostrate at her feet. The Persians tremble before the Moscovite tsar. The brave Poles have ceased to exist. The Tscherkesses, a small but courageous people, dwelling amid the mountains of the Caucasus and the steep declivities towards the Euxine, alone continue the struggle for freedom. Can human foresight expect that this struggle can last long? And then all the nations, from the Frozen Ocean to the Euxine and the Caspian—all the countries, from the furthest limits of Asia to the Prussian and Austrian frontier, will bow beneath the Russian

sceptre. Ought we then to deceive ourselves with the hope that no attempts will be made to overstep the present boundary line? Is there not additional cause for anxiety in the fact that the frontier lands, Posen and Galicia, are inhabited by Poles? and will not they prefer a reunion with their own race to the rule of a German prince? Austria and Prussia justified the partition of Poland by antiquated claims to various portions of Poland, in right of those whom they represented, the kings of Hungary and dukes of Pomerania. May not similar claims, with equal or even greater justice, be set up by the tsar as king of Poland? May it not be forcibly argued that the severing of the provinces which belonged to the Polish crown was an unjust and invalid act, and that the compacts which sanctioned it, have no more binding power than the more ancient treaties which recognized the independence of Poland? If Russia has the power, is it likely she will be slow to use it? If Austria resist the further subjugation of Turkey, can she rely upon the aid of united Germany; or must she fear at once the desertion of her German allies, and the revolt of her Spanish subjects?

These are, indeed, fearful and momentous questions for Germany: united in herself, she might well defy the efforts of Russia; but, torn and disjointed as she ever has been, and is now, perhaps, more than ever, it is obvious that she could make no effectual resistance to the armies which Russia could bring into the field, even were their ranks not swelled by German auxiliaries, which it appears by no means improbable they would be. So lightly, in fact, did the Russian cabinet value the dangers of an Austrian army, that, for some years before the Revolution of July, "it was the fashion (mode) to threaten the cabinet of Vienna, not with war, but with invasion; and, in 1827, preparations were actually made to invade Galicia on three points.

The policy of Russia, closely united with the royal family of Prussia, has long been to play off that power against Austria in all matters connected with the politics of Germany, while efforts have been made to win over the Germanic Confederation, by causing suspicions of the designs of these two greater states upon the liberties of the smaller ones—efforts which the real weakness of Austria and Prussia, their dread of popular tumults, their consciousness of promises made to their people in the hour of peril, and broken when that peril were past, prevent them from effectually counteracting.

Prussia is, indeed, "an iron breast-work" to Germany, with her vast fortresses on the Oder and Vistula, and her population of soldiers; but the shameless acts of treachery and cowardice that followed the fatal day of Jena, show how little reliance can be placed on the fidelity of Prussian commanders, particularly when opposed to an enemy who always uses gold in preference to steel. The call of the monarch would no longer be responded to by the people, as in 1813. Confiding as the German is by nature, he cannot believe again promises before so wantonly broken. The grant of popular institutions would, no doubt, kindle again the same enthusiasm that before freed Germany from the yoke of France; but there appears little prospect that any such concessions will be made.

The danger to Austria, is perhaps, even more urgent. In addition to the defenceless position of

her frontier, and the impatience with which the galling tyranny of the "brutte gente" is borne by Lombardy, nearly one half of the entire population of her empire is composed of Slaves; while the German portion, upon which alone reliance could be placed in a contest with Russia, scarcely amounts to a fifth.

The only remaining defence for the freedom of Germany is the Confederation; an institution which—if it ever was really intended to represent the interests of all classes, the people as well as the rulers of Germany—has, by general consent, totally failed of its proposed object. It is an object of suspicion to the great mass of the German nation, as representing and devoted to the interests of the rulers of the land only, and alike irresponsible to the people and hostile to the people's right; slow to avenge national insults, which would have roused the sleeping lion in England or France: and yet ever ready to adopt the most tyrannical measures to repress outbreaks which were neither dangerous in themselves nor approved of by the nation at large.

On questions of international interest, alas! we have seen nought but weakness and inactivity. By the Congress of Vienna, the navigation of the Rhine was declared to be free; and yet, for sixteen years, Holland dared to stop the passage of our vessels. Were we not strong enough to assert our right! Had not the German Bund 300,000 bayonets to do its bidding? The insult was the greater, from the weakness of the foe that thus set us at defiance. Can there be a doubt whether, in such a case, England would have hesitated to use the strong arm of power in vindicating her rights? Can we be surprised that the national feeling in Germany has grown dull, when the national honour and dignity are so shamefully insulted with impunity? The Hanse towns in vain demanded protection for their commerce against the Mediterranean pirates. While the flags of England, France, and Russia, rode proudly upon the waters, the German seamen turned pale at every sail that rose above the horizon. For an insult to the French Consul the dey of Algiers lost his throne. But who protects our foreign trade? Why has the German Bund no navy, no consuls in foreign ports, to protect the persons and property of Germans?

At the threats of French invasion behold all Switzerland in arms. See the general rising in Belgium, when threatened with the loss of Limburg; and yet Germany looks calmly on, while foreign cabinets and conferences, at which the German nation has no representative, dispose of Luxemburg, an integral portion of the empire.

The army of the Confederation is fixed at 300,000 men, with 600 pieces of cannon, and a reserve of 50,000 men. The appointment of the general rests with the Confederation. It is, in fact, but the old military organization of the empire, the armed force of which was the laughing-stock of Europe during all the wars of the last century, reinforced, indeed, by the contingents of Austria and Prussia: but what power does such a body possess to compel either of these states, in case of a war on its own frontier, to diminish its own effective force by furnishing the sti-

culated number to the confederate army; or, if the still more probable event should occur, that Russia were engaged in a war with Austria, and Prussia stood aloof, or openly favoured Russia, what would the Frankfort Diet then avail?

The expedients suggested to avert the impending danger are such as plainly show the author of this work to possess both zeal for the welfare of his fatherland, and a knowledge of her real means of defence. He calls upon the rulers to concede to their people those rights which cannot long be withheld, which Baden has already set them the noble example of granting, and which an invader would grant at once, and thus conciliate the popular favour. He exhorts his countrymen no longer to look upon themselves as Bavarians, Saxons, or Prussians, but as Germans, and to view every injury to any portion of the great German family as an injury to himself, and to display the same jealous feeling of national honour which actuates the other nations of Europe.

The great question upon which opinions are divided is: Shall our nationality be preserved at the expense of our liberty, or is our liberty to be maintained at any sacrifice? The Commercial Union seemed dangerous to liberty, though favorable to the preservation of our nationality, and, for this reason, was opposed by many. But these men forget that liberty cannot exist unless nationality be its basis. The freest and happiest constitution in Baden or Wurtemberg must sink before the arms of neighbouring states, unless the whole nation protect it. What avails it then to struggle for a liberty which has no guarantee for its continuance? Is not subjugation by an enemy the deepest misfortune that can befall a people? Are not their honour, property, and life, in the hand of the conqueror? Did not Napoleon murder the noblest sons of Germany? Will the Russians treat us more kindly than the French? England, proud as she is of her rights and freedom, has never shrunk from sacrificing them when necessity required it: in all periods of national danger the *habeas corpus* is suspended. When the peril is more imminent, shall we shrink from a like sacrifice? Union alone can preserve us.

To consummate the desired union, the author proposes:—

That all members of each confederate state shall enjoy equal privileges in all of those states, such as being eligible to offices;

That one code of civil law and procedure be introduced throughout the union;

That all feudal burdens be put an end to on equitable terms;

That harmony be established among the various religious sects of Germany.

This last requisite, the importance of which none will question, the author further enforces by the example of Poland, the origin of all whose political misfortunes lay in her religious contests, and a review of the countless evils which the intrigues of the popes entailed on Germany, during the dark ages of monkhood and superstition.

From the Foreign Monthly Review.

POLITICAL REFUGEES.

Der Deutsche in London. (The German in London.)
By August Jäger. 2 vols. 12mo. Leipzig, 1839.

The two volumes before us are intended, as the author states in his title-page to his work, as a kind of *Memoires pour servir* (*Beitrag*) for the History of the Political Refugees of our time. His more immediate object, however, is to describe the adventures which befel certain of the German political refugees, who, in the summer of 1836, were, at the instance of the French government, expelled from the asylum they had found in Switzerland, and who, declining the alternative offered to them of a passage to the United States of America, preferred seeking a refuge, and the chance of subsistence, in England.

In the month of August, our author, with his companions in exile, arrived, under an escort of French gendarmes, at Calais.

So soon as they had been conducted on board the steam-vessel, delivered over, as a matter of form, to the custody of the captain, and furnished with their passports, the French escort left them; for, thenceforth, such an escort was needless, and would, in fact, have been useless, *for England does not condescend to play the part of policeman for other powers; whoso sets his foot on the soil of England is free—free in every sense of the word—without passport or liability to exile.* The common malefactor alone is sent away; every other who has committed a breach of the law in another country, and who has been condemned, is then relieved from punishment and further pursuit, the instant he has touched the liberating English shore. "Whatever you may have been guilty of, elsewhere," says the Englishman, "is nothing to us; it is the affair of your government and of your own conscience; if, on the other hand, you should be here guilty of a crime, our laws will punish you. Demean yourself accordingly; obey them, and live in peace."

It is scarcely, perhaps, necessary for us here to remark that the impunity so highly eulogised by our German author, and which, in the main, he has correctly enough stated, is, excepting as regards offences merely political, subject to certain modifications.

The arrival in London, the effect produced on our refugees by the activity, noise, and bustle of the metropolis, which he compares to a "stately matron," Paris being, by contradistinction, "a brilliant coquet, in the bloom of youth," afford our author an opportunity of displaying an acquaintance with our habits, manners, and peculiarities, such as few foreigners, in their descriptions of English affairs, are accustomed to manifest: the general correctness of his observations, however, being occasionally marred by some piece of information, the source of which it might be difficult to trace. For instance, when speaking of the police of London, he describes them as "practised boxers;" and, again, when he informs us that, among their qualifications for the situation of police-constable, their chief recommendation to the choice of their superiors is "the circumstance of their being well-practised boxers!" On the subject of English "boxing," indeed, we are inclined to think that our German must have taken a leaf from the note-book of the Frenchman, who, as the late facetious Charles Matthews used, in one of his "comic readings," to express it, "saw all about English manners" (this same accomplishment of "boxing" included,) "with his eye, from his garret in Wapping;" how, otherwise, are we to account for our author's assertion.

Boxing, however, a practice exclusively characteristic of the English people, is still to them so welcome a sight, a reminiscence of "the good old time," that, when a couple set to fighting, all stand still—the lord, the scholar, the coal-heaver, and the idler; *nay, even elegant ladies stop their equipages, in order that they may be spectators of the dignified exhibition.*

The italics in the last passage are our own; this, we think, is the very least we can do, to mark our admiration of the knowledge it conveys; accurate as it of course is, and novel as it will most undoubtedly be to the majority of our readers.

And here we cannot withhold our tribute of praise from the candour and good faith manifested by our author, whenever, in the course of his adventures, he has incidentally to treat of the higher classes and aristocracy of England: the more particularly as these good qualities, we imagine, might occasionally be exercised and imitated with good effect by divers of his fellow memoir-writers—foreigners, both French and German, too, (to say nothing of our scribblers of native growth) who have, in these our latter days, condescended to favour the world with their lucubrations touching English habits and manners. Speaking of the higher classes of English society, he remarks, with equal modesty and honesty of feeling:—

I am utterly unacquainted with the English aristocracy. I saw, indeed, several of its members, but spoke only with one of them, an English peer, who was extremely affable, and who granted the object of my visit, namely, a card of admission to a sitting of the Upper House [of Lords] * * * * What I have hitherto related is merely from hearsay; but little of it from personal observation, and nothing whatever from actual and personal experience; from all however, that I heard and collected, I cannot refuse to the English aristocracy the tribute of my esteem; nor can I but admit that, as it is the first, the richest, and most dignified in Europe—of the Mantchous in China I know too little to speak with any certainty—so do they constitute, according to my notion, which indeed, has but little leaning towards aristocracy, the only estimable grade in Great Britain and Ireland * * * * Of the domestic life of the English aristocracy, I can communicate but little to the curious reader; for I was never in their circles, but now and then in some of their parks, and still more seldom in their picture galleries. Of their outward mode of life, on the contrary, I have seen much, heard more, and read a great deal in the newspapers, &c.—

sources of information respecting high life, which, we may remark en passant, have not unfrequently, ere this, formed the whole stock in trade of more than one novelist and memoir-scribbler, of far greater pretensions, but of less honesty, than our German author.

With one distinguished member, however, of our aristocracy, our young German refugee, according to his own showing at least, would seem to have been on terms of greater intimacy than is to be gained through the medium of an occasional visit to an English nobleman's park, or to the penetralia of his picture gallery. This was no other than a young scion of our nobility, with whose freaks and peccadilloes the world is so familiar as to render unneces-

sary, for the reader's acquaintance with his name, any further or more detailed description of his person and accomplishments than is furnished by his quondam "sharpshooter, histographer, and interpreter"—our author himself [for, in this triple capacity, the writer of the volumes before us professes to have engaged himself, to accompany the young marquis on a lion-hunting expedition to Africa!], who styles his noble patron "a young mad-brain, the *Lion* of the wild young aristocracy." Our German's account of the matter is of so strange and fantastic a nature, and presents to our mind, at least, so curious a jumble of truth, fiction, and even of romance, that we must fain give it in his own manner.

The Marquis of W—, first baron of Ireland, of the family of B—, which name is borne by his younger brothers, is a man of about thirty years of age, of powerful make, a high Tory, and who, although not precisely of the very richest class in England, has nevertheless, a yearly income of £70,000. In early life he was of a solid and staid disposition, and a youth of great promise, till he became acquainted with Miss Penelope Smith, with whom he fell in love, desperately, as the saying is; and, as the Irish lady gave the preference over her countryman to the Prince of Capua, with whom she eloped to be married, an evil spirit came over the slighted lover, who from that hour, took delight in lively, eccentric, and sometimes rough and dangerous pranks. It is to be lamented that the marquis, otherwise possessed of great strength, both of mind and body, should debase himself by indulgence in wild excesses; that he should seek danger with avidity, and, under the impression of being original, often becomes vulgar. He is a passionate admirer of, and well practised in, the art of boxing; and does not scruple to display his superior dexterity, in public houses, with the lowest of the people.

In the summer of 1837, the marquis resolved to take a trip to Africa (in his own vessel, a handsome yacht, mounting fourteen guns), in order to hunt lions. With this view he had two hundred blood-hounds, and about twenty horses, trained for lion-hunting; he purchased a lion from the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and looked out for companions and followers, who should be young, powerful men, and, withal, practised marksmen. The author, who had passed sixteen months in the north of Africa, offered himself as sharpshooter, histographer, and interpreter, and was accepted. * * * * At the end of the [London] season, the marquis sailed in his yacht, in the first instance, towards his distant possessions in Ireland, and to the considerable port and commercial town of Waterford. The summer was scorching hot, and this it was that gave our lion-hunter the idea, instead of proceeding to the burning south, to visit the cold north, and to hunt ice-bears instead of lions. No sooner was this chilly resolve conceived, than it was forthwith put in execution. The marquis sailed with some chosen companions, as mad-brained as himself, in his own vessel, which was manned by hardy and experienced seamen, towards Norway. At Bergen the whole company went on shore, and diverted themselves as best they could, more especially with the handsome strapping Norwegian lasses. In some gallant adventure or other, which the leader of the bear-hunting expedition had undertaken in a drunken frolic, he came in

contact with one of the gigantic night-watchmen of Bergen; the good man knew not with whom he had to do; he saw merely a drunken disturber of the peace before him, who offered resistance, and was even in the act of seizing a formidable stone; so the night-watchman let fall his "Morning-star" on the head of the Marquis, and the stricken man fell senseless to the earth. The recovery of the noble victim was despaired of; the English papers announced his death; but his skull is hard, and, after a six weeks' confinement to a sick bed, the marquis resumed his journey, not to Spitzbergen, but towards London, where he recommenced his wild pranks. Some of the English papers assert that his brain has been still more disturbed than it was before, by the effect of the tremendous blow. . . . The poor night-guardian of Bergen has been dismissed, and condemned to pay the costs of suit.

Our author, somewhat hastily, we think, complains of the little sympathy manifested by the English nation towards the unfortunate Polish exiles, "many of whom have been already severely punished, several by imprisonment, and others by transportation to Botany Bay!"—and again—

France paid, yearly, to the exiled Poles, many millions of francs, in the shape of assistance money; whilst wealthy England, tardily enough, and that, too, only after long debate, granted £10,000 yearly, for that purpose. This sum was partitioned among the five hundred refugees, then resident in England, in manner following—staff-officers, from the rank of majors to commanders-general, received, monthly, £3; subaltern officers, £2; and inferior officers and privates, £1. In this manner the money was to suffice for the subsistence of five hundred needy men. But how, in England, can a man exist with £2 per month, much less with the half of that sum? The lowest day-labourer receives 3s. per day; or, per week, £1.; or, per month, £4.; and still lives miserably; the workman, who is at all expert, earns double or treble that sum; if a first-rate hand, four or five times as much. It is utterly impossible to live in London for ten shillings per week, unless one be content to sleep in the street, and to eat dry, black bread.

Our author, by the way, would find it somewhat difficult to find in London the *black bread* he here speaks of; but this, we suppose, is a mere *façon de parler*.

The foreigner in England has great difficulty to obtain employment; the spirit of corporatism (*Corporationsgeist*) of the English workmen militates decidedly against it; the latter quit their work if a foreigner be engaged. The Polish soldiers, living in Plymouth and Portsmouth, hired themselves at wages below the usual average in England, to work for the farmers and country-people in the neighbourhood, and as house and ship-builders, handicraftsmen, and day-labourers, which, coming to the knowledge of the English workmen, the latter quitted their employ, and compelled their masters to dismiss the unhappy strangers. At the iron railroads, then constructing in the neighbourhood of London, the Poles were, after long solicitation on their part, employed, and paid at the rate of three shillings a day; staff-officers, noblemen, and even a prince, submitted to this kind of labour, whereupon a mutiny ensued among the English workmen, and an inspector, who had befriended the Poles, was near being killed; the Poles were compelled to quit the works; and it was only after long debates, and by dint of prayers and

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threats, that the English workmen were induced to allow a limited number of the Poles (about sixty) to work with them at the excavations for the London and Manchester Railroad.

In another place he says: "The English have but little sympathy with political refugees, with foreigners especially, or for foreign distress and foreign suffering," a discovery which he forthwith proceeds to reason upon in his own peculiar way; they, the English, having, according to his notion, at least, "sufficient misery at home, in Ireland, in the north of Scotland, in Wales, and, indeed, in London itself, as in all large cities." These unfortunate beings [the "hundred thousand in London who know not wherewithal to live to-morrow, or where to find their bed for the night"] are, according to our German author, a kind of martyrs to national and religious prejudice. "They are Irish," say the religious, benevolent English; "they are Catholics and strangers!" The reader, we presume, will, by this time, have been enabled to form a tolerably fair notion of our German's powers of observation in these matters.

The closing of the gates of the city (Temple Bar) against the sovereign, during the solemnities of a civic festival—a fruitful source, by the way, of puzzle and wonderment to foreigners in general, could scarcely fail, among other peculiarities of the good city of London, to attract the notice of our refugee. He winds up a description of this ceremony with a remark but little flattering, it must be confessed, to the wisdom of our ancestors. "The English place great store by mummeries and old traditions of this kind, witness their aristocracy, and some of their laws and institutions!"

With respect to the number of Polish and other refugees in England, their mode of existence, political relations, &c. [a subject on which we feel inclined to trust to our author's means of observation, with far greater reliance than when he dilates on the peculiarities of English manners,] it would appear that there are at present in Great Britain (the work is published in 1839) about 800 Polish emigrants, the greater proportion of whom are resident in London; the remainder, for the most part ci-devant soldiers and sub-officers, living in Portsmouth, Plymouth, and other towns in England, Scotland, especially in Edinburgh, and a few in Ireland. The leading political opinions of these refugees are divided, according to our author, into three chief factions or sects, the aristocratic, moderate, and democratic or republican parties. "Each of these parties has its leaders, its adherents, its laws, and its journal."—"The head of the aristocratic party is Czartorisky, the future king of Poland, as he is designated by his adherents, and as he is himself well pleased to hear himself called. The democratic party has no particular leader, but is by some supposed to look to General Uminsky as their head. The moderate, or *juste milieu*, assemble in London round the General Dwernicky, who seems more adapted to lead a charge of cavalry than a political party.

The state of education in England seems to have engaged a considerable portion of the author's attention, and, on this point, he has certainly contrived to collect a great deal of useful information. Altogether, the volumes [notwithstanding the few—and, comparatively with other of the foreign commentators on England and the English, very few—instances of

defective information, to which we have considered it our duty to allude] will, in our opinion, well repay the perusal.

From the Quarterly Review.

LIFE OF BISHOP BUTLER.

Memoir of the Life, Character and Writings of Joseph Butler, D. C. L. late Lord Bishop of Durham. By Thomas Bartlet, A. M., Rector of Kingstone, Kent, and one of the Six Preachers of the Cathedral of Christ, Canterbury. London. 8vo. 1839.

On the works of this great prelate we have expressed ourselves at large in former numbers of this Journal. His life now written for the first time in any detail, demands some notice, uneventful as it is,—both because it is the life of Butler, and because it proceeds from the pen of a connexion of his own: Mr. Bartlett having married (if we read him right) the great-granddaughter of the bishop's elder brother. It may be presumed, therefore, that whatever tradition of their illustrious relative survives is most likely to be found in this quarter; and that if it prove scanty, as it does, it is nevertheless all that is to be had.

Joseph Butler, the author of the *Analogy* and the *Sermons*, was born at Wantage, a market-town in Berkshire, (which had the glory also of giving birth to Alfred the Great,) on the 18th May, 1692. He was the youngest of eight children of Thomas Butler, a substantial linen and woollen draper, who had retired, however, from his shop, and established himself at the Priory, a house near the town, where the room in which Butler first drew breath is yet to be seen nearly as it then was. His education was begun under the Rev. Philip Burton, a clergyman of the Church of England, and master of the grammar-school of that place. From him he was by-and-by removed to Mr. Jones, who kept a dissenting school, first at Gloucester and afterwards at Tewkesbury; Butler's father being of the Presbyterian persuasion and intending his son for its ministry. Here he had Secker for his schoolfellow; and the friendship between the future primate of England and prelate of Durham, commenced under these singular auspices, in a nursery of nonconformity, lasted throughout life. It was whilst he was yet at Tewkesbury school, though now in his twenty-first year, that he addressed his Letters (so well known) to Dr. Clarke, wherein he professes himself dissatisfied with that author's *Demonstration of the being and Attributes of God*. The reasons which he assigns for this are so acute: are urged in so calm and ingenuous a spirit; and so clearly proceed from one whose desire really was, what he avowed it to be, 'to make the search after truth the business of his life'—that Clarke replied to them, anonymous as they were, evidently under a sense that he had to deal with an antagonist worthy of him, and eventually attached the whole correspondence to his treatise. In order to preserve his *incognito* in this affair, Secker was employed to convey these letters to the post-office at Gloucester, and bring back the replies: such was the modesty of this masterly reasoner,—a feature of his mind which impresses itself on his writings from first to last; for

'the shortness of our faculties, to use a phrase of his own, was that which made itself most felt, as was likely, by one who exercised them on such high argument; and instead of the oracle, many an ordinary man esteems himself—esteems himself in proportion as his parts are shallow—Butler's confession ever was, 'I have nothing to draw with, and the well is deep.' It was now becoming time that he should enter on his profession; but after reflecting on the question of non-conformity, he could not satisfy himself of its reasonableness or innocence; and, in spite of the bias of education and a father's wish, he decided for the church. When the temperament of Butler's mind is considered, and the absence of all temptation in the church at that time to warp his choice, it must be confessed that she has great reason to triumph in the deliberate verdict of such a man; and it was probably not forgiven or forgotten when, some years after his death, an attempt was made to fasten on his memory an accusation of popery, partly founded on a Charge which he delivered to his clergy at Durham, in which he had ventured to plead for 'the importance of external religion,'—of forms which should daily bring the subject before men's thoughts, and lead bad men to repent, and good men to grow better; and partly on the fact that, when repairing his private chapel at Bristol, he had fixed a cross over the altar. It was reserved for the reformers of Bristol eight years ago, effectually to do away all traces of the latter reproach; and when they had set the bishop's house in order, after their manner, and search was made amongst the ruins for this memorial of Butler's episcopacy, it was found to be broken in pieces and destroyed. And yet this *papist* had written, in one of his sermons, of popery that it was the great corruption of Christianity, which is ever hard at work to bring us again under its yoke! But that age, like this, knew not how to discriminate between popery—an invention of modern times, which shrinks from the test of real antiquity—and the primitive church, which was indeed full of the visible signs of invisible things, in order the better to appeal to thoughtless men; and delighted to present the cross on all occasions to their eyes, that their hearts might be turned to Him who died on it.

Butler never was married; but an acrostic epitaph upon a female cousin, written about this period of his life, gives token that he too 'had felt the softer flame.' The lines are withheld, from a natural desire of the biographer not to exhibit Butler in a position below himself; but well may that passion be thought to foster the muse, which could excite the author of the 'Analogy' to deeds of verse.

In 1714 Butler was entered a commoner of Oriel College, where he soon formed an intimacy with Mr. Edward Talbot, son of Dr. Talbot, shortly after Bishop of Durham; an event which gave a character to the rest of his life. Through Mr. Talbot's influence, seconded by that of Dr. Clarke, then rector of St. James's, he was in 1718 appointed preacher of the Rolls Court, apparently his first regular ministerial charge; for though his autograph is found in the register of the baptisms and burials of the parish of Hendred, near Wantage, during the year 1717, it is probable that he was merely officiating for his friend, Mr. Talbot, the incumbent of the living.

Meanwhile Seeker was studying medicine at

Paris; for though he too, like Butler, was designed by his father for a minister amongst the dissenters, yet being unable to determine to what communion amongst them he should attach himself, and dissatisfied moreover with the divisions that prevailed amongst them all, he had resolved upon a different walk in life. But far other things were in store for him than he contemplated. Butler without his knowing it, had spoken of him in such terms to Mr. Talbot, that the latter promised, if he thought proper to take orders in the Church of England, to recommend him to the notice of his father, the bishop; and after some deliberation Seeker accepted the offer, and was ordained in 1722 to the rectory of Houghton-le-Spring. Butler himself was presented the same year, by the same patron, to that of Haughton, near Darlington. We think it is Fuller who tells of an inscription over a parsonage door to this effect.—

'If here you shall find
A house built to your mind,
Without any cost;
Praise God the more,
And give to the poor,
And then my labour is not lost.'

But Butler had not this piece of good fortune. He was accordingly upon the point of involving himself in the expenses attending the erection of a new house; a work in which he was thought very little fitted to engage; when his patron, at the suggestion of Seeker, hastened to his rescue by presenting him with the rectory of Stanhope. This was in 1725. In the following year he resigned the preachingship at the Rolls, which he had hitherto held with his living, dividing his time between the duties of town and country, and resided altogether at Stanhope; not being dead, as Archbishop Blackburn replied to Queen Caroline, who had thought him so, but buried.

On quitting the Rolls, however, he published his *Sermons*, fifteen in number, preached at that chapel, taken at random, as he tells us, from amongst others delivered by him in the same place; and however deeply we may lament his modest disposal of the rest, it is characteristic of Butler that he should have left it as 'his positive and express will,' that 'they should be burned without being read by any one, as soon as might be, after his decease.' In the *Sermons* which he published, the true foundation of morals is affirmed in the principle of the supremacy of conscience; and though overlaid for a season by the principle of expediency of Paley, which had the disastrous advantage of being recommended to the world by the most popular of writers, truth is once more beginning to show how mighty it is; and Butler's assertion of it to prevail.

In the retirement of Stanhope he was 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies;—of sweet, for he was here rearing up that everlasting memorial of his genius, *The Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature*—and [to adopt the majestic language of Mr. Southey] 'was laying his strong foundations in the depths of that great argument there to construct another irrefragable proof of the truth of Christianity, thus rendering philosophy subservient to faith, and finding in outward and visible things the type and evidence of those within the veil:—of bitter, for the seclusion in which he was living

began to try his spirits, which were at best perhaps not high, and made his friends anxious to relieve him of his solitude. Accordingly, Secker, who though nearly of his own age, yet being probably the wiser in his generation, seems to have watched over him with a kind of parental affection, interceded with the Lord Chancellor Talbot, the brother of Mr. Edward Talbot, their common patron in early life, to nominate him his chaplain, and Butler began once more to spend half the year in town. Of his habits at Stanhope all that can be gathered on the spot, is contained in the following letter of the present Bishop of Exeter to Dr. Goddard, Archdeacon of Lincoln:—

Exeter, January 25, 1835.

"My dear Sir,—I earnestly wish I could justify the report made to you by the Provost of Oriel, that I could supply you with several anecdotes of Bishop Butler. The truth however is, that although tantalized by seeming opportunities of acquiring some information respecting the private life and habits of one to whom I have been accustomed to look up as the greatest of uninspired men, I have been mortified by my almost entire failure. In the rectory of Stanhope, I was successor to him after an interval of eighty years; and one of my earliest employments there, was to search for relics of my illustrious predecessor. I was assured that an old parishioner, who with a tolerable clear memory, had reached the age of ninety-three or ninety four, recollected him well. To him I frequently went, and in almost all my conversations endeavoured to elicit something respecting "Rector Butler." He remembered him well—but, as I ought, perhaps, to have anticipated, could tell me nothing; for what chance was there, that one who was a joiner's apprentice, of thirteen years of age, when Butler left Stanhope, could, fourscore years afterwards, tell anything about him? That he was respected and beloved by his parishioners, which was known before, was confirmed by my informant. He lived very retired, and was very kind, and could not resist the importunities of common beggars, who knowing his infirmity pursued him so earnestly, as sometimes to drive him back into his house, as his only escape. I confess I do not think my authority for this trait of character in Butler is quite sufficient to justify my reporting it with any confidence. There was, moreover, a tradition of his riding a black pony, and riding always very fast. I examined the parish books, not with much hope of discovering anything worth recording of him; and was unhappily as unsuccessful as I expected. His name, indeed, was subscribed to one or two acts of vestry, in a very neat and easy character; but if it was amusing, it was mortifying, to find the only trace of such a man's labours, recorded by his own hand, to be the passing a parish account, authorising the payment of five shillings to some adventurous clown who had destroyed a "fou-mart," or wood-martin, the marten-cat, or some other equally important matter.

Standing once more in *oculis civium*, as he now did, Butler was not a man that could be passed by, and he was soon made Clerk of the Closet to Queen Caroline, a princess whose piety and acquirements gave her a taste for theological discussions; and Butler, who was in daily attendance upon her, had often to bear his part in them in the royal presence,

with Berkeley, Clarke, Hoadley, Sherlock, and Secker—a subject for a dialogue of another Erasmus.

It was in 1736, soon after this appointment in the household, that he published the *Analogy*; and it marks the estimation in which its author was held, that a work of such a nature, so little adapted 'volitare per ora virum,' should have reached a second edition within the year. But he had by this time a public name. Men now seem to have gone up to him to seek counsel, as to an oracle of God. As an instance of this, Henry Home, Lord Kames, we are told earnestly entreated that he might be allowed a personal interview with him, though he would have had far to travel for it, in order to the removal of certain doubts which arose in his mind, when he first turned his attention to the Evidences. But Butler, though answering the application with politeness, and endeavouring to satisfy Mr. Home's inquiries by letter, declined a meeting, alleging his own natural diffidence and reserve (again manifested in this incident), his inexperience in oral controversy, and his fear that the cause of truth would suffer from the unskilfulness of the advocate. David Hume also was anxious for an introduction to him, that he might have his opinion on his treatise on *Human Nature* before its publication; and the respect, not to say awe, with which the sceptic contemplated the Christian philosopher, incidentally manifests itself in a passage in one of his letters to the author of *Douglas*, wherein he says, I am at present cutting off its noble parts, *i. e.* endeavouring it shall give as little offence as possible, before which I could not pretend to put it into the Doctor's hands. *This a piece of cowardice*, for which I blame myself though I believe none of my friends will blame me. But though Hume called upon Butler, he did not see him: and one cannot help feeling that this was just one of those trifles in life which sometimes have consequences altogether disproportionate; and that had Butler been within, Hume might have been a believer. The prophet, however, had least honour in his own house. John, one of his nephews at Wantage, a wealthy and eccentric bachelor, fonder of mechanics than metaphysical theology, having borrowed an iron vice of a Scotch neighbour who professed much admiration of the new work, and its author, proposed that as Mr. Thomson liked the 'Analogy,' and he liked the vice, they should make an exchange—and accordingly, the quarto presentation copy which John had received from his uncle, passed into Mr. Thomson's hands.

In 1728 Butler was appointed to the See of Bristol, and two years afterwards to the Deanery of St. Paul's, when he resigned the living of Stanhope. There is a tradition at Bristol that he spent the whole income of his bishopric (no very great one to be sure), on an average of the twelve years he held it, in the repairs and improvements of the palace; and the examination into the damage occasioned by the late fire led to the belief that he had been greatly imposed upon by the workmen he employed. A trait of his habits here is preserved by Dean Tucker (then his domestic chaplain,) in one of his tracts:—

"The late Doctor Butler, Bishop of Bristol, and afterwards of Durham, had a singular notion respecting large communities and public bodies. His custom was, when, at Bristol, to walk for hours in his garden in the darkest night which the time of the

year could afford, and I had frequently the honour to attend him. After walking some time, he would stop suddenly and ask the question, "What security is there against the insanity of individuals? The physicians know of none; and as to divines, we have no data, either from scripture or from reason, to go upon relative to this affair." "True, my Lord, no man has a lease of his understanding, any more than of his life: they are both in the hands of the sovereign Disposer of all things." He would then take another turn, and again stop short—"Why might not whole communities and public bodies be seized with fits of insanity, as well as individuals?" "My Lord, I have never considered the case and can give no opinion concerning it." "Nothing but this principle, that they are liable to insanity, equally at least with private persons, can account for the major part of those transactions of which we read in history." "I thought little," adds the Dean, "of that odd conceit of the Bishop at that juncture; but I own I could not avoid thinking of it a great deal since, and applying it to many cases."

What an application of it would have suggested itself to Tucker, could he have been again walking in that self-same garden on the 31st October, 1831!

In 1747 died Archbishop Potter, and the primacy was offered to Butler, but he declined it, saying as the tradition of his family reports it, that 'It was too late for him to try to support a falling church.' His nephew John, the same who preferred the *vice* to the *Analogy*, took a view of his own of the archbishopric also; and only conceiving it impossible that his uncle could have refused it from want of capital, proposed to advance him 20,000*l.*, or any other sum he might require to set him up; and returned to Wantage greatly dissatisfied that he still persisted in his refusal.

Three years afterwards the See of Durham became vacant, and it was the wish of the King that Butler should succeed to it; but the Minister, the Duke of Newcastle, was desirous of conferring the lieutenancy of the county, which had hitherto gone with it, upon Lord Barnard; and, though it may well be believed that such an office would have few charms for such a man as Butler, he nevertheless would not allow the ancient honours of the palatine see, whether appropriate or otherwise, to take damage through him, and would hold it unimpaired or not at all. The concession was made, and Butler was translated to Durham. His feelings on this occasion will be best seen by the following admirable letter:—

My good Friend,

'I should have been mighty glad of the favour of a visit from you, when you were in town. I thank you for your kind congratulations, though I am not without doubts and fears how far the occasion of them is a real subject of congratulation to me. Increase of fortune is insignificant to one who thought he had enough before; and I foresee many difficulties in the station I am coming into, and no advantage worth thinking of, except some greater power of being serviceable to others; and whether this be an advantage, entirely depends on the use one shall make of it: I pray God it may be a good one. It would be a melancholy thing, in the close of life, to have no reflections to entertain oneself with, but that one had spent the revenues of the bishopric of Dur-

ham in a sumptuous course of living, and enriched one's friends with the promotion of it, instead of having really set oneself to do good and promote worthy men; yet, this right use of fortune and power is more difficult than the generality of even good people think, and requires both a guard upon oneself, and a strength of mind to withstand solicitations, greater, I wish I may not find it, than I am master of. I pray God preserve your health, and am always,

Dear Sir,

'Your affectionate Brother and Servant,
'JOSEPH DUNEL.'

No sooner had Dr. Butler taken possession of his new diocese, than he set about repairing and improving the two episcopal residences at Durham and Auckland. He appointed three days in every week for public hospitalities; but though munificent on these occasions, in his private habits no man was more simple and unostentatious. He distributed largely—calling for his house steward, and bidding him give whatever money he had at hand (500*l.* it happened to be on one occasion) to a benevolent institution which was recommended to him; and subscribing his 400*l.* a year to the county hospital. In the disposal of his vast patronage he had respect to merit only; inasmuch, that one of his nephews, (Jonathan) a man of superior talents too, and supposed to bear a stronger resemblance to the bishop than any other of his family, but who did not give himself, as Butler thought, sufficiently to the work, and was therefore not preferred by him, exclaimed in his wrath, 'Me-thinks, my Lord, it is a misfortune to be related to you.'

Whilst attending his duties in Parliament, he resided at Hampstead, in a house formerly belonging to Sir Harry Vane, and from which he was taken to the Tower before his execution. Here, also, the Bishop's taste for architecture displayed itself. He decorated his windows with painted glass, and the subjects being scriptural, the incident was afterwards turned to account, and he was said to have received them as a present from the pope. Most of this is now lost; some was given by a subsequent occupier of the house to Oriel College, as a relic of its great alumnus; and a few panes are still to be seen in their original position. In this retreat, which is described by one of its inmates as 'most enchanting,' Secker (who had been rising in the Church, *pari passu*, and was now Bishop of Oxford) and Butler dined together daily.

He had not held the See of Durham more than two years when his health began to fail, and he was ordered by his physician to Bath. Here he arrived on the 3d June, 1752; on the 8th of the same month, his chaplain and friend, Dr. Forster, writes to Secker, that his symptoms were 'thirst, sickness, dry skin, great feverish heats, chiefly at night, attended with weakness of body, and lowness of spirits at intervals that is quite shocking.' On the 12th, 'his attention to every one and everything was immediately lost and gone;' but his affection for Secker was still lively as ever, the image of the latter still mingling with his wandering thoughts; and, at the last, says his chaplain, 'when for a day or two before his death he had in a great measure been deprived of the use of his faculties, he was perpetually talking about writing to him, though without seeming to have

anything which, at least, he was at all capable of communicating. On the 13th June, Catharine Talbot, the daughter of Butler's early friend, dating from the deanery of St. Paul's where she was residing with Secker, expresses herself as follows:—

'The dangerous illness of one of our most dear and valued friends, the excellent Bishop of Durham, gives to every day a most painful anxiety for the coming in of the post from Bath. He was my father's friend. I could almost say my remembrance of him goes back some years before I was born, from the lively imagery which the conversations I used to hear in my earliest years have imprinted on my mind. But from the first of my real remembrance, I have ever known in him the kind affectionate friend, the faithful adviser, which he would condescend to when I was quite a child; and the most delightful companion, from a delicacy of thinking, an extreme politeness, a vast knowledge of the world, and a something peculiar to be met with in nobody else. And all this in a man whose sanctity of manners, and sublimity of genius, gave him one of the first ranks among men, long before he was raised to that rank in the world, which must still, if what I painfully fear should happen, aggravate such a loss, as one cannot but infinitely regret the good which such a mind in such a station must have done. But this is an idle, a wrong regret. Providence needs not this or that instrument, but whatever Providence orders is best. But you will not wonder that I am affected, that I am very low, because I see mama low, I see my lord affected. We all live in suspense; and there is not a room in the house that does not peculiarly remind us of him who was so lately its possessor, and who has so often so cheerfully and hospitably received us in it.'

On the 16th June about eleven o'clock in the morning, in the sixty-first year of his age, Butler breathed his last.

It is stated, says Mr. Bartlett, upon the authority of the late Rev. Richard Cecil, that during Bishop Butler's last illness, when Dr. Forster was one day reading to him the 3d chapter of St. John's Gospel, the bishop stopped him at the 16th verse, and requested him to read it a second time. When this was done, after a pause, he said, 'I never before felt those words to be so satisfactory and consolatory.' One of the daughters of Mr. Venn, of Yelling, recollects her father often to have referred to the end of Butler—'How he looked to Christ as a poor sinner, and said he never had so clear a view of his own inability to save himself as then.' The author of the chapter in the *Analogy* on the appointment of a Mediator, and the redemption of the world by him, could scarcely have felt otherwise; especially under the strong conviction which he seems ever to have entertained of the degree in which he himself personally had fallen short. 'He was walking with his chaplain, Dr. Forster,' (the anecdote is Dr. Madan's, Bishop of Peterborough,) 'when he suddenly turned towards him,' (a way which he appears to have had,) 'and with much earnestness said, "I was thinking, Doctor, what an awful thing it is for a human being to stand before the great Moral Governor of the world, to give an account of all his actions in this life!" And it was Butler who had these alarms!

To the few particulars of his character, so tenderly

touched in Miss Talbot's letter, we have nothing to add, except that he was extremely fond of music; and 'when he was not engaged in the evening with his friends and clergy, or in the necessary duties of his sacred office, his under secretary, Mr. Emm, who had been a chorister at St. Paul's, was in the habit of playing to him on his organ, and this he found to be a grateful relief to his mind after severe application to study.'

An engraving, from apparently an excellent portrait of Butler, by Vanderbank, taken of him when he was forty years of age, the period at which he was employed on his *Analogy*, is prefixed to this volume. It represents him as having an oval face, regular features, an expanded forehead, strong eye brows, and large full eyes, wearing, in a very remarkable degree, an expression of abstraction, as though the mind was otherwise engaged than in looking through them:

'—fa sembiante

D' uomo cui altra cura stringa e morda,
Che quella di colui che gli e davante.'

There is added to this volume an abridgement of the *Analogy*, chiefly made in Butler's own words; and an apocryphal sermon on St. John iii. 8, on which, as we have no others of the like kind to compare it with, we will not pronounce an opinion.

On the whole we are most grateful to Mr. Bartlett for the information he has afforded us on this deeply interesting subject, from the family recollections he has gleaned up, and from the various notices of Butler by contemporary writers, which he has drawn to a focus and made tributary to his *Memoirs*. In a future edition, which we heartily hope may be speedily called for—since nothing but good can come of every fresh impulse given to the circulation of his great relation's works—we would suggest to him, whether his materials might not sometimes be re-arranged to advantage, and the several component parts be made to fall into their places more in 'a concatenation accordingly.'

ARISTOCRACY IN AMERICA.*

These volumes contain a series of lively, pleasant, and entertaining sketches of a certain class of life and notions in the American capital, and in a few of the great seaboard towns where mercantile wealth excites a desire for factitious distinctions, but the circumstances of the country, and the reckless gambling of American speculation, prevent that stability in individual fortunes, or in a particular society, which is requisite to give distinction to a "caste." The reader, however, must be warned to take the representations of Mr. Grund, or the "German Nobleman" to whose offspring he acts as guardian, *cum grano*; whilst any thing in the shape of conclusion or speculation to be deduced from the statements of *Aristocracy in America* had better be drawn with great caution. Not that we think any thing invented, scarcely caricatured; the lasting after "exclusiveness," the expressed contempt for native

* *Aristocracy in America*. From the Sketch Book of a German Nobleman. Edited by Francis J. Grund, Author of "The Americans in their Moral, Social, and Political Relations." In 2 vols.—*Bentley*.

Memoirs of his Own Time, including the Revolution, by Lieut. Count Mathieu Dumas. In 2 vols.—*Bentley*.

institutions, the tuft-hunting servility, and that mental submission to foreign standards of opinion which must be destructive to independence of judgment, may exist in individuals, perhaps in classes, as Mr. GRUND's book describes, and his incidents and dialogues be actual transcripts. But, though we have the truth, we may not have the whole truth. Compared with the mass of American population, a few silly fashion-hunting mushrooms of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, are as nothing. And besides the independent millions, we believe, on the authority of ARDY, a man of enlarged and reflective mind—of MURRAY, a gentleman well acquainted with the nobility of the Old World—and CHARLES MATTHEWS, an exquisite judge of manners, and professionally alive to their weaknesses—that there is a class of families in America distinguished alike by solidity and simplicity of tastes and feelings, and equally removed from a vulgar depreciation of conventional distinctions or an undue admiration of those who possess them. These are not seen by a casual traveller, or an adventurer bent on pushing his fortune; for it is not the character of old-established families to seek new acquaintances, or open their doors indiscriminately to all comers: and these "old families" are the true aristocracy of America. Let us therefore have no speculations, GRUND *teste*, as to the destruction of the republic, the establishment of a monarchy, an aristocracy of stock-jobbers and land speculators, or even more diatribes against American manners. It would be easy for a keen observer and clever describer to find in London, families of citizens whose absurd assumption of fashion would surpass any thing of Hook's broadest; but such would not furnish a true picture of the mercantile manners and feelings of Great Britain—hardly of the individuals described, for we should not have their whole character, but their weak points. And something like this we conceive to be the case with many of the instances of Mr. GRUND's *Aristocracy in America*.

The framework of the book is not ill-adapted to its purpose. A foreigner arrives at New York, with letters of introduction; and he falls in with a Southern friend, who acts the part of a cicerone. Thus provided, he begins by walking through the city: and finds, what is not peculiar to America, that the most convenient places are deserted by the fashionables, and that the most delightful promenade spots for air and view are abandoned to foreigners and the vulgar. After this, we are carried into rather a select party of American gentlemen at a hotel at Staten Island, who confidently pour out their troubles upon the rabble—the mischiefs of universal suffrage, the want of a distinction of ranks, and the superiority of Europe. As the steamer returns to New York, she takes in the passengers of a vessel, which has brought a young lord, and the wife of a baronet; and the excitement and anxiety to behold the titled arrivals, as well as the contempt with which the steerage-passengers are regarded by the Americans, are well struck off. In the course of the German's sojourn at New York, the reader is introduced into a first-rate boarding-house, the theatre, and several fashionable parties, in which all manners and sentiments are not only described, but their operation upon the American character and mode of life is pointed out, either by the author or by interlocutors.

Having exhausted New York, our foreigner proceeds to Boston; which is painted by a similar process, though not quite so elaborately; and he then sets out Southward. Philadelphia is more briefly dismissed, and with something like praise; the antiquity, steadiness, and peculiarities of dress, manner, and religion of its Quakers, having given it something like a natural aristocracy. At Baltimore the tourist begins to feel the influence of the South; the people in public conveyances exhibiting the manners of gentlemen in slight things. Washington terminates the journey of the German; and of that capital he speaks better than many others have done—not indeed as a city, but as a place where the American character can be seen to the best advantage; the collection of leading men from all parts of the Union giving the stranger a view of the whole at once, and the collision operating on the provincial tone of mind which is visible at their homes. Manners and amusements, however, are not the only things introduced at Washington; the leading Senators and Ministers, with the late President JACKSON, and the present VAN BUREN, are passed in review; the author being a very strong Jacksonian or Democrat. And perhaps his political feelings have contributed to colour his book, if they have not induced its publication, for the purpose of running down the Anti-Democratical party.

For the reasons already stated, it is not easy to draw any conclusions as to what may be the general feeling in America, from the pages of Mr. GRUND; because we cannot tell whether the sentiments expressed by his interlocutors are those of an individual, a coterie, or a class, and whether that class is provincial or national. But testing his evidence by that of other writers, we suspect the following is not far from the truth. The power of the "tyrannical majority," seems to be admitted; and let us add, the subserviency of the minority; the bitterest opponents of the people, as well as the more moderate, suppressing their opinions. It is alleged by "the first classes" that politics is a trade only taken up by ruined men, and in which only "blackguards" succeed—an exaggerated statement, but based perhaps in truth; for many other pursuits offer more ready means of wealth, and politics are not associated with so much distinction as in Europe. There seems to exist throughout the old States a strong feeling against the Irish: the people look upon them as interlopers, interfering with their material pursuits; the more steady disapprove of their spiritual devotions, and the consequences which follow; the "first classes" charge upon them the evil of "mob governments,"—this feeling, however, being one of no late date, for WASHINGTON IRVING, in *Salmagundi*, a publication of the earlier parts of the century, mentions "Irish rebel" as the last term of political vituperation. The superiority of the Southern upper classes to those of the North, in education, manners, and enlarged views, is not only admitted, but dwelt upon; and the causes assigned are—property held originally in large masses, which the law of partition has not quite broken down, and the institution of slavery. The former gives an aristocracy founded on natural causes; hereditary wealth, which necessarily implies an "old family;" leisure, with the social accomplishments it brings; and an education better, at all events, than that of the North. Blood, the law,

and public opinion, give to the Southern a position akin to that of a privileged class in Europe; he can descend to humanity, or familiarity, without the risk of compromising his dignity. On the other hand, the mercantile aristocracy of the North, or those who would be thought such, have nothing but hollow show to depend upon. In the commercial cities of New York and Boston, the fluctuations of fortune, and consequently of family, are so considerable, that if the "first people" of a few years hence could avoid falling from their stools, the men of to-day will push them off; to be thrust aside themselves to-morrow by some other successful gambler, or gentleman who dashes upon credit. The importance attached to making a dollar, renders time too valuable to be wasted on education in youth or literature in age; the numerous individuals striving to get on in society, and the various coteries into which it is divided without any well-defined division, keep the Northerners constantly on the watch to repel intruders, whom an ill-timed condescension might raise up as rivals, or would be intimates. Hence a rudeness approaching to insolence of manner, towards all who do not belong to the particular set; and, what is of more consequence if true, a straining on the part of every class beyond the people, to ape the expenditure of that above it, with little care as to how the means are procured. Yet after all is done, the New Englanders, the men especially, fail in society; always "smelling of the shop."

The reader of the volumes will meet numerous anecdotes of meanness and impudence on the part of individual Americans, but characteristic, it is probable, only of individuals, and not, as the German traveller would infer, of whole classes. The regrets which some people are made to express for the separation from Great Britain, and the general regard which is entertained for British institutions, may exist without the exact motives assigned. They are quite as probably the principles of the Federal party, or the inherited sentiments of old American Loyalists. Irving, in the work already alluded to, represents a character supposed to be the head of the Livingstones of New York, making a voyage to Halifax solely to hear his British Majesty prayed for in church, and as once triumphantly remarking in an unguarded moment, that things had not been so forward nor had such flavour since the Revolution.

Aristocracy in America is not, however, merely a sketch of the manners and opinions of certain classes of Americans; it contains many shrewd, and sometimes sound remarks, on the causes, operations, and tendencies of passing events; with incidental indications of the general feelings and character of Americans. And it is upon the whole a valuable and amusing book, but requiring to be read with caution.

From the more general parts our extracts will chiefly be taken.

AVERSIONS OF THE AMERICANS TO WOOD.

The building was very spacious, but the wings were a little too long, and the small garden in front almost entirely destitute of trees; a fault from which no public, and hardly any private mansion in the United States, can be said to be entirely exempted.

The Americans have indeed a singular aversion to

trees and shrubs of every description; their highest idea of perfection in a landscape being an extended plain sown with grass. They consider trees as marks of barbarism, and are, in their zeal for civilization, extirpating them wherever they find them. The hills and islands in the harbour of Boston, which were once studded with the majestic pine and the gnarled oak, are now completely shorn. The city of Albany, built on a gentle declivity once covered with variegated wood, is daily becoming more and more flat and less shady: the fashionable inhabitants paying more for levelling the ground and felling the trees than for the erection of their dwellings. The beautiful trees on the shores of the Mongahil and the Ohio are, at an enormous expense, destroyed root and branch, to give the inhabitants of Pittsburgh the benefit of light and air; and even the "old Liberty tree" of Boston, with all its historical associations and recollections, stands no more. How singularly this taste of the Americans contrasts with that of the English, who, after burning and sacking the colony of New Jersey, placed a sentinel near the tree under which William Penn had concluded the treaty with the Indians!

AMERICAN BEAUTY.

She was a new-blown rose, scarcely past sixteen, with black eyes, and black hair, a straight Grecian nose, and to say all, she had dimples in her cheeks. Her neck, in gracefulness and whiteness might have challenged that of a swan: and although her bust was somewhat diminutive, it corresponded well with her slender waist and the extreme delicacy of her hands and feet. In short, she was one of those American beauties one cannot behold without loving and pitying at the same time; for such is the exquisite proportion and symmetry of their limbs, that not an atom of them can suffer the least alteration without completely destroying the harmony of the whole. One might compare their beauty to that of an elegantly-turned period, in which you cannot alter one word without destroying the whole sentence; or, to use a more correct simile, to a finished piece of poetry, which, by the alteration of a single syllable, degenerates into prose. I never could look on any one of these sylphs without feeling an involuntary emotion to place them, like other jewels, in some velvet *cerin*, to protect them from vulgar contact, or the blighting influence of the atmosphere.

AMERICAN LADIES AND GENTLEMEN RESPECTIVELY.

The ladies were all *en grand toilette*, though among the gentlemen not one appeared to be dressed for dinner. The conversation was very loud; but, notwithstanding, completely drowned in the clatter of knives and forks. I perceived that the women talked, not only much more, but also much louder than the men; American gentlemen of the higher classes being indeed the most bashful creatures in the presence of ladies of fashion I ever saw. They approach women with the most indubitable consciousness of their own inferiority, and, either from modesty or prudence, seldom open their lips except to affirm what has been said by the ladies. One is always reminded of poor *Candide's* honest prayer, "Helas! madame; je repondrai comme vous voudrez." I have seen one of the most distinguished old gentlemen in the United States—one who held the highest rank in the gift of the American people, and whose learning and know-

ledge on most subjects rendered him a most pleasing and entertaining companion of men—betray as little self-possession in the presence of women as if he had been making his debut in society, and this too in the house of one of his most intimate friends.

* This excessive awkwardness in the men, to which even the most distinguished of their race make no exception, must be owing to something radically wrong in the composition of American society, which places men as well as women in a false position. The conviction of this fact must force itself on the mind of every impartial observer who has had an opportunity of making himself familiar with the customs and manners of the higher classes. There appears to be a singular mixture of respect and want of sincerity on the part of the men with regard to the women, produced, I believe, by the unnatural position which the latter hold wherever they are brought into contact with the former.

In the first place, American ladies occupy, from mere courtesy, a rank in society which is not only opposed to that which they hold in private life, and in their own families, but which is actually incompatible with the exercise of discretion on the part of the gentlemen. "The ladies must be waited upon;" "the ladies must be helped;" "the ladies must be put into the carriage;" "the ladies must be taken out of the carriage;" "the ladies must have their shoe-strings tied;" "the ladies must have their India-rubber shoes put on;" "the ladies must be wrapped up in shawls;" "the ladies must be led up stairs and down stairs;" "the ladies must have their candles lit for them when they go to bed." On every occasion they are treated as poor helpless creatures, who rather excite the pity than the admiration of men; and as the services they require are numerous just in proportion to the scarcity of hired servants, the gentlemen are obliged to officiate in their stead.

These continual exigencies cannot but render the society of women often irksome to men who are daily engaged from ten to twelve hours in active business, before they dress to do the agreeable at a party; and hence the retiring of the ladies is but too frequently hailed as the signal for throwing off restraint, or, as I once heard it called, "for letting off the steam," and being again natural and easy. If in any of these matters the men were allowed to use their own discretion in bestowing attention on those only whom they like, all would be well enough. The ladies would receive a great deal of voluntary tribute; and the gentlemen, delighted with the privilege of a choice, would be more prodigal of their *petits soins* to those who would have a smile in return for their devotion. But instead of this, a fashionable American is harassed by an uninterrupted series of exactions, made for no other purpose than for gratifying "the ladies," while the rules of society are such, that he can scarcely ever find a chance of making himself agreeable to a particular individual. Hence an American *salon* exhibits nothing but generalities of men and women, in which no other merit is recognised but that which belongs to the sex. In this manner American ladies are worshipped; but the adoration consists in a species of polytheism, in which no particular goddess has a temple or an altar dedicated to herself.

EVILS OF EQUALITY AND PRETENCE.

"If we had as many distinct and established orders of society as in England, there would not be that everlasting attempt to go beyond one another which particularly characterizes our women, and, joined to the credit system, is the cause of so many failures; a circumstance which, in whatever light merchants and bankers may view it, is nevertheless one of the greatest moral evils with which an honest community can be afflicted.

"A large portion of our matrons," he continued, "would, I am sure, be more happy in wearing muslin or calico, instead of silk; and the men, instead of racking their brains in order to find the means of providing for a thousand unnecessary expenses, would find their homes cheap and comfortable. They would look upon their wives as friends and counsellors, instead of mere companions of their pleasures. Instead of 'boarding out,'—a custom which is the grave of affection, and domestic happiness—young husbands would be enabled to keep house, and to give their wives a home; a thing which is not so much rendered difficult by the badness of the servants—the usual complaint of the higher classes—as by the exactions of society. I know many an American that is now living in Europe merely because he does not wish to board, and is not rich enough to keep house according to our expensive fashion.

If this state of things were confined only to the wealthier classes—to those who have large estates and expectancies—all would be well enough; the extravagance of the rich would furnish scope for the industry of the poor; but with us, where young men without fortunes marry, at the age of twenty-one, girls of eighteen, that have no money either;—where the husband relies solely on his wife for supporting his wife and children,—but few men can indulge themselves in reckless expenditure without growing indifferent as to the ways and means of paying their debts. I am proud of the enterprising spirit of my countrymen, who are always full of speculation and hope—who live in the future, and care little about the present: but I regret that our fashionable ladies too should have caught the inspiration. A large portion of these, as has been said before, know little or nothing about their husband's property; they live in houses built or rented on credit, drive in carriages that are not paid for, wear clothes that are charged by the milliner, sit down to a dinner which stands in the book of the victualler, and finally sink to rest on beds that are settled for by a note of six months. They have no other regulator of their expenses but fashion; but not the fashion of their own country, grown out of the natural position and the manners and customs of the people, but the fashions of Paris and London made for a different people—at least different as regards custom and circumstances—and are at last as much surprised at the bankruptcies of their husbands as their creditors, who took them for rich men.

CATHOLIC EXCLUSIVENESS.

But what is all this, compared to the artificial distinctions introduced into their churches? It has always been the pride of the Catholic church in Europe to offer a place of worship to every man, without distinction of rank, title, or wealth. The utmost a man pays for a chair in any of the churches of France or Italy is one sou. The fashionable American Catholics, however, imitate the practice of those gentlemanly followers of Christ, who choose to worship God in good company. Thus the respectable Catholics of New York, "who do not wish to be annoyed by the presence of an Irish mob," being for the most part composed of their own servants, have built a

church for their own specific use—a snug little concern, just large enough for a genteel audience to hear the Lord *en famille*.

EUROPEAN AND NEW ENGLAND ARISTOCRACY.

"In all countries in which there exists an hereditary wealthy nobility, there exists a sort of good-will towards the inferior classes which leads to the relation of patron and client, and through which many an apparent injustice is smoothed over by liberality and kindness; but the mere moneyed aristocracy which is establishing itself in this country, however you may disguise the fact by cunning and soft speeches, or a hyperbolic affectation of Republicanism, hates the industrious masses over whom it strives to elevate itself.

"The exclusiveness of your wealthy brokers, that hoard money without *spending* it, offends the people, without benefiting the artisan or the tradesman: and the meanness with which your first people bargain for every trifle to save a penny, renders their custom scarcely desirable to respectable tradespeople. You are extravagantly fond of splendour, and yet are afraid of displaying it. You must understand me right: I speak of the rich, calculating Bostonians, who really live on their property; not of your wealthy men in New York, who live on nine months' credit. Besides, you yourself will allow that your aristocracy is far from being generally well educated; and I do not see how this fault is to be remedied as long as wealth constitutes the chief title to good society.

"Your aristocracy, therefore, has not the power of dazzling the lower classes with that air of self-possession and dignity by which gentlemen of rank are at once recognised in Europe. On the contrary, the manners of your rich people, in their intercourse with less successful aspirants to fortune, are markedly coarse and vulgar, in order, I believe, to give the latter to understand that they are sufficiently *independent*—that, I think, is the word—not to *care* for their opinion."

ONE WORKING OF SLAVERY.

"This state of things," added he, after a pause, "does not exist at the South. There the veriest fault of the people is generosity. The slaves who enable them to be aristocratic without being mean, stand to them in the relation of vassals to their lords; and the planters not fearing the power and political influence of their slaves, but, on the contrary, having an interest in their physical well-being, treat them generally with humanity and kindness. There never was a great moral evil without producing also some good: and thus it is that the very relation between master and slave engenders ties and affections which no one can understand without having witnessed their effect. I have seen the wives of planters watch at the sick-bed of their slaves, and perform acts of charity which the misconstrued self-esteem of our Northern people would have deemed menial, merely because the feelings of kindness and gratitude, which are strongest in the Southern states, are with us, construed into obligation and payment—two things which effectually destroy all poetry of life, even in the relation of parents to their children. I am not here disposed to underrate the miseries of slavery, as they will always appear to the mind of an European; but I cannot entirely overlook some of the advantages which result from it to the moral and social relations of this country."

And I could not but agree with my cicerone. If the tendency of wealth in the Northern states is towards an aristocracy of money, the aristocracy of the Southern states, founded on birth and education, is a sort of offset to it—a means of preventing the degeneration of the high minded democracy which once swayed the country, into a

vulgar oligarchy of calculating-machines, without poetry, without arts, and without generosity.

MR. CLAY.

From the Secretary of the Treasury I drove to the lodgings of Mr. Henry Clay, the celebrated Senator from Kentucky. I found this extraordinary man, who was then already a little past his prime, the very type of what passes in Europe, ever since the clever caricatures of Mrs. Trollope as an "American character." Mr. Clay stands upwards of six feet: has a semi-Indian, half human, half savage countenance, in which, however, the intellectual strongly preponderates over the animal. His manners, at first sight, appear to be extremely vulgar: and yet he is graceful, and even dignified in his intercourse with strangers. He chews tobacco, drinks whisky punch, gambles, puts his legs on the table or the chimney, and spits, as an American would say, "like a regular Kentucky hog-driver," and yet he is all gentleness, politeness, and cordiality in the society of ladies. Add to this, that his organs of speech are the most melodious: and that with great imagination and humour, he combines manly eloquence and the power of sarcasm in the most extraordinary degree; and it will easily be conceived why he should have been able to captivate high and low,—*Thompe du salon* and the "squatter" in the western wilderness.

AMBASSADORIAL INFLUENCE AT WASHINGTON.

A minister in Washington is, with regard to his diplomatic agency, pretty much confined to official acts, such as may at any time be made public: his influence with a particular member of the Cabinet, or with the President himself—his success with a particular coterie—his intrigues against any person that may have rendered himself obnoxious to his Government—are of little or no avail at the Congress, with which, as yet, no foreign diplomatist has attempted a political relation. But, in point of fashion, their power is unlimited; their decisions being quoted as oracles, and their manners made the standard of society. In Washington no party is considered fashionable unless graced by some distinguished Senator and a few members of the *corps diplomatique*. Between the latter and the Senators exists yet this relation, that every Senator has a right to introduce one friend to a Foreign Minister, either personally or by leaving his card together with that of his friend; a privilege which is denied to the more vulgar members of the House of Representatives.

As far as I was able to ascertain the influence of foreign residents in Washington, it was confined, with the representative of the greatest power in Christendom, to setting the example of genuine hospitality in the shape of the most prosperous dinner-parties given in the metropolis; his attaches, I believe, went fox-hunting in the outskirts of the city; with the representative of the land of chivalry and tigers, to setting the example of taste in the shape of regular soirees musicales; in the clever and witty envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of a Northern power, to introducing the fashion of dancing on the *heels*,*—which, by the by, was a pretty little manœuvre on the part of the old gentleman who had long ago lost the use of his toes by the gout: in the representative of a literary court, to the privilege of spouting literature and science to a sober audience, &c. The ministers of the Italian courts, who had the longest string of titles printed on their cards, had no distinct influence, except in setting the fashion of eating and drinking gracefully—at another man's table.

* The Mazurka.

In what light Ambassadors are held by the ladies, will appear from the following anecdote. At a dinner-party to which most of the representatives of the greater powers, and some of the smaller ones had been invited, one of them, a jolly old bachelor of the English school, attempted a song; which so much gratified the ladies, that it was proposed every gentleman present should, in turn, follow the example. Russia and some other great powers immediately obeyed the summons; but when the turn came to the representative of a new court, he indignantly exclaimed, "*Mon roi ne m'a pas envoyé ici pour chanter.*" "Well," answered a lady, "if you will not sing, we shall ask your gallant king to send us somebody who will."

THE TROUBLES OF THE REVEREND RICHARD CRUTTWELL, CURRENCY-DOCTOR.

THIS singular outpouring is the autobiography of a currency-doctor, coupled with an exposition of his views. His notions are those of the apostle THOMAS of Birmingham, as regards "taxation-money." The political economy of "One of No Party" does not therefore require exposition; and if it did, its importance must yield to the sufferings and persecutions of the currency-martyr. Having by 1833 worn out his health in the cause of mankind, who obstinately refused to listen to him, RICHARD CRUTTWELL "was at length compelled to think of travelling in the hope of its restoration." He fixed upon America for a two-years' trip; his baggage was aboard, and he himself about to follow it, when Sir CHARLES BURRELL procured him what he had long sought for, an interview with Lord ALTHORP. Mr. CRUTTWELL found the then Chancellor of the Exchequer afflicted by the gout; and our doctor inflicted upon him a speech and a pamphlet; notwithstanding all which, honest Lord ALTHORP seems to have played a part to perfection. He professed to be "struck" with some of Doctor CRUTTWELL's views: never to have seen others in that "light" before; and altogether discovered such an earnest wish for further information, as well as such an apparent leaning towards the new faith, that the preacher of the currency was sore distraught between ALTHORP and America. However, time and tide stay for no man; the anchor's weighed and the Doctor at sea. But the yielding docility of ALTHORP haunted him; he thought of the glory that would accrue to himself from such a convert, and of the gain that would follow to the cause; he could not rest on the Atlantic, or in Yankee land; and hardly had he set foot ashore when he put himself aboard a fast-sailing packet, and shortly announced to his noble pupil his arrival at Portsmouth, as well as his "perfect readiness to receive his Lordship's summons to attend him." But "O curas hominum!"

"After about a fortnight's delay, I did receive a cold, forbidding letter, simply to the effect, that Lord Althorp felt no disposition to renew the discussion of the subject to which my letter adverted. I believe I am moreover quite correct in saying, that within the lapse of another fortnight, the papers announced that our then Chancellor of the Exchequer was giving 'dignity' to a Smithfield cattle-show-dinner, after conferring the supreme benefit of his enlightened judgment to the award of prizes in certain exhibitions of fat cattle!"

Having apparently tackled each Premier from the

days of Lord LIVERPOOL, Viscount MELBOURNE did not escape. With his wonted dexterity, the Premier first turned the Doctor over to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and then suggested that it would be more convenient than an interview if the currency views were put in writing.* With this invitation Doctor CRUTTWELL was not slow in complying; and having exhausted his *literæ scriptæ*, requested to enforce his faith by word of mouth. To several demands the Premier was dumb; but at last he spoke by the pen of his secretary to this effect—"Lord MELBOURNE is out of town; but, after the correspondence which has taken place, he thinks an interview would be quite unnecessary, as it could not lead to any practical result."

Our enthusiast, foiled by the men in office, turned his hopes to him who is a last resource in all times of our tribulation, from the choosing a Ministry down to a squabble at Court. But the Duke revived the tactics of Torres Vedras, writing as follows.

"London, 4th July, 1839.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Cruttwell, and has received his letter.

"The Duke begs Mr. Cruttwell to publish upon the currency if he pleases, and to speak upon the subject to whom he pleases.

"The Duke desires to have nothing to say to it; and he entreats Mr. Cruttwell not to give himself the trouble of writing to him again."

But what are the misdeeds of ALTHORP, MELBOURNE, or WELLINGTON, compared to those of ROBERT PEEL? That man has ruined his country; in despite of warnings "tenderly" held out to him, he has persisted in his course; and he has "brutally insulted" the physician, who volunteered to "minister to a mind diseased." Here is his public character, under the figure apostrophe.

"Oh, endless disgrace to that wrong-headed, self-willed, perverse individual, who first mooted the proposal for resuming cash payments on the virtually long exploded standard of our ancient coins. And yet, pure as noontide sun were he, compared with that monster of ignorance and guilt, who, after having the mischief of his mad course delicately and tenderly pointed out to him, has the supreme baseness still to persevere in consummating the ruin his previous folly had commenced, and deliberately offers to insult the friendly hand he saw stretched out, as well in the hope of saving his own reputation as to rescue his unhappy country from the ruin he seemingly had so resolved to bring upon her. Let the odious name of Peel never—yes, never be forgotten."

And now for the private offence; which, we grieve to say it, might have added gall to the previous rhetoric.

"I dispersed a series of printed circulars a few years ago, (solely at my own cost,) in the hope of drawing attention to the subject among our more in-

* The letter is not a bad thing in its way.

London, March 10th, 1838.

"Sir—I am directed by Viscount Melbourne to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th instant. Lord Melbourne feels the great importance of the subjects to which you refer, and begs that you will write upon them any opinions which you may wish to communicate. I am, Sir, yours," &c.

fluent public characters, men of high rank, &c.; of whom it was hardly to be expected (after a circulation of some hundreds of each of such tracts, including news-editors and others) that not one single proof would ever reach me of their being read or at all looked into; if indeed I except Sir Robert Peel as one solitary instance; his politeness showing itself in a note addressed to my worthy publisher, couched precisely in the words underwritten—

“Sir Robert Peel requests that Mr. Tippell will discontinue sending him printed papers respecting the currency.”

“This came *unfranked*, written upon a paltry ‘bit’ of paper; for which of course, I had to pay the regular postage. After brutal and *uncalled-for* insult like to this, marvel not if that I bring thy ‘golden’ honour to the dirt.”

The only Finance Minister of whom our author speaks with complacency, is Mr. Spring Rice. That gentleman “politely and generously acceded” to his request for an interview; made several appointments to meet for exposition, but always put them off when the time came—at least, so we interpret the “unavoidable accidents” which prevented any “personal communication.”

The unkindest cut of all, however, is yet to come. The neglect or coldness of statesmen might be borne; it forms part of the misery which humanity would escape from by self-murder but for the “dread of something after death.” In his public sufferings Doctor CRUTTWELL has only experienced the common lot—

“The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.”

But his own kith and kin have deprived him of fifteen thousand pounds—not “taxation-money,” but current coin. A cousin of his, it seems, died leaving property to that amount. He bequeathed it to his sisters for their lives, with remainder to the Doctor, *intended*, but unfortunately not expressed. It was left for these ladies to carry their brother’s wishes into effect; but they took such offence at Cousin CRUTTWELL’s currency doctrines, that, dying, they cut him off *without* a shilling. Whether they were angered at the unprincipled nature of “depreciation,” as our sufferer sometimes seems to think; or, as he fancies at other times, had witnessed in some *obscure* town the disastrous effects of *bad* paper-money in the stoppage of a country bank, which touched their sensibilities; or whether the subject and style offended their feminine taste we cannot presume to decide, one thing only is clear—RICHARD CRUTTWELL has lost golden money whilst pursuing paper.

Having hitherto dealt with the past in our author’s pilgrimage, let us picture the present, and what, with his propensity, will most likely, alas! be the future.

THE TOOLS OF A CURRENCY-DOCTOR.

I usually rise, then, at three, four, or five in the morning, write some hours, with most unabated earnestness through the whole dead of winter, often shivering in the cold, may be, wholly without a fire, till the time for breakfast arrives. Immediately afterwards I go to the printing-office, usually to correct my own proofs, which, notwithstanding the utmost possible care in preparing the MS. would defy the power of most ordinary compositorsto do them justice at any

rate. Commonly *on my legs* eight or ten hours daily in making good the first proofs. Return home at dusk, worn completely down by sheer fatigue. After swallowing my simple morsel, sleep soundly for an hour or two. Get up comfortably refreshed; trim my cheerful fire—honest “dog” on one side, and drowsy “pass” on the other; write or correct for the next day, another two or three hours. And this is the kind of labour constantly pursued by me for days, weeks, and months together, nay, almost the entire of last year (with reservation only of the time exclusively requiring to be employed professionally); in the view of softening the labours of our high public functionaries, in their object of discharging the heavy and awfully important duties imposed on them by their office; after all receiving only in return such almost intolerable mortification and disappointment as would be likely to result from reading some flippant, meagre, irrelevant, totally empty, unfeeling, and inconsiderate letter—not simply as those of Lord Melbourne’s No. 4, and the Duke of Wellington’s before noticed, each silly enough in its kind, but grossly “rude” and “insulting,” perhaps like one formerly received from that masterpiece of coxcometry and impertinence, the present Sir Robert Peel.

Slight things mark men. A good deal is talked about “Tory trickery,” but in the case before us candour compels us to say that the trickery was all with the Whigs; while Sir ROBERT PEELE and the Duke of WELLINGTON discouraged, with unpalatable plainness, the delusions of this unfortunate gentleman, the whole batch of Whig Ministers, by hollow and insincere treatment, have stimulated him to years of toil, trouble, and expense. We say stimulated, because we do not suppose they caused them. No official discouragement, no public punishment, would wean RICHARD CRUTTWELL from his notions. Currency “is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of him; he will die in it at the stake.”

From the United Service Journal.

TAKE THE HILL BEFORE DARK.

THE evening of the 15th February, 1814, amidst the beautifully varied scenery of the Lower Pyrenees, was one of extreme loveliness; for though the early spring had not entirely obliterated all traces of winter, and the tops of some mountains were still clad in snow, yet the glowing sunset, with its ever-changing gold and purple, imparted to the magnificent display of mountain and forest, interspersed with fertile valleys, a richness and colouring not to be described. But the peaceful serenity of nature was, that evening, strangely contrasted with the tumultuous violence of war—with the thunder of the cannon and of the volley—and with the mixture of hostile hosts, in the mortal strife of the charge.

The Duke of Wellington had, two or three days before, commenced his advance from the neighbourhood of Bayonne, after the temporary pause which an unusually severe winter had interposed in his splendid career of victory. In this advance, the right of the Army, under Lord Hill, had most gallantly and most skilfully driven the enemy from position to position, allowing him no time to recover himself; and, from the earliest dawn of the day mentioned, the troops had been moving by a mountain-road, the Light-Infantry clearing the way. In their

course, they had successively dislodged their active enemy from the numerous abatis he had thrown across the road, and from the strong ground which he everywhere found, and of which he knew so well how to take advantage. At one juncture, the Duke in person had reconnoitred so closely that the French cavalry threatened a dash, when the grenadiers of the 39th Regiment had the honour of covering his Grace. Late in the afternoon, Major-General (now Lieutenant-General Sir) W. H. Pringle's Brigade of the 2nd Division, consisting then of the 28th and 39th Regiments, with a couple of guns, had taken post upon a height to the left of the road. Immediately in their front was a deep precipitous ravine, which divided the height from a lofty hill close to the small town of Garriis, on which a column of the enemy, 6000 strong, was in position. Both positions, together with the ravine between them, were rough forest ground; with portions, and particularly in the ravine, very thickly timbered. While the Light Infantry of the Brigade, without pausing, had descended into the ravine, briskly driving in the enemy's light troops, the guns had, instantly, opened a vigorous and well-directed fire across the ravine, and over the heads of the combatants below.

At the time that the glories of sunset had commenced, the arms of the brigade had been piled, to give the men a momentary rest. The officers and men were standing in small groups, anxiously watching the effect of the rapid discharges of the guns upon the enemy's columns, or listening to the continued rattling fire of the skirmishers, sharply engaged beneath, and who, though quite close, were concealed from view by the thick wood. Every now and then attention was attracted by wounded comrades, as they emerged from the dark hollow to regain the position. Among these was Captain Gale, commanding the Light of the 28th Regiment, who was borne up mortally wounded.

The lateness of the hour precluded the idea that anything further could be effected that night. Wearied with their long and arduous day's work, the bystanders were looking forward to the repose of the bivouac, and were considering themselves rather as spectators than as actors in the deeply interesting scene, when an Aide-de-camp, at full speed, quickly delivered an order from the Duke, pointing to the enemy's position—"Take the hill before dark!"

The Brigade fell in as by magic—the men needed no order. A proud smile played upon every countenance. Every one felt the high compliment paid to the brigade, in thus being allowed to take the bull by the horns. And the honour was enhanced by the promptness of the order, the perfect confidence it placed in the troops, and the total absence of all doubt of the success of the attack. And such was the high confidence which the troops, on their part, reposed in their illustrious chief, that his very giving the order was proof to them that they could execute it. They well knew that they would not be sacrificed in an unequal conflict, and that, if they needed it, they would be properly supported.

It falling accidentally to the good fortune of the 39th Regiment to be principally and closely engaged that evening, its movements will now be exclusively followed. Its old and gallant friends of the 28th, how efficient soever were their services on the occasion, were directed upon a point of attack which did not happen to bring them in close contact with the enemy.

Excepting the influence which the character of commanding officers must necessarily have upon corps, there was little or no difference in the goodness

of the regiments composing that army of brothers. All, governed by the same rules, and animated by the same high sentiments and feelings, were equally anxious to do their duty. And although "Garriis" does not yet beam, with other numerous recollections of glory, upon the colours of the 39th Regiment, the honours of each may, in general, be estimated by its opportunities of earning them.

As soon as the 39th Regiment had fallen in, its commanding officer, Colonel, now Lieutenant-General, the Hon. Sir Robert W. O'Callaghan, repeated the order to the regiment in the same concise but emphatic terms—"Take the hill before dark." The effect was electrical. The men responded by the loud, deep, animating, truly British cheer. The words were then given, "Fix bayonets!"—"shoulder arms!"—"double quick!" and the next instant the regiment, in close column, plunged into the ravine.

For a few seconds, in the deep chasm, it must have been obscured from view; but though unseen, its course would be clearly noted by its continued enthusiastic cheering. It speedily cleared the bottom of the wild glen, and then steadily ascended the enemy's position, without firing a shot, under the heavy rolling volleys which he incessantly poured down from above. The sound of the balls bristling the trees on all sides had a singular effect. But during the ascent, which was exceedingly steep, the enemy's fire was a little too high to do much mischief, except to the mounted officers, all of whom were either hit themselves, or had their horses shot under them.

Soon after commencing the ascent, Major-General Pringle, who had placed himself at the head of the regiment, was, to the regret of every one, very badly wounded, and obliged to be carried to the rear. As the regiment neared the summit, loaded with their heavy kits, the men suffered much from exhaustion, but with willing hearts kept steadily up the steep. Here Colonel the Hon. R. W. O'Callaghan and the Brigade-Major (Fancourt) both lost their horses; and shortly after the Adjutant, now Major Henry Smyth, had his horse likewise shot under him.

At length, however, the summit was attained, and instantly carried. Misled by the nature of the ground, and perhaps by the shades of evening, the enemy no doubt took the attacking force to be far more numerous than it was, and very soon gave way, retreating, however, only to a short distance. The regiment lost no time in improving its advantage, by wheeling to its right to sweep the ridge of the position; and it was in the act of driving the enemy along the ridge, when, perceiving that at this point he was opposed only by a single battalion, he brought up his main force, to charge the advancing regiment in his turn. Hitherto the regiment had reserved its fire, but at this point, immediately before the enemy closed, it opened upon him with great effect. Among those who were seen to fall was a French drummer, a very fine fellow, who was coming boldly on in front beating the charge. But the enemy, nothing daunted, still pressed on with great determination, until the bayonets, in many instances, were crossed. Personal encounters now ensued. Colonel the Hon. R. W. O'Callaghan, whose horse had been shot under him, and who was now fighting on foot at the head of the regiment, received one French bayonet at the breast, and another at the shin, at the same time. The late Lieutenant George Coleman nobly led the Grenadiers.

Lieutenant Evans, the brave commander of the 60th Rifles, attached to the light companies of the brigade, personally grappled with a French captain, and they both fell to the ground together. Evans was a small man, and no match for his antagonist; but he kept up the unequal contest, till a grenadier of the 39th, stepping forward to his assistance, the Frenchman was made prisoner. Among others, there were two privates of the regiment, of rather low stature, not well-looking, and so slovenly that everybody used to be down upon them. These two men distinguished themselves greatly. One of them was so badly wounded as never afterwards to be able to rejoin the regiment.

Wearied with his fruitless exertions, in a few minutes the enemy was compelled to retire in some confusion; but quickly rallying, and encouraged by his very superior force, he twice more returned to the charge, and was as often repelled. For about twenty minutes the regiment sustained the utmost efforts of the enemy, to dislodge it from the height which it had stormed. The intervals between the bayonet attacks, were filled up with active unremitting firing on both sides. Poor Colonel Fearon, commanding one of the Cacadore regiments, who, though without his men, had come up the height, was killed, while gallantly exerting himself to aid the common cause. In the confusion unavoidably attendant upon such a scene, two of the enemy's dragoons (possibly orderlies,) remained quietly close to the regiment for a considerable time. The dress being then so much alike they were mistaken for English, till, seizing their opportunity, they galloped off and rejoined their countrymen. English and French were sometimes mixed together. One Frenchman in particular was remarked, who, closely pursued by an officer, threw away his arms and kit, and with great celerity threaded his way through friends and foes, till he effected his escape. At last the enemy beginning to waver, the regiment resumed its forward movement along the ridge; and another charge drove him in disorder completely off the hill, leaving many killed, as well as prisoners, behind him. The streaks of the evening had for some time, one by one, been disappearing, the more distant mountains were no longer distinguishable, and the shades of night were now settling darkly upon the height; but the order was literally and fully executed. Brief space had been given; time pressed; there had not been a moment to lose, and not a moment was lost. The hill was taken before dark.

The enemy, not having anticipated so uncourteous an intrusion at so late an hour, had made extensive preparations for the comfort of his bivouac, in collecting large quantities of wood for his fires. Of this the regiment gladly availed itself, and that night its bivouac was far more brilliantly lighted than it usually was. Seated around the cheerful blaze, and while, with keen appetite, partaking of the simple supper, which the haversack happened to supply, many a congratulation was exchanged between friends, and many an incident of the evening recounted. And there were few who did not with grateful hearts silently look up to Him who had given them the victory, and who had protected them in the execution of their duty. But, overcome with fatigue, it was not long before conversation began to flag; the various sounds of the bivouac gradually died away, and, at length, trusting to the active look-out of the pickets, all, excepting those who

had charge of prisoners, with their feet towards the fire, resigned themselves to comfortable repose.

The following morning, while the men were occupied in burying the dead in long trenches dug for the occasion, the late gallant and beloved Lieutenant-General Sir William Stewart, who commanded the second division under Lord Hill, paid a visit to the regiment upon the height. Not wishing, at such a time, that the regiment should fall in, he called for all the officers of it present; among whom was the late Major-General Sir Charles Bruce, then Lieutenant-Colonel, with his face bound up, and who, though severely wounded the preceding evening, refused to go to the rear.

Sir William warmly thanked the officers for their exertions in the action, and highly complimented the regiment. He had several times noticed its good conduct, and particularly at the pass of Maia. He had witnessed the attack of last evening; and, though he did not then know that there was but one regiment opposed to the enemy at this point, yet, when he saw the pertinacious manner in which, with such force, he three times returned to the charge, he could not but feel great anxiety for the result. And, in concluding, he kindly offered to recommend an officer, and a non-commissioned officer, for promotion.

The late excellent Captain Duncan Campbell, commanding the light infantry, obtained on this occasion a well-merited brevet majority.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill, and many other distinguished officers, were eye-witnesses of the action, as must have been also, the whole of the old second division, and probably other troops.

The Duke of Wellington having to describe an extensive line of operations, could not be expected to descend much into detail. In adverting however, to this attack, in his despatch, dated 20th February, 1814, after stating that, on the 15th, Lord Hill continued the pursuit of the enemy, who, under General Harispe, and reinforced by General Paris's division, and other troops, "had retired to a strong position in front of Garri"; and that General Murillo's Spanish Division had been ordered to turn the enemy's left, "while the second division under Sir William Stewart should attack in front";—his Grace proceeds, "those troops make a most gallant attack upon the enemy's position, which was remarkably strong, but which was carried without very considerable loss. Much of the day had elapsed before the attack could be commenced, and the action lasted till after dark, the enemy having made repeated attempts to regain the position, particularly in two attacks, which were most gallantly received, and repulsed by the 39th, under the command of the Honourable Colonel O'Callaghan, in Major-General Pringle's brigade. The Major-General and Lieutenant Colonel Bruce, of the 39th, were unfortunately wounded. We took ten officers and about 200 prisoners.

Such was the action of Garri, as imperfectly beheld in the intense excitement of such a scene of wild confusion, amid clouds of smoke and the long shadows of evening; and as imperfectly remembered through the vista of more than five-and-twenty years, unaided, too, by the recollection of others, no one being aware of the writer's intention of throwing these particulars together. But, such as it is, this little sketch may not be thought inappropriate, at a time when the bayonet is so much a subject of discussion.

A single bayonet may appear to be an insignificant weapon: its power consists in numbers, acting together as one machine in a closed compact line. There the unprotected left arm of the soldier is covered by his left-hand man; and, without disturbing the close order so essential to military movements, which the use of the sword would

do, it is calculated for thrusts, which are so much more quickly given than cuts with the sword. Cuts being also necessarily delivered upon the exterior of the person, frequently fail in disabling an adversary; whereas an inch or two of the bayonet would generally be mortal. The use of the bayonet in line is so simple too, as to require little or no skill, which, at a moment of great excitement, is a valuable property. The firelock is perhaps heavier than it need be in the present improved state of the arts; but with its present length it is surely more convenient than a long pike. Had it been thought that the utility of the bayonet in the British service would ever have been questioned, the comparative ravages of the steel and ball, at Garris, would have been ascertained. Some must have fallen by the bayonet, though probably only a small proportion. In the few cases where sufficient determination had been shown on both sides to allow of adverse bayonets meeting, irregularities in the ground, wavings in the line, or the two lines, on closing, happening to be inclined, or not parallel to each other, have probably prevented more than a few files from coming into close conflict at any one point. These would use their bayonets; but the others being obliged to conform to their line, and not being near enough to fight with the bayonet, would soon naturally resort to firing. But in the late war the enemy seldom awaited the onset of a British charge; and, in breaking he, with his position, frequently lost many prisoners. And if, then, the British bayonet has thus been the means of taking many positions, and thousands of prisoners, it is not, perhaps, reasonable to quarrel with it because it cannot be proved to have pierced many individuals. It is certain that, on the memorable evening alluded to, the brigade had no doubt of the power and efficiency of the bayonet; it had the very highest confidence in it; and marched to the attack fully determined to use it should the enemy allow them; and the enemy knew that the brigade would do so.

The bayonet may or may not be the best weapon for infantry in close order and at close quarters. But the strongest evidence should be required of the superiority of a substitute before we lay aside this truly national weapon; and while it is retained, it is evidently wise and proper that the British soldier of the present day should be carefully taught zealously to value and to cherish it—as did universally his brethren of the war on many a hard-fought field.

From the Spectator.

REGULATION OF RAILWAYS.

Among the House of Commons papers delivered this week—remnants of the last session, a huge folio of 600 pages attests the industry of the Committee which sat on Railways. The number of facts collected and presented to the public in the Second Report, is enormous. In the index an attempt at classification is made; but the evidence is so various as almost to defy arrangement. The Report itself displays little method, and is not very satisfactory. The Committee appear sensible of its deficiencies, and assign some reasons for their inability to direct the Legislature in dealing with the important subject of their inquiries—

“The difficulty of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion upon several of the points which have been submitted to the investigation of your Committee, has arisen from the recent origin of railway communica-

tion, from the rapidity of its growth, and from the variety of unexpected results consequent upon so great a change in the internal communications of the country; while the large amount of capital invested in these speculations, and a strong disinclination to interfere hastily with undertakings of such national importance, have supplied additional reasons for inducing great caution before offering the opinions which your Committee feel disposed to express.”

The revival of the Committee next session is advised; but in the meanwhile, it was deemed necessary to offer certain “recommendations to the House without delay.” The session having been closed, however soon after the Report was presented, no opportunity was afforded to Parliament to act “without delay” upon the suggestions tendered; and it is pretty certain that another session will elapse before any thing is done. But enough is stated to show the necessity of early interference for the protection of public interests. We lay comparatively little stress upon the notorious facts, noticed in the Report, that the easy transfer of shares facilitates jobbing, and that the expenditure almost invariably exceeds the estimates; for these are matters on which speculators are or ought to be well-informed, and the community at large need little trouble themselves; but it is most material that these gigantic companies should not establish monopolies and impose their own terms on the travelling public in virtue of privileges intended for the general advantage. On this point the Committee observe—

“It will be found to be the opinion of some of the witnesses, that the interests of the Railway Companies and of the public can never be at variance; and that the managers of these great establishments, acting with an enlightened view of their own interests, will always have a due regard to the general advantage of the community. A more strict investigation has, however, shown that this assumption is not without exceptions: a main object which the directors of a company must have in view, is to obtain a good return for the capital expended—while it is the primary interest of the public that the intercourse should be regularly maintained with the greatest safety, speed, and economy. To a certain extent it is undoubtedly for the advantage of the company to satisfy the wishes and supply the wants of the community, especially on those lines where other means of communication yet exist and maintain a competition, although feeble, against these powerful establishments. But cases have already arisen in which the interests of private companies and of the public have been found to be opposed to each other; and it appears probable that, in proportion as this new system shall supersede other modes of travelling, other inconvenient consequences will ensue, unless some authority be established to watch over and protect the interests of the public. The fear of a rival line may, in some instances, be a check upon the conduct of a company; but there are few districts in which the public will have any opportunity of selection, and obvious and serious difficulties must arise in carrying this means of control into execution.”

The Leeds and Selby Company raised their fares; the number of passengers within a certain period fell off to the extent of 12,000, but the profit of the company was increased by 1,300/. The same result followed increase of fares and diminution of

passengers on the Manchester and Bolton and the Dundee and Newtyle Railways.

The Committee found, that as respects the carriage of heavy merchandise and of parcels, checks ought to be put on the exactions of the Railway Companies; but the manner how puzzled them. Indeed, on almost every important point they are at a loss what to recommend—

"Until the great lines of communication between distant parts of the country shall be more generally completed, and the public wants and demands for the conveyance of goods and parcels more extensively known, it will be difficult to decide in what way the interests of the public can be best protected, under the practical monopoly which will be then established."

The use of common termini, and of portions of the same line by different companies, the Committee cannot sanction; though Parliament has permitted it, especially in the cases of the Greenwich, Croydon, Brighton, and Dover Companies. Schemes for obviating dangerous collisions are alluded to; but the Committee "do not feel it to be within their province to express any opinion as to their feasibility or propriety."

On minor matters, such as the advantages of good fencing, the danger of crossing public ways, and the necessity of carefully arranging the "switches," sensible but obvious and commonplace remarks are offered. The insufficient control exercised by companies over their servants, and the extensive powers included in the privilege of making their own by-laws, attracted much of the Committee's attention—

"At present, it appears that the directors of any railway have the power of making by-laws, which regulate the conduct, not only of their own servants, but of all persons travelling on their road. These companies, therefore, possess very extensive and very arbitrary power; and in some cases these laws need not receive the sanction of any supervising authority, while by some more recent Railway Acts it is required that they shall be sanctioned either by the Judges at Assize, or by the Magistrate at Quarter-sessions."

Against the powerful combination of Railway Companies the disunited and casual efforts of the public would avail little; and therefore the Committee suggest the appointment by Parliament of a Superintending Board, of which the President and Vice-President of the Board of Trade should be members, assisted by one or two Engineer officers of rank and experience. But the powers of this Board would not be very extensive—

"It should not interfere with any proposed railway before the act of incorporation had passed; nor should it be authorized to control or regulate the works of any railway during their progress, except in cases where the company, might apply for the opinion or the sanction of the Board. Your Committee, how-

ever are inclined to recommend that no new railroad should be opened for the conveyance of passengers until an inspection had been made under the sanction of the Board; who if dissatisfied with the condition and state of the railroad, should have the power of adopting legal proceedings on behalf of the public. It should possess no authority to lay down rules for the government of railway companies, but should have conferred on it a control over those regulations, to which the public may be subjected by the exercise of the extensive powers now vested in such companies by their respective acts; nor should any by-laws have the force of law without the previous sanction of this Board.

"All complaints on the part of the public arising from the powers exercised by these companies should be addressed to this Board; who might in the first instance if they should think fit, represent to the directors any danger or inconvenience arising from the state of the road, or from improper arrangements on the part of the company, or from misconduct on the part of their servants; and, if such arrangements should be disregarded, might be empowered to take legal proceedings at the public expense. This Board moreover, would be the fit tribunal of arbitration in all matters of dispute between connecting lines."

The Committee cannot venture to propose the establishment of such a Board as they describe, until the subjects shall have undergone further examination; but they are satisfied that some superintending authority is needed for "the purpose of protecting the weak against the strong, and counteracting the evils incident to monopoly."

Such are the leading points of the Report; the tenor of which we doubt not, accords with the opinion of the public generally. There is a growing impression that these gigantic companies are disposed to abuse their powers and require the control of superior authority. Redress for neglect and positive injury from them, is almost hopeless. Under the old rules of the road, a person had the choice of different conveyances; if ill-used by the Wonder, he could travel from London to Birmingham by the Tally-ho. Now he must take the Railway, or submit to great inconvenience. It has happened within the last fortnight, that a parcel sent from our own office one afternoon, and which ought to have been delivered in Liverpool, by the Birmingham and Liverpool Railway, the next morning, according to the undertaking of the Company's officers at the Golden Cross receiving house, did not reach its destination till the day after—very much to the annoyance of the parties interested. But what cared the mammoth company for that? have they not a monopoly?

We are satisfied that public opinion will sanction strong measures by Parliament for the security of society against the abuse of privileges conferred by imprudent legislation. Parliament is bound to see "ne quid detrimenti republica capiat"—that Railways do not become a nuisance.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

In early youth before us walked
An angel through the land;
Who of the radiant future talked,
And beckoned with white hand.
"O follow! round my path," she cried,
"Life's fairest flowers appear:
Sweets by glad fingers scattered wide—
Felicity is here!"

Alas! too happily unwise,
We took bright hope for truth—
And overpassed with heedless eyes
The paradise of youth.
Whatever good to man could fall,
Seemed, in the coming time,
As by some spell, concentrated all
In manhood's kingly prime.

To manhood grown—we looked around
Expecting to rejoice,
And there the first, surprised, we found,
The Past had then a voice.
We turned to the departed days,
Bewildered and aghast,
And saw, through memory's purple haze,
The Angel of the Past.

On that high eminence we felt,
From manhood's summit cold,
Away the gorgeous visions melt
Youth gloried to behold.
Whilst all youth's region, far below,
Shone out, to wondering eyes,
More bright than with Hope's heavenly bow,
All rich with orient dyes.

How blank and dreary was that mount,
With far-off promise sweet,
Nor flowers were found, nor bubbling fount,
Nor track of angel-feet.
Whatever it could boast of bright
On desolation cast;
The heavenly light which gild that height,
Fell on it from the past.

Far round we looked, behind, before,
Thus, high, in manhood's prime;
With sad regrets for seasons o'er—
Strange fears for coming time.
To faded Hope were added now
Yet other pilgrims twain,
Bright Memory, with saddening brow,
And sorrow-breathing Pain.

The past, with dews of sorrows wet,
Clear-seen, or undefined,
The mighty empire of regret,
Possessed the pensive mind.

By Hope deluded—this alone
Remained to us at last,
Through Memory were we wiser grown,
That Angel of the Past.

RICHARD HOWITT.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE CIRCASSIAN CHIEFTAIN'S LAMENT,

*Over the dead body of the last of five Sons who fell
fighting for their country against the invading
husts of Muscovy.*

BY CAPTAIN SPENCER.

SLEEP! sleep! my boy, thy father mourns thee not,
Tho' thou alone wert left, to sooth and cheer
The ills that wait the aged warrior's lot,
And lay his corpse upon the silent bier.

But thou art happy! thou wilt never see
Thy country vanquish'd, and her people slaves,
With nought to tell that she had once been free,
Save minstrel's lays, and her brave children's
graves.

Day after day, and each succeeding year,
We chased the hated tyrants from our shore;
Again! again! they come, oh! Allah, hear!
And bless our rightful, sacred cause once more.

We spread our hands towards the far, far west,
To ask for aid in this our time of need;
Vain were the pray'rs that * *At'ghei's* sons
address'd—
Men pitied! wept!—but left us still to bleed.

And we have bled, till one long wail of woe
From widows, orphans, echoes through the land,
Who weep the loss of all they loved below,
The wreck of ev'ry joy on death's dark strand.

Oh! England! England! thou wilt mourn the hour,
When thou to Atteghai didst aid deny:
Thy boasted fleets, thy proudly-vaunted pow'r,
Will Moscov might with bitter scorn defy.

Then sleep my boy, for here thy brothers lie,
Like thee they nobly fought on war's red field,
Like thee they fell, that our loved Atteghai
Should never to a foreign tyrant yield.

But blest are they who die a patriot's death,†
On earth their names shall wear a bright renown;
Angels shall stoop to catch their parting breath,
And Heaven bestow eternal glory's crown.

*Circassia.

† The religion of the Circassians teaches that a
patriot who dies in defence of his country is immedi-
ately translated to paradise.

JACK SHEPPARD.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Supper at Mr. Kneebone's.

PERSUADED that Jack Sheppard would keep his appointment with Mr. Kneebone, and feeling certain of capturing him if he did so, Shotbolt, on quitting Newgate, hurried to the New Prison to prepare for the enterprise. After debating with himself for some time whether he should employ an assistant, or make the attempt alone, his love of gain overcame his fears, and he decided upon the latter plan. Accordingly, having armed himself with various weapons, including a stout oaken staff then ordinarily borne by the watch, and put a coil of rope and a gag in his pocket, to be ready in case of need, he set out, about ten o'clock, on the expedition.

Before proceeding to Wych Street, he called at the Lodge to see how matters were going on, and found Mrs. Spurling and Austin at their evening meal, with Caliban in attendance.

"Well, Mr. Shotbolt," cried the turnkey, "I've good news for you. Mr. Wild has doubled his offer, and the governor has likewise proclaimed a reward of one hundred guineas for Jack's apprehension."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Shotbolt.

"Read that," rejoined Austin, pointing to the placard. "I ought to tell you that Mr. Wild's reward is conditional upon Jack's being taken before to-morrow morning, so I fear there's little chance of any one getting it."

"You think so, eh?" chuckled Shotbolt, who was eagerly perusing the reward, and congratulating himself upon his caution; "you think so—ha! ha! Well, don't go to bed, that's all."

"What for?" demanded the turnkey.

"Because the prisoner's arrival might disturb you—ha! ha!"

"I'll lay you twenty guineas you don't take him to-night," rejoined Austin.

"Done!" cried Shotbolt. "Mrs. Spurling, you're a witness to the bet. Twenty guineas, mind. I shan't let you off a farthing. Egad! I shall make a good thing of it."

"Never count your chickens till they're hatched," observed Mrs. Spurling, drily.

"My Chickens are hatched, or, at least, nearly so," replied Shotbolt, with increased merriment. "Get ready your heaviest irons, Austin. I'll send you word when I catch him."

"You'd better send him," jeered the turnkey.

"So I will," rejoined Shotbolt; "so I will. If I don't, you shall clap me in the Condemned Hold in his stead. Good-bye, for the present—ha! ha!" And, laughing loudly at his own facetiousness, he quitted the lodge.

"I'll lay my life he's gone on a fox-and-goose-chase to Mr. Kneebone's," remarked Austin, rising to fasten the door.

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Mrs. Spurling, as if struck by a sudden idea. And, while the turnkey was busy with the keys, she whispered to the black, "Follow him, Caliban. Take care he don't see you, —and bring me word where he goes, and what he does."

"Iss, missis," grinned the black,

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"Be so good as to let Caliban out, Mr. Austin," continued the tapstres; "he's only going on an errand."

Austin readily complied with her request. As he returned to the table, he put his finger to his nose; and, though he said nothing, he thought he had a much better chance of winning his wager.

Unconscious that his movements were watched, Shotbolt, meanwhile, hastened towards Wych Street. On the way, he hired a chair with a couple of stout porters, and ordered them to follow him. Arrived within a short distance of his destination, he came to a halt, and pointing out a dark court nearly opposite the woollen-draper's abode, told the chairmen to wait there till they were summoned.

"I'm a peace-officer," he added, "about to arrest a notorious criminal. He'll be brought out at this door, and may probably make some resistance. But you must get him into the chair as fast as you can, and hurry off to Newgate."

"And what'll we get for the job, yer hon'r?" asked the foremost chairman, who, like most of his tribe at the time, was an Irishman.

"Five guineas. Here's a couple in hand."

"Faix, then, we'll do it in style," cried the fellow. "Once in this chair, yer hon'r, and I'll warrant he'll not get out so easily as Jack Sheppard did from the New Pris'n."

"Hold your tongue, sirrah," rejoined Shotbolt, not over-pleased by the remark, "and mind what I tell you. Ah! what's that?" he exclaimed, as some one brushed hastily past him. "If I hadn't just left him, I could have sworn it was Mrs. Spurling's sooty imp, Caliban."

Having seen the chairmen concealed in the entry, Shotbolt proceeded to Mr. Kneebone's habitation, the shutters of which were closed, and knocked at the door. The summons was instantly answered by a shop-boy.

"Is your master at home?" inquired the gaoler.

"He is," replied a portly personage, arrayed in a gorgeous yellow brocade dressing-gown, lined with cherry-coloured satin, and having a crimson velvet cap, surmounted by a gold tassel, on his head. "My name is Kneebone," added the portly personage, stepping forward. "What do you want with me?"

"A word in private," replied the other.

"Stand aside, Tom," commanded Kneebone. "Now, sir," he added, glancing suspiciously at the applicant, "your business?"

"My business is to acquaint you that Jack Sheppard has escaped, Mr. Kneebone," returned Shotbolt.

"The dence he has! Why, it's only a few hours since I beheld him chained down with half a hundred weight of iron, in the strongest ward at Newgate. It's almost incredible. Are you sure you're not misinformed, sir?"

"I was in the Lodge at the time," replied the gaoler.

"Then, of course, you must know. Well, it's scarcely credible. When I gave him an invitation to supper, I little thought he'd accept it. But, egad! I believe he will."

"I'm convinced of it," replied Shotbolt; "and it was on that very account I came here." And he proceeded to unfold his scheme to the woollen-draper.

"Well, sir," said Kneebone, when the other concluded, "I shall certainly not oppose his capture,

but, at the same time, I'll lend you no assistance. If he keeps his word, I'll keep mine. You must wait till supper's over."

"As you please sir,—provided you don't let him off."

"That I'll engage not to do. I've another reason for supposing he'll pay me a visit. I refused to sign a petition in his behalf to the recorder; not from any ill-will to him, but because it was prepared by a person whom I particularly dislike—Captain Darrell."

"A very sufficient reason," answered the gaoler.

"Tom," continued Kneebone, calling to the shop-boy, "don't go home, I may want you. Light the lantern. And, if you hear any odd noise in the parlour, don't mind it."

"Not in the least, sir," replied Tom, in a drowsy tone, and with a look seeming to imply that he was too much accustomed to odd noises at night to heed them.

"Now, step this way, Mr. What's-your-name?"

"Shotbolt, sir," replied the gaoler.

"Very well, Mr. Slipshod; follow me." And he led the way to an inner room, in the middle of which stood a table, covered with a large white cloth."

"Jack Sheppard knows this house, I believe, sir," observed Shotbolt.

"Every inch of it," replied the woollen-draper.

"He ought to do, seeing that he served his apprenticeship in it to Mr. Wood, by whom it was formerly occupied. His name is carved upon a beam upstairs."

"Indeed!" said Shotbolt. "Where can I hide myself?" he added, glancing round the room in search of a closet.

"Under the table. The cloth nearly touches the floor. Give me your staff. It'll be in your way."

"Suppose he brings Blueskin, or some other rufian with him," hesitated the gaoler.

"Suppose he does. In that case I'll help you. We shall be equally matched. You're not afraid, Mr. Shoplatch?"

"Not in the least," replied Shotbolt, creeping beneath the table; "there's my staff. Am I quite hidden?"

"Not quite;—keep your feet in. Mind you don't stir till supper's over. I'll stamp twice when we've done."

"I forgot to mention there's a trifling reward for his capture," cried Shotbolt, popping his head from under the cloth. "If we take him, I don't mind giving you a share—say a fourth—provided you lend a helping hand."

"Curse your reward!" exclaimed Kneebone, angrily. "Do you take me for a thiefcatcher, like Jonathan Wild, that you dare to affront me by such a proposal?"

"No offence, sir," rejoined the gaoler, humbly. "I didn't imagine for a moment that you'd accept it, but I thought it right to make you the offer."

"Be silent, and conceal yourself. I'm about to ring for supper."

The woollen-draper's application to the bell was answered by a very pretty young woman, with dark Jewish features, roguish black eyes, sleek glossy hair, a trim waist, and a remarkably neat figure: the very model, in short, of a bachelor's housekeeper.

"Rachel," said Mr. Kneebone, addressing his comely attendant; "put a few more plates on the

table, and bring up whatever there is in the larder. I expect company."

"Company!" echoed Rachel; "at this time of night?"

"Company, child," repeated Kneebone. "I shall want a bottle or two of sack, and a flask of usquebaugh."

"Anything else, sir?"

"No:—stay! you'd better not bring up any silver forks or spoons."

"Why, surely you don't think your guests would steal them," observed Rachel, archly.

"They shan't have the opportunity," replied Kneebone. And, by way of checking his housekeeper's familiarity, he pointed significantly to the table.

"Who's there?" cried Rachel. "I'll see." And before she could be prevented, she lifted up the cloth, and disclosed Shotbolt. "Oh, Gemini!" she exclaimed. "A man!"

"At your service, my dear," replied the gaoler.

"Now your curiosity's satisfied, child," continued Kneebone, "perhaps, you'll attend to my orders."

Not a little perplexed by the mysterious object she had seen, Rachel left the room, and shortly afterwards returned with the materials of a tolerably good supper;—to wit, a couple of cold fowls, a tongue, the best part of a sirloin of beef, a jar of pickles, and two small dishes of pastry. To these she added the wine and spirits directed, and when all was arranged looked inquisitively at her master.

"I expect a very extraordinary person to supper, Rachel," he remarked.

"The gentleman under the table," she answered. "He does seem a very extraordinary person."

"No; another still more extraordinary."

"Indeed!—who is it?"

"Jack Sheppard."

"What! the famous housebreaker. I thought he was in Newgate."

"He's let out for a few hours," laughed Kneebone; "but he's going back again after supper."

"Oh, dear! how I should like to see him. I'm told he's so handsome."

"I'm sorry I can't indulge you," replied her master, a little piqued. "I shall want nothing more. You had better go to bed."

"It's no use going to bed," answered Rachel. "I shan't sleep a wink while Jack Sheppard's in the house."

"Keep in your own room, at all events," rejoined Kneebone.

"Very well," said Rachel, with a toss of her pretty head, "very well. I'll have a peep at him, if I die for it," she muttered, as she went out.

Mr. Kneebone, then sat down to await the arrival of his expected guest. Half an hour passed, but Jack did not make his appearance. The woollen-draper looked at his watch. It was eleven o'clock. Another long interval elapsed. The watch was again consulted. It was now a quarter past twelve. Mr. Kneebone, who began to feel sleepy, wound it up and snuffed the candles.

"I suspect our friend has thought better of it, and won't come," he remarked.

"Have a little patience, sir," rejoined the gaoler.

"How are you off there, Shoplatch?" inquired Kneebone. "Rather cramped, eh?"

"Rather so, sir," replied the other, altering his

position. "I shall be able to stretch my limbs presently—ha! ha!"

"Hush!" cried Kneebone, "I hear a noise without. He's coming."

The caution was scarcely uttered, when the door opened, and Jack Sheppard presented himself. He was wrapped in a laced roquelaure, which he threw off on his entrance into the room. It has been already intimated that Jack had an excessive passion for finery; and it might have been added, that the chief part of his ill-gotten gains was devoted to the embellishment of his person. On the present occasion, he appeared to have bestowed more than ordinary attention on his toilette. His apparel was sumptuous in the extreme, and such as was only worn by persons of the highest distinction. It consisted of a full-dress coat of brown flowered velvet, laced with silver; a waistcoat of white satin, likewise richly embroidered; shoes with red heels, and large diamond buckles; pearl-coloured silk stockings with gold clocks; a muslin cravat, or steenkirk, as it was termed, edged with the fine point lace; ruffles of the same material, and so ample as almost to hide the tips of his fingers; and a silver-hilted sword. This costume, though somewhat extravagant, displayed his slight, but perfectly-proportioned figure to the greatest advantage. The only departure which he made from the fashion of the period, was in respect to the peruke—an article he could never be induced to wear. In lieu of it, he still adhered to the sleek black crop, which, throughout life, formed a distinguishing feature in his appearance. Ever since the discovery of his relationship to the Trenchard family, a marked change had taken place in Jack's demeanour and looks, which were so much refined and improved that he could scarcely be recognized as the same person. Having only seen him in the gloom of a dungeon, and loaded with fetters, Kneebone had not noticed this alteration; but he was now greatly struck by it. Advancing towards him, he made him a formal salutation, which was coldly returned.

"I am expected, I find," observed Jack, glancing at the well-covered board.

"You are," replied Kneebone. "When I heard of your escape, I felt sure I should see you."

"You judged rightly," rejoined Jack; "I never yet broke an engagement with friend or foe—and never will."

"A bold resolution," said the woollen-draper. "You must have made some exertion to keep your present appointment. Few men could have done as much."

"Perhaps not," replied Jack, carelessly. "I would have done more, if necessary."

"Well, take a chair," rejoined Kneebone. "I've waited supper, you perceive."

"First, let me introduce my friends," returned Jack, stepping to the door.

"Friends!" echoed Kneebone, with a look of dismay. "My invitation did not extend to them."

Further remonstrance, however, was cut short by the sudden entrance of Mrs. Maggot and Edgeworth Bess. Behind them stalked Blueskin, enveloped in a rough great-coat, called—appropriately enough in this instance,—a wrap-rascal. Folding his arms, he placed his back against the door, and burst into a loud laugh. The ladies were, as usual, very gaily dressed; and as usual, also, had resorted to art to heighten their attractions:—

From patches, justly placed, they borrow'd graces,
And with vermilion lacquer'd o'er their faces.

Edgeworth Bess wore a scarlet tabby negligee,—a sort of undress, or sack, then much in vogue,—which suited her to admiration, and upon her head had what was called a fly-cap, with richly-laced lappets. Mrs. Maggot was equipped in a light blue riding-habit, trimmed with silver, a hunting-cap and a flaxen peruke, and, instead of a whip carried a stout cudgel.

For a moment, Kneebone had hesitated about giving the signal to Shotbolt, but, thinking a more favourable opportunity might occur, he determined not to hazard matters by undue precipitation. Placing chairs, therefore, he invited the ladies to be seated, and, paying a similar attention to Jack, began to help to the various dishes, and otherwise fulfil the duties of a host. While this was going on, Blueskin, seeing no notice whatever taken of him, coughed loudly and repeatedly. But finding his hints totally disregarded, he, at length, swaggered up to the table, and thrust in a chair.

"Excuse me," he said, plunging his fork into a fowl, and transferring it to his plate. "This tongue looks remarkably nice," he added, slicing off an immense wedge, "excuse me—ho! ho!"

"You make yourself at home, I perceive," observed Kneebone, with a look of ineffable disgust.

"I generally do," replied Blueskin, pouring out a bumper of sack. "Your health, Kneebone."

"Allow me to offer you a glass of usquebaugh, my dear," said Kneebone, turning from him, and regarding Edgeworth Bess with a stare so impertinent, that even that not over-delicate young lady summoned up a blush.

"With pleasure, sir," replied Edgeworth Bess. "Dear me!" she added, as she pledged the amorous woollen-draper, "what a beautiful ring that is."

"Do you think so?" replied Kneebone, taking it off, and placing it on her finger, which he took the opportunity of kissing at the same time; "wear it for my sake."

"Oh, dear!" simpered Edgeworth Bess, endeavouring to hide her confusion by looking steadfastly at her plate.

"You don't eat," continued Kneebone, addressing Jack, who had remained for some time thoughtful, and pre-occupied with his head upon his hand.

"The captain has seldom much appetite," replied Blueskin, who, having disposed of the fowl, was commencing a vigorous attack upon the sirloin, "I eat for both."

"So it seems," observed the woollen-draper, "and for every one else, too."

"I say, Kneebone," rejoined Blueskin, as he washed down an immense mouthful with another bumper, "do you recollect how nearly Mr. Wild and I were nabbing you in this very room, some nine years ago?"

"I do," replied Kneebone; "and now," he added, aside, "the case is altered. I'm nearly nabbing you."

"A good deal has occurred since then, eh, captain?" said Blueskin, nudging Jack.

"Much that I would willingly forget. Nothing that I desire to remember," replied Sheppard, sternly.

"On that night,—in this room,—in your presence, Blueskin,—in yours, Mr. Kneebone, Mrs. Wood struck me a blow which made me a robber."

"She has paid dearly for it," muttered Blueskin. "She has," rejoined Sheppard. "But I wish her hand had been as deadly as yours. On that night,—that fatal night,—Winifred crushed all the hopes that were rising in my heart. On that night I surrendered myself to Jonathan Wild, and became—what I am."

"On that night, you first met me, love," said Edgeworth Bess, endeavouring to take his hand, which he coldly withdrew.

"And me," added Mrs. Maggot, tenderly.

"Would I had never seen either of you!" cried Jack, rising and pacing the apartment with a hurried step.

"Well, I'm sure Winifred could never have loved you as well as I do," said Mrs. Maggot.

"You!" cried Jack, scornfully. "Do you compare your love—a love which all may purchase—with hers? No one has ever loved me."

"Except me, dear," insinuated Edgeworth Bess. "I've been always true to you."

"Peace!" retorted Jack, with increased bitterness. "I'm your dupe no longer."

"What the devil's in the wind now, captain?" cried Blueskin, in astonishment.

"I'll tell you," replied Jack, with forced calmness. "within the last few minutes, all my guilty life has passed before me. Nine years ago, I was honest—was happy. Nine years ago, I worked in this very house—had a kind indulgent master, whom I robbed—twice robbed, at your instigation, villain; a mistress, whom you have murdered; a companion, whose friendship I have for ever forfeited; a mother, whose heart I have well-nigh broken. In this room was my ruin begun: in this room it should be ended."

"Come, come, don't take on thus, captain," cried Blueskin, rising and walking towards him. "If any one's to blame, it's me. I'm ready to bear it all."

"Can you make me honest?" cried Jack. "Can you make me other than a condemned felon? Can you make me not Jack Sheppard."

"No," replied Blueskin, "and I wouldn't if I could."

"Curse you!" cried Jack, furiously,—"curse you!—curse you!"

"Swear away, Captain," rejoined Blueskin, coolly. "It'll ease your mind."

"Do you mock me?" cried Jack, levelling a pistol at him.

"Not I," replied Blueskin. "Take my life, if you're so disposed. You're welcome to it. And let's see if either of these women, who prate of their love for you, will do as much."

"This is folly," cried Jack, controlling himself by a powerful effort.

"The worst of folly," replied Blueskin, returning to the table, and taking up a glass; "and, to put an end to it, I shall drink the health of Jack Sheppard, the housebreaker, and success to him in all his enterprises. And now let's see who'll refuse the pledge."

"I will," replied Sheppard, dashing the glass from his hand. "Sit down, fool!"

"Jack," said Kneebone, who had been considerably interested by the foregoing scene, "are these regrets for your past life sincere?"

"Suppose them so," rejoined Jack, "what then?"

"Nothing,—nothing," stammered Kneebone, his prudence getting the better of his sympathy. "I'm glad to hear it, that's all," he added, taking out his snuff-box, his

never-failing resource in such emergencies. "It won't do to betray the officer," he muttered.

"Oh lud! what an exquisite box!" cried Edgeworth Bess. "Is it gold?"

"Pure gold," replied Kneebone. "It was given me by poor dear Mrs. Wood, whose loss I shall ever deplore."

"Pray let me have a pinch," said Edgeworth Bess, with a captivating glance. "I am so excessively fond of snuff."

The woollen-draper replied by gallantly handing her the box, which was snatched from her by Blueskin, who after helping himself to as much of its contents as he could conveniently squeeze between his thumb and finger, put it very coolly into his pocket.

The action did not pass unnoticed by Sheppard.

"Restore it," he cried, in an authoritative voice.

"O'one! captain," cried Blueskin, as he grumblingly obeyed the command, "if you've left off business yourself, you needn't interfere with other people."

"I should like a little of that plum-tart," said Mrs. Maggot, "but I don't see a spoon."

"I'll ring for one," replied Kneebone, rising accordingly; but I fear my servants are gone to bed."

Blueskin, meanwhile, having drained and replenished his glass, commenced chanting a sort of ballad:—

Once on a time, as I've heard tell,
In Wych Street Owen Wood did dwell;
A carpenter he was by trade,
And money, I believe he made.

With his foodle doo!

This carpenter he had a wife,
The plague and torment of his life,
Who though she did her husband scold,
Loved well a woollen-draper bold.

With her foodle doo!

"I've a toast to propose," cried Sheppard, filling a bumper. "You won't refuse it, Mr. Kneebone?"

"He'd better not," muttered Blueskin.

"What is it?" demanded the woollen draper, as he returned to the table, and took up a glass.

"The speedy union of Thames Darrell with Winifred Wood," replied Jack.

Kneebone's cheeks glowed with rage, and he set down the wine untasted, while Blueskin resumed his song.

Now Owen Wood had one fair child,
Unlike her mother, meek and mild;
Her love the draper strove to gain,
But she repaid him with disdain.

With his foodle doo.

"Peace!" cried Jack.

But Blueskin was not to be silenced. He continued his ditty, in spite of the angry glances of his leader.

In vain he fondly urged his suit,
And, all in vain, the question put;
She answered, "Mr. William Kneebone,
Of me, sir, you shall never be bone."

With your foodle doo!

Thames Darrell has my heart alone,
A noble youth, e'en you must own;
And, if from him my love could stir,
Jack Sheppard I should much prefer!"

With his foodle doo!

"Do you refuse my toast?" cried Jack, impatiently.

"I do," replied Kneebone.

"Drink this, then," roared Blueskin. And pouring the contents of a small powder-flask into a bumper of brandy, he tendered him the mixture.

At this juncture, the door was opened by Rachel.

"What did you ring for, sir?" she asked, eyeing the group with astonishment.

"Your master wants a few table spoons, child," said Mrs. Maggot.

"Leave the room," interposed Kneebone, angrily.

"No, I shan't," replied Rachel, saucily. "I came to see Jack Sheppard, and I won't go till you point him out to me. You told me he was going back to Newgate after supper, so I mayn't have another opportunity."

"Oh! he told you that, did he?" said Blueskin, marching up to her, and chucking her under the chin. "I'll show you Captain Sheppard, my dear. There he stands. I'm his lieutenant,—Lieutenant Blueskin. We're two good-looking fellows, aint we?"

"Very good-looking," replied Rachel. "But where's the strange gentleman I saw under the table?"

"Under the table!" echoed Blueskin, winking at Jack. "When did you see him, my love?"

"A short time ago," replied the housekeeper, unsuspiciously.

"The plot's out!" cried Jack. And, without another word, he seized the table with both hands, and upset it; scattering plates, dishes, bottles, jugs, and glasses far and wide. The crash was tremendous. The lights rolled over, and were extinguished. And, if Rachel had not carried a candle, the room would have been plunged in total darkness. Amid the confusion, Shotbolt sprang to his feet, and levelling a pistol at Jack's head, commanded him to surrender; but, before any reply could be made, the gaoler's arm was struck up by Blueskin, who, throwing himself upon him, dragged him to the ground. In the struggle the pistol went off, but without damage to either party. The conflict was of short duration; for Shotbolt was no match for his athletic antagonist. He was speedily disarmed; and the rope and gag being found upon him, were exultingly turned against him by the conqueror, who, after pinioning his arms tightly behind his back, forced open his mouth with the iron, and effectually prevented the utterance of any further outcries. While the strife was raging, Edgeworth Bess walked up to Rachel, and advised her, if she valued her life, not to scream or stir from the spot; a caution which the housekeeper, whose curiosity far outweighed her fears, received in very good part.

In the interim, Jack advanced to the woollen-drafter, and regarding him sternly, thus addressed him:

"You have violated the laws of hospitality, Mr. Kneebone. I came hither as your guest. You have betrayed me."

"What faith is to be kept with a felon?" replied the woollen-drafter, disdainfully.

"He who breaks faith with his benefactor may well justify himself thus," answered Jack. "I have not trusted you. Others who have done, have found you false."

"I don't understand you," replied Kneebone, in some confusion.

"You soon shall," rejoined Sheppard. "Where are the packets committed to your charge by Sir Rowland Trenchard?"

"The packets!" exclaimed Kneebone, in alarm.

"It is useless to deny it," replied Jack. "You were watched to-night by Blueskin. You met Sir Rowland at the house of a Romish priest, Father

Spencer. Two packets were committed to your charge, which you undertook to deliver,—one to another priest, Sir Rowland's chaplain, at Manchester,—the other to Mr. Wood. Produce them!"

"Never!" replied Kneebone.

"Then, by heaven! you are a dead man!" replied Jack, cocking a pistol, and pointing it deliberately at his head. "I give you one minute for reflection. After that time, nothing shall save you."

There was a brief, breathless pause. Even Blueskin looked on with anxiety.

"It is past," said Jack, placing his finger on the trigger.

"Hold!" cried Kneebone, flinging down the packets; "they are nothing to me."

"But they are everything to me," cried Jack, stooping to pick them up. "These packets will establish Thames Darrell's birth, win him his inheritance, and procure him the hand of Winifred Wood."

"Don't be too sure of that," rejoined Kneebone, snatching up the staff, and aiming a blow at his head, which was fortunately warded off by Mrs. Maggot, who promptly interposed her cudgel.

"Defend yourself!" cried Jack, drawing his sword.

"Leave his punishment to me, Jack," said Mrs. Maggot. "I've the Bridewell account to settle."

"Be it so," replied Jack, putting up his blade. "I've a good deal to do. Show him no quarter, Poll. He deserves none."

"And shall find none," replied the Amazon. "Now, Mr. Kneebone," she added, drawing up her magnificent figure to its full height, and making the heavy cudgel whistle through the air, "look to yourself."

"Stand off, Poll," rejoined the woollen-drafter, "I don't want to hurt you. It shall never be said that I raised my arm willingly against a woman."

"I'll forgive you all the harm you do me," rejoined the Amazon. "What! you still hesitate! Will that rouse you, coward?" And she gave him a smart rap on the head.

"Coward!" cried Kneebone. "Neither man nor woman shall apply that term to me. If you forget your sex, jade, I must forget mine."

With this he attacked her vigorously in his turn.

It was a curious sight to see how this extraordinary woman, who, it has been said, was not less remarkable for the extreme delicacy of her features and the faultless symmetry of her figure, than for her wonderful strength and agility, conducted herself in the present encounter; with what dexterity she parried every blow aimed against her by her adversary, whose head and face, already marked by various ruddy streams, showed how successfully her own hits had been made;—how she drew him hither and thither, now leading him on, now driving him suddenly back; harassing and exhausting him in every possible way, and making it apparent that she could at any moment put an end to the fight, and only delayed the finishing stroke to make his punishment the more severe.

Jack, meanwhile, with Blueskin's assistance, had set the table once more upon its legs, and placing writing materials, which he took from a shelf, upon it, made Shotbolt who was still gagged, but whose arms were for the moment unbound, sit down before them.

"Write as I dictate," he cried, placing a pen in the gaoler's hand and a pistol to his ear.

Shotbolt nodded in token of acquiescence, and emitted an odd guttural sound.

"Write as follows," continued Jack. "I have succeeded in capturing Jack Sheppard. The reward is mine. Get all ready for his reception. In a few minutes after the delivery of this note he will be in Newgate. Sign it," he added, as, after some further threats, the letter was indited according to his dictation, "and direct it to Mr. Austin. That's well. And, now, to find a messenger."

"Mr. Kneebone's man is in the shop," said Rachel; "he'll take it."

"Can I trust him?" mused Jack. "Yes; he'll suspect nothing. Give him this letter, child, and bid him take it to the Lodge at Newgate without loss of time. Blueskin will go with you,—for fear of a mistake."

"You might trust me," said Rachel, in an offended tone; "but never mind."

And she left the room with Blueskin, who very politely offered her his arm.

Meanwhile, the combat between Kneebone and Mrs. Maggot had been brought to a termination. When the woollen-drazer was nearly worn out, the Amazon watched her opportunity, and hitting him on the arm, disabled it.

"That's for Mrs. Wood," she cried, as the staff fell from his grasp.

"I'm at your mercy, Poll," rejoined Kneebone, abjectly.

"That's for Winifred," vociferated the Amazon, bringing the cudgel heavily upon his shoulder.

"Damnation!" cried Kneebone.

"That's for myself," rejoined Mrs. Maggot, dealing him a blow, which stretched him senseless on the floor.

"Bravo, Poll!" cried Jack, who having again pinioned Shotbolt, was now tracing a few hasty lines on a sheet of paper. "You've given him a broken head, I perceive."

"He'll scarcely need a plaster," replied Mrs. Maggot, laughing. "Here, Bess, give me the cord, and I'll tie him to this chest of drawers. I don't think he'll come to himself too soon. But it's best to be on the safe side."

"Decidedly so," replied Edgeworth Bess; "and I'll take this opportunity, while Jack's back is turned,—for he's grown so strangely particular,—of easing him of his snuff-box. Perhaps," she added, in a whisper, as she appropriated the before-named article, "he has a pocket-book."

"Hush!" replied Mrs. Maggot; "Jack will hear you. We'll come back for that by and by, and the dressing-gown."

At this moment, Rachel and Blueskin returned. Their momentary absence seemed to have worked wonders: for now the most perfect understanding appeared to subsist between them.

"Have you sent off the note?" inquired Jack.

"We have, captain," replied Blueskin. "I say we, because Miss Rachel and I have struck up a match. Shall I bring off anything?" he added looking eagerly round.

"No," replied Jack, peremptorily.

Having now sealed his letter, Sheppard took a handkerchief, and tying it over Shotbolt's face, so as completely to conceal the features, clapped his hat upon his head, and pushed it over his brows. He next seized the unlucky gaoler, and forced him along,

while Blueskin expedited his movements by administering a few kicks behind.

When they got to the door Jack opened it, and, mimicking the voice of the gaoler, shouted, "Now, my lads, all's ready."

"Here we are," cried the chairmen, hurrying out of the court with their swinging vehicle, "where is he?"

"Here," replied Sheppard, dragging out Shotbolt by the collar, while Blueskin pushed him behind, and Mrs. Maggot held up a lantern, which she found in the shop. "In with him!"

"Ay—ay, yer hon'r," cried the foremost chairman, lending a helping hand. "Get in wid ye, ye villin!"

And, despite his resistance, Shotbolt was thrust into the chair, which was instantly fastened upon him.

"There, he's as safe as Jack Sheppard in the Condemned Hould," laughed the man.

"Off with you to Newgate!" cried Jack, "and don't let him out till you get inside the Lodge. There's a letter for the head turnkey, Mr. Ireton. D'ye hear?"

"Yes, yer hon'r," replied the chairman, taking the note.

"What are you waiting for?" asked Jack, impatiently.

"The gen'l'man as hired us," replied the chairman.

"Oh! he'll be after you directly. He's settling an account in the house. Lose no time. The letter will explain all."

The chair was then rapidly put in motion, and speedily disappeared.

"What's to be done next?" cried Blueskin, returning to Rachel, who was standing with Edgeworth Bess near the door.

"I shall go back and finish my supper," said Mrs. Maggot.

"And so shall I," replied Edgeworth Bess.

"Stop a minute," cried Jack, detaining his mistresses. "Here we part,—perhaps for ever. I've already told you I'm about to take a long journey, and it's more than probable I shall never return."

"Don't say so," cried Mrs. Maggot. "I should be perfectly miserable if I thought you in earnest."

"The very idea is dreadful," whimpered Edgeworth Bess.

"Farewell!" cried Jack, embracing them. "Take this key to Baptist Kettleby. On seeing it, he'll deliver you a box, which it will unlock, and in which you'll find a matter of fifty guineas and a few trinkets. Divide the money between you, and wear the ornaments for my sake. But if you've a spark of love for me, don't meddle with anything in that house."

"Not for worlds," exclaimed both ladies together.

"Farewell!" cried Jack, breaking from them, and rushing down the street.

"What shall we do, Poll?" hesitated Edgeworth Bess.

"Go in, to be sure, simpleton," replied Mrs. Maggot, "and bring off all we can. I know where everything valuable is kept. Since Jack has left us, what does it matter whether he's pleased or not?"

At this moment, a whistle was heard.

"Coming!" cried Blueskin, who was still lingering with Rachel. "The captain's in such a desperate hurry, that there's no time for love-making. Adieu! my charmer. You'll find those young ladies extremely agreeable acquaintances. Adieu!"

And snatching a hasty kiss, he darted after Jack.

The chair, meanwhile, with its unhappy load, was transported at a brisk pace to Newgate. Arrived there, the porters thundered at the massive door of the Lodge, which was instantly opened—Shotbolt's note having been received just before. All the turnkeys were assembled. Ireton and Langley had returned from a second unsuccessful search; Marvel had come thither to bid good-night to Mrs. Spurling; Austin had never quitted his post. The tapstress was full of curiosity; but she appeared more easy than the others. Behind her stood Caliban, chuckling to himself, and grinning from ear to ear.

"Well, who'd have thought of Shotbolt beating us all in this way!" said Ireton. "I'm sorry for old Newgate that another gaol should have it. It's infernally provoking."

"Infernally provoking!" echoed Langley.

"Nobody has so much cause for complaint as me," growled Austin. "I've lost my wager."

"Twenty pounds," rejoined Mrs. Spurling. "I witnessed the bet."

"Here he is!" cried Ireton, as the knocking was heard without. "Get ready the irons, Caliban."

"Wait a bit, massa," replied the grinning negro,—"lilly bit—see all right fust."

By this time, the chair had been brought into the Lodge.

"You've got him?" demanded Ireton.

"Safe inside," replied the chairman, wiping the heat from his brow: "we've run all the way."

"Where's Mr. Shotbolt?" asked Austin.

"The gen'l'man'll be here directly. He was detained. T'other gen'l'man said the letter'ud explain all."

"Detained!" echoed Marvel. "That's odd. But, let's see the prisoner."

The chair was then opened.

"Shotbolt! by—" cried Austin, as the captive was dragged forth. "I've won, after all."

Exclamations of wonder burst from all. Mrs. Spurling bit her lips to conceal her mirth. Caliban absolutely crowed with delight.

"Hear the letter, said Ireton, breaking the seal.

"*'This is the way in which I will serve all who attempt to apprehend me.'* It is signed JACK SHEPPARD."

"And, so Jack Sheppard has sent back Shotbolt in this pickle," said Langley.

"So it appears," replied Marvel. Untie his arms, and take off that handkerchief. The poor fellow 's half smothered."

"I guess what share you've had in this," whispered Austin to Mrs. Spurling.

"Never mind," replied the tapstress. "You've won your wager."

Half an hour after this occurrence, when it had been sufficiently laughed at and discussed; when the wager had been settled, and the chairman dismissed with the remaining three guineas, which Shotbolt was compelled to pay; Ireton arose, and signified his intention of stepping across the street to inform Mr. Wild of the circumstance.

"As it's getting late, and the porter may be gone to bed," he observed; "I'll take the pass' key, and let myself in. Mr. Wild is sure to be up. He never retires to rest till daybreak—if at all. Come with me Langley, and bring the lantern."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

CAPTAIN JACK.

In the year 1823 I was employed as overseer on a sugar plantation on the east coast of the river Demerary in South America. Early in that year an insurrection broke out amongst the negroes, and the white servants on the estates were assembled at Stabroek, the capital of the colony, embodied into a corps of riflemen, and brigaded in different parts of the country with the regular troops.

It so happened that I was stationed with a party of the—th regiment, commanded by Colonel—, close to the property on which I had for several years resided. I was thereby enabled to be of considerable use to the military authorities on several occasions, from my intimate knowledge of the localities of the neighbourhood and of the character of the people by whom we were surrounded.

The communications between the plantations on the coast and the town of Stabroek, is kept up by means of small schooners, which carry thither weekly the produce ready for shipping on board the merchantmen in the river, and return laden with coals, provisions, and other necessary supplies. These droghers, as they are called, are manned and commanded by negroes; to be a boat-captain is a situation of great trust and emolument, which is always filled by the best man on each estate. These boat-captains contrive to pick up a good deal of money by carrying letters and passengers, the profits arising from which is their perquisite.

Whenever I had occasion to go to town, I generally gave the preference to a schooner belonging to Plantation Eugenia: she was the fastest boat on the coast, and her commander, Captain Jack, was a smart, active, well-behaved fellow, whose popularity with white and black stood him in good stead; for, whenever it was known that the Eugenia schooner was to sail, the other droghers had but small chance of passengers.

On one unlucky evening, soon after the insurrection broke out, Captain Jack returned from Stabroek, with his boat full of strange negroes, who were cordially welcomed in the negro yard of the Eugenia. That very night the dwelling-house of Mr. Forester, the proprietor of the estate, was attacked, and burnt to the ground, and he himself only escaped at the time to die shortly afterwards of a fever brought on by the hardships he had been forced to undergo in concealing himself from his quick-sighted enemies. For two days he lay without food or shelter in the cane pieces, exposed to the scorching sun and heavy dews of a tropical climate, and at night waded along the sea-shore, up to his neck in mud and water, until he reached the house of a friend near town, where he expired in a few days. Colonel—wished to send notice of this outrage to the officer commanding at Stabroek; and, as Captain Jack's character was above suspicion, he selected him to convey the express to town, and sent a sergeant on horseback to direct him to prepare to weigh immediately.

The man rode to the Eugenia, and went on board the schooner, which was lying high and dry on the sand. There was nobody in charge of her; her sails and rigging were cut to pieces, her rudder burnt, her anchor and chain gone. Captain Jack was nowhere to be found. The sergeant returned to Mahaica post, and made his report. Colonel—sent for me. He told me that he was aware I was well acquainted

with Jack; and that he was informed a sort of friendship existed between us,—if, indeed, in those days, a friendship could be said to exist between a negro and white man; that I knew his haunts and connexions; and that, if anybody could find him, I could. He said that he was now convinced that Jack was implicated in the crime committed on Plantation Eugenia, and that he would give me fifty joes to secure him, dead or alive, before night.

At this period the very existence of the colony was in a most critical position; the numerical odds against the whites was as a hundred to one; the negroes equalled us in courage, and surpassed us in animal strength and endurance; on the other hand, we were better armed, and possessed that confidence in each other, so essential in the hour of danger. We had also in the colony the regiment which Colonel —— commanded, and a small detachment of artillery.

From circumstances which had occurred during my residence on the east coast, I had acquired such a regard for my friend Jack, that I declare I would sooner have been instrumental in arresting any white man in the colony, with the conviction which I had in this case, that his death would be the inevitable consequence of his apprehension. Still this was no time for a man to swerve from his duty, however painful it might be; horrible atrocities had been committed by the insurgent negroes, and signal must be the punishment inflicted on the perpetrators, whenever they could be discovered. I therefore shouldered my rifle, and sallied forth, determined to do my best to apprehend Jack; not without a hope, however, that his well-known sagacity and activity might render my exertions fruitless.

I had hardly walked half a mile, when, at an angle in the road, I came full on the very man of whom I had been sent in quest. I at once sprang forward, and seized him by the throat. His astonishment at this unfriendly greeting from me was so great, that he made no resistance whatever. My uniform showed that I was on duty, and his conscience probably apprized him of the cause of this hostile proceeding on my part.

"Colonel —— has sent for you, Jack," said I. "I trust you will be able to account for the state in which your boat was found, when he wished you to take his despatches to town."

Jack made no reply, but shook his head mournfully. I motioned to him to walk on before me towards the military post. He did so. Presently he stopped, and turned round. Seeing that I unslung and cocked my rifle, he said,

"Massa Edward, suppose Jack run away, you no shoot him!"

"That I most certainly will, Jack. I have been ordered to convey you dead or alive to Mahaica, and dead or alive you shall go thither. I am sorry for you, from the bottom of my heart, for I am sure you have been unwillingly compelled to join in the destruction of Mr. Forester's property."

We soon reached the post, where I delivered over my prisoner to the guard. He was instantly taken before Colonel —— and several other officers, and I lingered in the guard-room, ostensibly for the purpose of reposing myself, but really to see how my poor friend Jack would fare. After some time had elapsed, I grew tired of waiting, and shouldering my rifle, was walking out of the gate, when Colonel —— advanced to the front of the gallery before the officers' apartments, and exclaimed in an angry tone,

"Where the hell are you going to, sir? How dare you leave your prisoner without orders?"

"I thought, colonel, that my duty had been ended when I delivered my prisoner to the guard."

"Did you, by G—d, sir? Remain where you are, and I'll soon convince you of the contrary."

He then returned into the house for a moment, and reappeared followed by the other officers, and by Jack, who walked slowly down the steps towards me, while the colonel and his friends remained leaning over the front of the gallery.

"Now, Sergeant," continued Colonel ——, "place your prisoner on his knees, with his face towards you."

Jack knelt down—not a muscle of his countenance quivered—he was entirely naked, and was a remarkably muscular and well-made man. He looked like a fine bronze statue. Both he and I knew perfectly well that his life was forfeited, and that he was about to die; but neither of us was prepared for what followed.

"Fall back ten paces," roared Colonel ——.

I obeyed.

"Now shoot your prisoner through the heart."

I was horror-stricken. Well aware that poor Jack's hours were numbered, I had never contemplated the possibility of being compelled myself to become his executioner in cold blood. I knew, moreover, that Colonel —— had no right to make me carry the sentence of the drum-head court-martial into effect. I was a civilian, a volunteer, and a non-commissioned officer; and, from the various services which my local knowledge had enabled me to render him, I had no reason to expect such brutal treatment at his hands.

As soon as I could recover from my astonishment and horror, I advanced towards the gallery in order to remonstrate with the colonel. He turned away from me, and called to the officer of the guard to send two men forward. The men stepped out, and at his command cocked their pieces, and levelled them at me. Colonel —— then said to them,

"I am going to give my orders to that d—d mutineer. If he does not obey them instantly, shoot him. Now, Sergeant, make ready—present—fire!"

Jack sprang to his feet, and fell dead on his face. My bullet had pierced his brain.

Colonel —— tossed the purse containing the reward offered for Jack's apprehension on the ground, close by his dead body, and walked coolly into the house, observing, that until the Volunteers and Bucks formed some idea of military discipline from experience, they would give more trouble than assistance to the regulars.

He lived to see the day when he gladly would have exchanged his whole regiment for a score of our good rifles; yet he lived not long,—for three days after the tragedy which I have here related, he attempted, against the advice of the colonists, to pursue a body of negroes into the bush, with the whole force at Mahaica, unaccompanied either by volunteers or Indians. His men, encumbered by their heavy clothing and accoutrements, exhausted by the heat, and bewildered by the tremendous torrents of rain which flooded the savannahs, fell an easy prey to their naked enemies. Not more than a dozen escaped to tell the tale of their defeat. Colonel K—— received a musket-shot which broke his thigh. He fell alive into the hands of his enemies. They had been Captain Jack's comrades and friends, and horribly they avenged his death.

From the Retrospective Review.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S ARCADIA.

The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia. A pastoral Romance. By Sir Philip Sidney. The eighth edition. London, 1639; folio; pp. 482.

THE name of Sir Philip Sidney is associated with many pleasing and delightful recollections. We remember him as one of the greatest ornaments of the most glorious reign in our annals—as one of the chief favourites of that great Queen whom we are taught from childhood to regard with respect and admiration. We remember him as the darling son of chivalry—as the inheritor of the noble and knightly qualities of Sir Lancelot and Sir Tristram, of their courage without their ferocity, of their generosity without its concomitant rudeness—as the chain or connecting link which was interposed between the chivalric pageantry which had gone before, and the scarcely settled refinement which succeeded—as the compound of all that was high-spirited and romantic, of all that was gallant and brave. We remember him as one who communicated to the court of Elizabeth that tincture of romance, which gives it to our view, when seen through the dusky distances of antiquity, a mellow and chastened richness, not unlike the variegated and brilliant colouring with which the rays of the departing sun are embued by the painted windows through which they penetrate, as they
“illumine with mellow light the brown-brow'd aisle.”

We remember him as the patron and friend of our English Ariosto, the author of that enchanting production, *The Faery Queen*, which we are sorry to see it is now the fashion to underrate and neglect. And lastly, we remember him as the contemporary of Shakespeare, and as one of the kindred spirits of that enchanted circle, of which Shakespeare was the master magician and wizard supreme.

Few characters, indeed, appear so well fitted to excite enthusiastic admiration as that of Sir Philip Sidney. Uniting all the accomplishments which youthful ardour and universality of talent could acquire or bestow—delighting nations with the varied witchery of his powers, and courts with the fascination of his address—leaving the learned astonished with his proficiency, and the ladies enraptured with his grace, and communicating, wherever he went, the love and spirit of gladness—he was, and well deserved to be, the idol of the age he lived in. He appeared to be a good in which all nations considered themselves to be interested—not the partial and sole property and product of one people, but an universal benefaction, given and intended for all, and in the glory and honour of which all had a right to be partakers. His death, therefore, was lamented by every court he had visited; and, to do honour to his memory, kings clad themselves in the habiliments of grief, and universities poured forth their tribute of academical sorrow. So rare an union of attractions, so unaccustomed a concentration of excellence, such a compound of military renown with literary distinction, and courtly refinement with noble frankness, gave him a passport to every heart, and secured him, at once, universal sympathy and esteem. He was, indeed, if ever there was one, a gentleman, finished and complete, in whom mildness was associated with courage, eru-

dition mollified by refinement, and courtliness dignified by truth. He is a specimen of what the English character was capable of producing, when foreign admixtures had not destroyed its simplicity, or politeness debased its honour. The very stiffness it then possessed had a noble original; it was the natural consequence of that state of society, when the degrees of order and subordination were universally observed and understood, when the social relations were not broken down by the encroaching power of innovation, and when each was as ready to pay as to exact his tribute of observance and respect. No lax discipline in morals had then interwoven itself with the manners of the great, nor was the court, as in the reign of Charles the Second, converted into a painted sepulchre, where the spirit, the gaiety, and the gilding without, could ill disguise the darkness and rottenness within; it was not, as in that court, a great national reservoir of iniquity, where all the degrees of order, and all the barriers of principle, were levelled and overthrown. The most accomplished members of the court of Queen Elizabeth were not less distinguished for the strictness of their moral principles, than for their polish and address as courtiers. Of such a stamp was Sir Philip Sidney, and, such as he was, every Englishman has reason to be proud of him. He exalted his country in the eyes of other nations, and the country he honoured will not be ungrateful. England will ever place him amongst the noblest of her sons, and the light of chivalry, which was his guide and beacon, will ever lend its radiance to illuminate his tomb-stone, and consecrate his memory.

The productions of such a man, were they even inferior to the expectation his renown had excited, deserve surely a better reception than the rigid severity of criticism. He, whose whole end in writing was to make his readers wiser and better men, surely has a right to other treatment from that world on which his comet-like radiance was thrown. If there was nothing else to excite our lenity, yet should his untimely fate dispose us to regard, with favour, productions which can hardly be called other than juvenile, and certainly not the fruits of midtrity. There is something very touching in the premature departure of promising excellence—in the cutting short of the bright course of talent, before it has reached its goal and consummation—in the striking, with the lightning of heaven, the uprising shoot of genius, while yet it has only produced the blossoms of paradise, blighted and destroyed before they are ripened into fruit. There is something very melancholy in the thoughts, how many bright ideas and noble creations, how many glowing images and emanations of fancy, have been lost for ever to the world, by the early death of those to whom a longer life would have brought everlasting renown. When we consider what they might have been, had a longer duration been allowed them, to what a blaze of splendour that flame, whose increase we were observing, might at length have shot out, had it not been for ever extinguished by death, it is impossible not to feel affection and commiseration for victims so soon led to the slaughter. Such was the fate of Sir Philip Sydney; and the pity which it excites should surely prevent us from treating his works, as they have been treated, with sneering insolence and cold-blooded vituperation.—Let us remember that he died at the age of thirty-two; and, if the lives of Milton and Dryden had not been prolonged beyond that period, where would have been their renown, or where the poetical renown of their country?

But the works of Sir Philip Sidney stand in no need of indulgence from considerations of compassion. With a mind, glowing with images of heroism, and filled with the brightest creations and the fairest visions of human and more than human excellence; with a heart which embraced, in its wide circuit of benevolence, the universal good of his species; with an intellect, whose comprehensiveness of observation seemed to claim all arts and sciences, as within the compass of its power and the precincts of its dominion; with a fancy which, delicately beautiful and peopled sweet, overspread the emanations of his genius with an envelope not less delightfully tinted than the covering of the yet unopened rose-bud, and which breathed over all his productions an exquisite finish and relief; he possessed all the essential qualities, from whose operation the everlasting monuments of the mind are fabricated. Unfortunately for the world, the variety of his power and the diversity of his employments prevented him from bestowing on literature the whole energy of his mind, and thus such of his compositions as remain were rather the sports of his leisure, than the full-wrought and elaborate performances of his study. He has, however, left enough to the world, to demonstrate that the name of Sir Philip Sidney has an indisputable right to a place amongst those of our countrymen, who have been most distinguished for virtue or memorable for genius; and that, amongst the contemporaries of Shakespeare, no one has so closely approached his peculiar excellencies, or so nearly resembled him in some of his superlative endowments, as the author of the *Arcadia*. Without launching out into an hyperbolical exuberance of praise, we may safely affirm, that in the art of attracting interest and exciting compassion, in the art of ruling over and awaking the best sympathies of our nature, and of chaining the feelings of his readers to the fate and the fortunes of the personifications of his fancy—in the power of clothing and adorning every subject he treated upon, with the fairest flowers and sweetest graces of poetry, and of giving the charm of his inimitable diction to descriptions fresh from nature, and sentiments marked with the dignified and noble character of his mind—in the power of delighting and enchanting his readers, as with some strange and unearthly melody, which, once heard, is never forgotten, ~~and~~ whose remembered notes still continue to entrance the senses as long as their perceptions are alive—he is inferior to no writer in his own age, or in any which has gone before or succeeded it. His great defect was the want of judgement, which led him sometimes to adopt the forced conceits and quaintness of his contemporaries, and often induced him to desert, in the imitation of others, his own never-failing and unequalled fountain of invention and thought. From this defect, his poetry is perhaps the least valuable part of his works, and is often little more than a jingle of words, or a collection of strange and ill-assorted ideas—where the magnificent and the ridiculous, the ingenious and the mean, are mingled in one mass of incongruity together. He was not, indeed, qualified to shine in the cold and languid tameness of amatory poetry—his power lay in the representation of all that is most lovely in nature, or the resulting harmony of her productions; in the delineations of those of his species, whose high aspirations seem to point out a loftier and less terrene original, and whose pure flame of affection appears rather to have been kindled at the sacrifice or the altar, than at the grosser fires of love. In short, his forte lay in the description of beings, like himself, romantically generous and enthusiastically constant; of whom he gives us pictures, which must always please as long as high-mindedness is attractive,—pictures, gratifying because they are exalted, and interesting because they are true.

But to proceed from his person to his works.—His *Defence of Poesy*, which may, at some future time, form a subject for our Review,* has received an universal tribute of admiration, and would be sufficient of itself, were there no other fruits of his genius extant, to give him a very high place amongst the authors of our country. It is, perhaps, the most beautifully written prose composition of the Elizabethan age, impregnated with the very soul and spirit of poetry, and abounding with the richest adornments of fancy. It is, in truth, *merum sal*, "the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge," a production the most felicitous of its kind that ever came "from Nature's mintage stamp in extacy." There is nothing equal to it in the whole circle of critical exposition, nothing which is at once so judicious, yet so poetical; so inimitable, yet so easy. What has been said of the criticisms of Longinus may, with much more justice, be applied to this composition, that it is itself a living exemplification of the highest excellence of the art it treats of. To those who can read it without feelings of delight and admiration, we can only apply the malediction against the contemners of poesy, with which Sir Philip Sidney concludes it.

His *Arcadia*, the present subject of our remarks, if not so uniformly pleasing and satisfactory, is, after all, the great foundation on which his fame must rest, and to which his right to a place amongst the great masters of the human mind must depend for its allowance. Like all other works of genius, it is irregularly and unequally written, diversified by occasional risings and falls, ascents to grandeur and sinkings to littleness; yet, from beginning to end, there is perceptible an air of gentle pensiveness, and of melancholy yet not gloomy moralization, which diffuses over all his work a seductive charm, and is always fascinating, from the train of mind which it brings along with it.—The *Arcadia* is a mixture of what has been called the heroic and the pastoral romance: it is interspersed with interludes and episodes, which, it must be acknowledged, rather encumber than aid the effect of the work itself: the main story is worked out with much skill; though interwoven, it is lucid and perspicuous; and, though intricate, it is far from being perplexed. From a chasm which occurs in the third book, the progress of the story is not perfectly deduced to the end: this defect has been supplied by two different continuators; it, probably, arose from the difficulty the author experienced of filling up the vacancy to his satisfaction. This romance was written only for the amusement of his sister, Mary, the Countess of Pembroke, and never intended by the author for the public view: it is even said, that one of his last requests, on his death-bed, was, that it should never be published. Be this as it may, no one who has read the work will be inclined to treat with severity the violators of his injunction: and those who can praise the preservers of the *Æneid* may readily excuse the non-compliance with Sir Philip Sidney's demand. Were the fastidious nicety and scrupulous exactness of authors, in this respect, to be allowed, the richest treasures of the mind would, like the ring of the tyrant, be prodigally and lavishly cast away, and

* In the Museum, vol. 32, p. 243.

more would be lost in the pursuit of perfection, than perfection itself could compensate for.

We will now give a short outline of the story, without regarding the various incidental episodes which connect themselves with it.

Musidorus and Pyrocles, the two heroes of the romance, united together in a strict league of friendship, set forth in quest of adventures, and after signalizing their valour in several courageous exploits, and killing the customary quantum of giants and monsters, set sail with a fleet to join Enarchus, King of Macedon, the uncle of Musidorus and father of Pyrocles, then waging war at Byzantium; who, having relinquished the care of the two princes to his sister, the wife of Doriaus, Prince of Thessaly, was become impatient to behold them who had been so long estranged from him, and of whose actions and promise the voice of Fame had spoken so loudly. Delayed by many accidents, and after encountering many perils, they are at last obliged, by a fire breaking out in the ship in which they are sailing, to commit themselves to the mercy of the waves, by which they are separated, and Musidorus is carried to the shore of Laconia in an insensible condition. Here he is seen by two shepherds, who use all their endeavours to restore animation and bring him to life again, in which, at length they succeed. His first inquiry and consideration, when recovered, is after his friend Pyrocles; and though with little hopes of rescuing him from the watery grave, from which himself had so narrowly escaped, Musidorus immediately procures a boat, and ventures forth again upon the sea. He has not proceeded far before he meets with the wreck of the almost consumed ship, and

"upon the mast they saw a young man [at least if he were a man] bearing shew of about eightene yeares of age, who satte (as on horsebacke) having nothing upon him but his shirt, which, being wrought with blue silke and gold, had a kind of resemblance to the sea: on which the sun (then near his western home) did shoot some of his beams. His hair (which the young men of Greece used to wear very long) was stirred up and down with the wind, which seemed to have a sport to play with it, as the sea had to kisse his feet; himselfe, full of admirable beauty, set forth by the strangenesse both of his seat and gesture: for holding his head up full of unmoved majestie, he held a sword aloft with his faire arme, which often he waved about his crowne, as though he would threaten the world in that extremity."—p. 4.

This, as our readers will conceive, is the object of his search, his friend Pyrocles, who greets Musidorus with all the transports of affection and joy. Before, however, they have approached sufficiently near to Pyrocles, to give him any assistance, the vessel of a pirate appears in sight, and the master of the boat, fearing an engagement, immediately sets sail back again to shore, notwithstanding all the entreaties and adjurations of Musidorus, who is thus obliged to return disconsolate, without accomplishing the rescue of his friend. On his arrival to the shore, the shepherds offer to conduct him to the house of Kalandar, a wealthy and hospitable inhabitant of Arcadia; and Musidorus, sorrowful and heavy hearted in his apprehensions for the fate of Pyrocles,

puts himself under their guidance, reckless and not caring whither they may carry him. As they enter into Arcadia, its beautiful appearance strikes the eyes of Musidorus.

"There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees: humble vallies, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers: meadowes, enamelled with all sorts of eie-pleasing flowers: thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade were witnessed so too, by the cheerfull disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dammes comfort: here a shepherd's boy piping, as though hee should never be old; there a young shepheardesse knitting, and withall singing, and it seemed that her voyce comforted her hands to worke, and her hands kept time to her voice-musick." p. 6.

Upon their arrival at the house of Kalandar, he receives Musidorus with great hospitality and kindness, and endeavours to remove the melancholy which he perceives in his guest by every exertion in his power. His own peace of mind is shortly afterwards disturbed, by the intelligence that Clitiphon, his son, has been taken prisoner by the Helots, a people conquered by the Lacedemonians, but who had rebelled from them, and who, exasperated with Clitiphon for joining the forces against them, were daily expected to put him to a cruel death. Musidorus, being made acquainted with this circumstance, compassionating the deep distress and affection of his benevolent host, and in order to repay the good offices he had received, takes the command of a force raised for the rescue of Clitiphon, and surprises the Helots, unprepared for his coming, by a sudden attack. They, however, desperate and determined, make a resolute resistance, encouraged by the example of their captain, who performs prodigies of valour. Between him and Musidorus ensues a combat,

"which was so much inferiour to the battaille in noise and number, as it was surpassing it in bravery of fighting, and as it were delightful terribleness. Their courage was guided with skill, and their skill was armed with courage; neither did their hardnesse darken their wit, nor their wit coole their hardnesse; both valiant, as men despising death; both confident, as unwonted to be overcome: yet doubtfull by their present feeling, and respectfull by what they had already seene. Their feet stedy, their hands diligent, their eyes watchfull, and their hearts resolute. The parts either not armed, or weakly armed, were well known, and according to the knowledge should have beene sharply visited, but that the answer was as quicke as the objection. Yet some lighting, the smart bred rage, and the rage bred smart again: till both sides beginne to waxe faint, and rather desirous to die accompanied, than hopeful to live victorious; the captaine of the Helots with a blow, whose violence grew of furie, not of strength, or of strength proceeding of furie, strake Palladius upon the side of the head, that he reeled astonied: and withall the helmet fell off, he remaining bare-headed, but other of the Arcadians were ready to shield him from any harme might rise of that nakednesse."—p. 23.

No sooner is the face of Musidorus, or Palladius, seen by Pyrocles, for such the captain of the Helots

turns out to be, than an instant recognition takes place between the friends. The Helots, by the persuasion of Pyrocles, consent to deliver up Clitophon to his father, who receives back Musidorus and Pyrocles with much joy and gratitude. The young princes recount to each other their various adventures since their parting, and resume all their former habits of continual intercourse and reciprocal endearment. But this is soon interrupted: Pyrocles, by degrees, becomes enamoured of solitude, and notwithstanding the exhortations of his friend, addicts himself to solitary musing and contemplation—the first symptom of nascent love. Nothing can be more beautiful than the following passage, in which he describes the attraction of the scenes which he visited.

“And in such contemplation, or [as I thinke] more excellent, I enjoy my solitarinesse, and my solitarinesse perchance is the nurse of these contemplations. Eagles, we see, fly alone, and they are but sheep which alwaies herd together: condemne not therefore my mind sometimes to enjoy itself; nor blame the taking of such times as serve most fit for it. And, alas, dear Musidorus, if I be sad, who knows better than you the just causes I have of sadness? And here Pyrocles suddenly stopped, like a man unsatisfied in himself, though his wit might well have served to have satisfied another. And so looking with a countenance, as though he desired he should know his minde without hearing him speake, and yet desirous to speake, to breathe out some part of his inward evill, sending again new blood to his face, he continued his speech in this manner; and Lord (deare cousin, said hee) doth not the pleasantnes of this place carry in it selfe sufficient reward for any time lost in it? Doe you not see how all things conspire together to make this country a heavenly dwelling? Do you not see the grasse, how in colour they excel the emeralds, every one striving to passe his fellow, and yet they are all kept of an equall height? And see you not the rest of these beautiful flowers, each of which would require a man's wit to know, and his life to expresse? Do not these stately trees seeme to maintaine their flourishing old age with the onely happinesse of their seat, being clothed with a continuall spring, because no beauty here should ever fade: doth not the aire breathe health, which the birds (delightfull both to eare and eie) do daily solemaize with the sweet consent of their voyces? Is not every echo there of a perfect musick; and these fresh and delightfull brooks how slowly they slide away, as loth to leave the company of so many things united in perfection? and with how sweet a murmure they lament their forced departure? Certainly, certainly, cosin, it must needs be that some goddesse inhabiteth this region, who is the soule of this soile: for neither is any lesse than a goddesse worthy to be shrined in such a heape of pleasures; nor any lesse than a goddesse could have made it so perfect a plot of the celestiall dwellings.”—p. 31, 32.

While Pyrocles is thus defending himself to his cousin, their good host, Kalandar, comes to invite them to the hunting of a stag, which he hoped, by entertaining, would drive away some part of the melancholy which had begun to seize upon Pyrocles. The parties consent; and

“They then went abroad, the good Kalandar entertaining them with pleasant discoursing,—how well

he loved the sport of hunting when he was a young man, how much in the comparison thereof he disdained all chamber-delights, that the sunne [how great a journey soever he had to make] could never prevent him with earlinesse, nor the moone [with her sober countenance] dissuade him from watching till midnight for the deeres feeding. O, said he, you wil never live to my age, without you keep yourselfe in breathe with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness; too much thinking doth consume the spirits, and oft it fals out, that while one thinkes too much of his doing, hee leaves to doe the effect of his thinking. Then spared hee not to remember, how much Arcadia was changed since his youth; activitie and good fellowshippe being nothing in the price it was then held in, but according to the nature of the old-growing world, still worse and worse. Then would he tell them stories of such gallants as he had knowne: and so with pleasant company, beguiled the time's haste, and shortened the waies length, till they came to the side of the wood, where the hounds were in couples, staying their comming, but with a whining accent craving liberty; many of them in colour and marks so resembling, that it shewed they were of one kinde. The huntsmen handsomely attired in their greene liveries, as though they were children of summer, with staves in their hands to beate the guiltlesse earth, when the hounds were at fault, and with hornes about their neckes, to sound an allarum upon a silly fugitive; the hounds were straight uncoupled, and ere long the stagge thought it better to trust to the nimblenesse of his feet, than to the slender fortification of his lodging; but even his feet betrayed him; for howsoever they went they themselves uttered themselves to the scent of their enemies; who one taking it of another, and sometimes believing the winde's advertisements, sometimes the view of [their faithful counsellors] the huntsmen, with open mouthes then denounced warre, when the warre was already begunne. Their cry being composed of so well-sorted mouthes, that any man would perceive therein some kind of proportion, but the skillfull workmen did find a musicke. Then delight and variety of opinion drew the horsemen sundry wayes, yet cheering their hounds with voyce and horne, kept still [as it were] together. The wood seemed to conspire with them against their own citizens, dispersing their noise through all his quarters: and even the nymph Echo left to bewaile the losse of Narcissus, and became a hunter. But the stagge was in the end so hotly pursued, that [leaving his flight] hee was driven to make courage of despair; and so turning his head, made the hounds with change of speech to testifie that he was at a bay; as if from hot pursuit of their enemy, they were suddenly come to a parley.”—p. 33, 34.

Upon returning to the house of Kalandar, Musidorus finds that Pyrocles has disappeared, and that he had left a letter, in which he ascribes his departure to violence of love, and enjoined his friend to leave him to his fate, and return to Thessaly, his native country. Grieved to the heart at the desertion he had experienced from his companion, Musidorus yet determines to follow his fugitive friend; whom, after many vain searches and fruitless enquiries, he finds near the mountain of Menalus, in Arcadia, disguised in the attire of an Amazon, and uttering forth to the hills and groves his plaintive and enamoured

complaints. The scene which then ensues between the two princes, of accusation on the one side and defence on the other, is exquisitely tender and pathetic. Musidorus, assuming all the authority which his seniority in years and nearness of affinity and affection seemed to entitle him to, remonstrates with his friend on his abandonment of himself, and attempts to reason away the love-sick and effeminate languor which had taken place of his former high-mindedness and heroism. Pyrocles, though conscious of the justice of the charge, yet is angry at experiencing severity from a quarter he so little expected. At length, Musidorus threatens to dissolve the friendship which had subsisted between them.

"And herewith the deepe wound of his love, being rubbed a-fresh with this new unkindnesse, began as it were to bleed again, in such sort, that he was unable to beare it any longer, but gushing out abundance of teares, and crossing his armes over his wofull heart, he sunke downe to the ground; which sudden trance went so to the heart of Musidorus, that falling downe by him, and kissing the weeping eyes of his friend, he besought him not to make account of his speech; which, if it had bin over-vehement, yet was it to be borne withall, because it came out of a love much more vehement, that he had not thought fancy could have received so deepe a wound; but now finding in him the force of it, hee would not further contrary it, but employ all his services to medicine it, in such sort as the nature of it required. But even this kindnesse made Pyrocles the more to melt in the former unkindnesse, which his manlike teares well showed, with a silent looke upon Musidorus, as who would say, and is it possible that Musidorus should threaten to leave me? And this strooke Musidorus' mind and senses so dumbe too, that for griefe being not able to say any thing, they rested with their eyes placed one upon another, in such sort as might well point out the true passion of unkindnesse to be never aright, but betwixt them that most dearly love.—p. 47.

Musidorus, now finding that harshness only served to embitter the mind of his friend, without recovering it, submits to the disorder which he cannot overcome, and offers to assist Pyrocles in obtaining his desires, who relates the story of his captivity: in order to understand which, we must inform our readers of some circumstances, of which we perhaps ought previously to have made them acquainted.

The country of Arcadia, at the time of the arrival of Pyrocles and Musidorus, was governed by a prince of the name of Basilius, whose gentleness and goodness had universally endeared him to his people. His consort, Gynecia, whom he had married in his old age, was yet a woman of great beauty, and adorning, by her noble and majestic demeanour, the station to which he had advanced her. Of this marriage, two daughters, Pamela and Philoclea, were the fruit, both endowed with excellencies different in kind, yet equal in degree.

"The elder is named Pamela, by many men not deemed inferior to, her sister; for my part, when I marked them both, mee thought there was (if at least such perfections may receive the word of more) more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela; mee thought love plaid in Philoclea's eyes and threatened in Pamela's; mee thought Philoclea's beauty onely perswaded, but so perswaded that all

hearts must yeeld; Pamela's beauty used violence, and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is betweene their mindes: Philoclea so bashfull, as though her excellencies had stolne into her before she was aware: so humble, that she will put all pride out of countenance; in summe, such proceedings as will stirre hope, but teach hope good manners. Pamela of high thoughts who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride; her mother's wisdom, greatness, nobility, but (if I can guesse aright) knit with a more constant temper.—p. 10.

Enriched with such domestic blessings, and happy in the possession of the love of his people, and in the tranquillity of his reign, Basilius still feels a desire to pry into futurity; and, led by a curiosity to ascertain the future fortunes of himself and family, he makes a journey to Delphos to consult the oracle, and the answer he receives is this:

"Thy elder care shall from thy carefull face
By princely meane be stolne, and yet not lost.
Thy yonger, shall with Nature's bliss imbrace
An uncouth love, which nature hateth most.
Both they themselves unto such two shall wed,
Who at thy bier, as at a barre, shall plead,
Why thee (a living man) they had made dead.
In thine owne sent a foraine state shall sit,
And ere that all these blowes thy head doe hit,
Thou with thy wife adultery shall commit."

p. 204.

Dismayed by this prediction, and in order to prevent its accomplishment, he retires from his court with Gynecia and the two princesses to a habitation which he had built for the purpose, in the midst of a large forest in Arcadia, relinquishing the active government of his affairs to Philanax, a faithful and well-tried servant, who had in vain attempted to persuade his master from a step so useless and absurd. In this seclusion the king buries himself and family, retaining only, as the companions of his solitude, Dametas, a country clown, and his uncouth and deformed wife and daughter. We will now return to Pyrocles, who, having heard, whilst remaining with Kalander, of the strange retirement of Basilius and of the beauty of his daughter, and in particular of the loveliness of Philoclea, contracts an insensible passion for an object he had not yet seen, and employs his hours in picturing the charms which were the general theme of admiration. Hence, his musing and love of solitude while he continued at the hospitable abode of Kalander. His desire to behold the perfections of Philoclea becomes soon too violent to be repressed; he therefore determines to leave the habitation of Kalander, and, though with much reluctance, his friend Musidorus, in the furtherance and prosecution of his desire. Attiring himself in the dress of an Amazon, he procures admission, under the disguise and name of Zelmane, into the country retreat of Basilius. The first glance he obtains of Philoclea confirms the empire she had already gained of his heart; while Philoclea, ignorant of his being other than he appeared to be, conceives for him a tender and innocent affection. The effect which his appearance has upon the king and queen is equally powerful; Basilius, ignorant of his sex, becomes deeply enamoured of Pyrocles, under his character

of Zelmane. The penetration of Gynecia, however, sees immediately through his disguise, but she, not less smitten with his beauty, and perceiving his love for Philoclea, watches him with unremitting jealousy. Such is the state of things when the meeting of the two young princes takes place, and such is the account which Musidorus receives from Pyrocles of the story of his passion. About this time, Phalantus of Corinth, a valiant and well-proved knight, passing through Arcadia, offers to maintain the supreme beauty of his lady Arteria against all comers, after having been successful in several other courts, and brought with him in triumph the miniatures of the different ladies whose knights he had conquered, and whose various beauties are painted in Sir Philip Sidney's usual felicitous manner. This challenge, of course, appears little less than high treason to the passionate love of Pyrocles, and as an insult to the supremacy of those charms whose force had captivated his heart; indignant in her cause, he immediately puts on armour, and Phalantus quickly falls before the conquering lance of his opponent, not, however, without the right of priority of combat being first contested by Musidorus, who had in like manner armed himself for the encounter, to defend the rights of Pamela to the palm of beauty and loveliness; and who, not less wounded than his friend Pyrocles by the irresistible shafts of Cupid, now disguises himself in the dress of a shepherd, and procures himself to be taken into the service of Dametas. A fresh occasion soon offers itself to the young princes of signalizing their valour in the defence of their mistresses. Two wild beasts, suspected to have been let loose by Cecropia, the implacable enemy of the family of Basilus, fall upon the princesses as they are walking in the wood, and they are only preserved from inevitable death by the intervention and courage of their lovers who each kill one of the beasts, and cutting off their heads present them to their mistresses as trophies of their prowess. The valour of Pyrocles being performed under the character of the Amazon Zelmane, is considered almost supernatural, and he becomes more and more an object of love to Basilus and Gynecia, by both of whom he is tormented by an avowal of their passion. Not less is the heart of Philoclea enamoured; and the following passage in which the progress of her love is described will perhaps more completely elucidate the peculiar style of Sydney, than whole pages of laboured analysis.

"The sweet-minded Philoclea was in their degree of well-doing, to whom the not knowing of evil serveth for a ground of virtue, and hold their inward powers in better form, with an unspotted simplicity, than many who rather cunningly seek to know what goodness is, than willingly take into themselves the following of it. But as that sweet and simple breath of heavenly goodness is the easier to be altered, because it hath not passed through the worldly wickedness nor feelingly found the evil that evil carries with it, so now the lady Philoclea whose eyes and senses had received nothing but according to the natural course of each thing required, whose tender youth had obediently lived under her parents behests without framing out of her own will the forechoosing of any thing: when now she came to a point wherein her judgement was to be practised in knowing faultiness by his first tokens; she was like a young

fawn, who coming in the wind of the hunters doth not know whether or no it be a thing or no to be eschewed, whereof at the time she began to get a costly experience. For, after that Zelmane had a while lived in the lodge with her, and that her only being a noble stranger had bred a kinde of heedful attention; her coming to that lonely place, (where she had no body but her parents) a willingness of conversation; her wit and behaviour, a liking and silent admiration; at length the excellency of her natural gifts, joyed with the extream shewes she made of most devout honouring Philoclea, (carrying thus, in one person, the only two bands of good will, loveliness, and lovingness,) brought forth in her heart a yielding to a most friendly affection; which when it had gotten so full possession of the keys of her minde, that it would receive no message from her senses, without that affection were the interpreter; then straight grew an exceeding delight still to be with her, with an unmeasurable liking of all that Zelmane did; matters being so turned in her, that where at first liking her manners did breed good will, now good-will became the chiefe cause of liking her manners; so that within a while Zelmane was not prized for her demeanure, but the demeanure was prized because it was Zelmane's. Then followed that most naturall effect of conforming her selfe to that which she did like, and not only wishing to be her selfe such another in all things, but to ground an imitation upon so much an esteemed authority; so that the next degree was to marke all Zelmane's doings, speeches, and fashions, and to take them into her selfe, as a pattern of worthy proceeding. Which when once it was enacted, not only by the commonality of passions; but agreed unto by her most noble thoughts, and that reason it selfe (not yet experienced in the issues of such matters) and granted his royall assent; then friendship (a diligent officer) took care to see the statute thoroughly observed. Then grew on that not only she did imitate the sobernesse of her countenance, the gracefulness of her speech, but even their particular gestures; so that Zelmane did often eye her, she would often eye Zelmane, and as Zelmane's eyes would deliver a submissive but vehement desire in their look, she, though as yet she had not the desire in her, yet should her eyes answer in like piercing kindnesse of a looke. Zelmane, as much as Gynecia's jealousie would suffer, desired to be neere Philoclea; Philoclea, as much as Gynecia's jealousie would suffer, desired to be neere Zelmane. If Zelmane tooke her hand and softly strained it, she also (thinking the knots of friendship ought to be mutuall) would (with a sweet fastnesse) shew she was loth to part from it. And if Zelmane sighed, she would sigh also; when Zelmane was sad, she deemed it wi-dome, and therefore she would be sad too. Zelmane's languishing countenance with crost armes, and sometimes cast-up eyes, she thought to have an excellent grace; and therefore she also willingly put on the same countenance; till at the last (poore soule, ere she were aware) she accepted not onely the badge, but the service; not onely the signe, but the passion signified. For whether it were, that her wit in continuance did finde, that Zelmane's friendship was full of impatient desire, having more than ordinary limits, and therefore she was content to second Zelmane, though her selfe knew not the limits, or that in truth,

true love (well considered) hath an infective power; at last she fell in acquaintance with love's harbinger, wishing: first, she would wish, that they two might live all their lives together, like two of Diana's nymphs. But that wish, she thought, not sufficient, because she knew, there would be more nymphs besides them who also would have their part in Zelmane. Then would she wish, that she were her sister, that such a naturall band might make her more speciall to her. But against that, she considered, that, though being her sister, if she happened to be married, she should be robbed of her. Then, grown bolder, she would wish either her selfe or Zelmane a man, that there might succeed a blessed marriage between them. But when that wish had once displayed his ensigne in her mind, then followed whole squadrons of longings that so it might be, with a maine battell of mislikings and repinings against their creation, that so it was not. Then dreams by night began to bring more unto her, then she durst wish by day, where out waking did make her know her selfe the better by the image of those fancies. But as some diseases when they are easie to be cured, they are hard to be known, but when they grow easie to be known, they are almost impossible to be cured: so the sweet Philoclea, while she might prevent it, she did not feele it, now she felt it, when it was past preventing; like a river, no rampiers being built against it, till already it have overflowed. For now indeed love puld off his maske, and shewed his face unto her, and told her plainly that she was his prisoner. Then needed she no more paint her face with passions, for passions shone through her face; then her rosie colour was often increased with extraordinary blushing, and so another time, perfect whitenesse descended to a degree of palenesse; now hot, then cold, desiring she knew not what, nor how if she knew what. Then her minde (though too late) by the smart was brought to think of the disease, and her own prooffe taught her to know her mother's minde; which (as no error gives so strong assault as that which comes armed in the authority of a parent,) so greatly fortified her desires, to see that her mother had the like desires. And the more jealous her mother was, the more she thought the jewel precious, which was with so many locks guarded. But that prevailing so farre as to keep the two lovers from private conference, then began she to feele the sweetness of a lover's solitarinesse, when freely with words and gestures as if Zelmane were present, she might give passage to her thoughts; and so, as it were, utter out some smoke of those flames, wherewith else she was not only burned but smothered. As this night, that going from the one lodge to the other by her mother's commandment, with dolefull gestures and uncertain paces, she did willingly accept the time's offer to be awhile alone: so that, going a little aside into the wood, where many times before she had delighted to walk, her eyes were saluted with a tuft of trees so close set together, as with the shade the moon gave through it, it might breed a fearfull kinde of devotion to look upon it. But true thoughts of love banished all vain fancy of superstition. Full well she did both remember and like the place; for there had she often with their shade beguiled Phœbus of looking upon her: there had she enjoyed her selfe often, while she was mistress of her selfe, and had no other

thoughts but such as might arise out of quiet senses."

Musidorus, who had, on entering into the service of Dametas, assumed the name of Dorus, has now frequent opportunities of gazing on the charms of his mistress, and of endeavouring to implant in her, already grateful for the assistance he had afforded her, a reciprocal passion. The apparent meanness of his condition, he perceives will of itself be sufficient to prevent his obtaining any interest in her breast, without removing the scruples of her offended pride. To effect this, he feigns a passion for Mopsa, the mis-shapen daughter of Dametas, and under the pretence of amusing her with a tale, gives Pamela the whole history of himself and his cousin, and relates it so as to give her suspicious of his real birth and character. The following is an account of the manner in which the two young princes were educated.

"Almost before they could perfectly speak, they began to receive conceits not unworthy of the best speakers: excellent devices being used to make even their sports profitable; images of battailes and fortifications being then delivered to their memory, which after their stronger judgments might dispense, the delight of tales being converted to the knowledge of all the stories of worthy princes, both to move them to do nobly and teach them how to do nobly, the beauty of vertue still being set before their eyes, and that taught them with far more diligent care than grammaticall rules, their bodies exercised in all abilities, both of doing and suffering, and their minds acquainted by degrees with dangers, and in summe, all bent to the making up of princely minds: no servile feare used towards them, nor any other violent restraint, but still as to princes: so that a habite of commanding was naturalized in them, and therefore the farther from tyranny. Nature having done so much for them in nothing, as that it made them lords of truth, whereon all the other goods were builded."

—p. 122.

Notwithstanding the fervor with which he obliquely presses his suit, she gives him little hope of a requital, and covers her inward affections with an outward mask of coldness, of which he thus complains to his friend Pyrocles:

"In the princess I could find no apprehension of what I either said or did, but with a calme carelesse letting each thing slide, (just as we do by their speeches who neither in matter nor person doe any way belong unto us) which kinde of cold temper, mixt with that lightning of her natural majesty, is of all others most terrible unto me: for yet if I found she contemned me, I would desperately labour both in fortune and vertue to overcome it: if she onely misdoubted me, I were in heaven; for quickly I would bring sufficient assurance; lastly, if she hated me, yet I should know what passion to deale with: and either with infinitenesse of desert I would take away the fewell from the fire: or, if nothing would serve, then I would give her my heart bloud to quench it. But this cruell quietnes, neither retiring to dislike, nor proceeding to favour; gracious, but gracious still after one manner: all her courtesies having this engraven in them, that what is done is for vertue's sake, not for the parties, ever keeping her course like the sun, who neither for our praises nor curses will spur or stop his horses. This (I say)

heavenliness of hers [for howsoever my misery is, I cannot but so entitle it] is so impossible to reach unto, that I almost begin to submit myself to the tyranny of despair, not knowing any way of persuasion, where wisdom seems to be unsensible,"—p. 107.

Such is the course of things at the retreat of Basilius. It now becomes necessary to introduce new personages on the drama: these are Cecropia and Amphialus. Cecropia, the widow of the younger brother of Basilius, is a proud and ambitious woman; who, from the long period of celibacy which had preceded the marriage of Basilius, had begun to consider the crown of Arcadia as the lawful property of her own family, and her son Amphialus as its certain inheritor. Upon his marriage and the birth of his two daughters, the sharpness of her disappointment is converted into the most bitter hatred against the hindrances of her son's succession. Against them and their lives her machinations are now uniformly bent, and in her endeavours for their destruction, no atrocity of cruelty is considered by her as too savage. Finding that her design of destroying them by the two wild beasts she had let loose for that purpose, was defeated by the bravery of the two young princes, she stirs up the Arcadians to rebellion against their beneficent king. Inflamed by imaginary grievances, and incited by the oratory of the partizans of Cecropia, a tumultuous body of the people assemble, and come before the presence of Basilius, demanding of him satisfaction for their wrongs, and compliance with their requisition. Partly by the eloquence and partly by the bravery of Zelmane and Dorus, they are dispersed, and return without perpetrating any acts of violence on Basilius or his family. Cecropia, stung to the heart, to find that her designs had miscarried, still perseveres in her pursuit, and ultimately, by a successful wile, makes the two princesses and Zelmane her prisoners, whom she immediately carries to her castle. The character of Amphialus comes next before us. Though the son of Cecropia, he possesses none of the evil principles of her character, and is a personage celebrated for his virtue and valour. Inflamed with love for Philoclea, though he disapproves of the methods by which she has fallen into his hands, he cannot prevail with himself to part with her, and relinquish her to her parents. The struggles of his love and his pity, his honour and his desire, are well described:

"In that sort he went to Philoclea's chamber; whom hee found [because her chamber was overlightsome] sitting of that side of her bed, which was from the window, which did cast such a shadow upon her, as a good painter would bestow upon Venus, when under the trees shee bewailed the murder of Adonis: her hands and fingers [as it were] indented one within the other: her shoulder leaning to her bed's-head, and over her head a scarf, which did eclipse almost halfe her eyes, which under it fixed their beames, upon the wall by, with so steady a manner, as if in that place they might well change, but not mend their object: and so remained they a good while after his coming in, hee not daring to trouble her, nor she perceiving him, till that (a little varying, her thoughts something quickning her senses) she heard him as he hapned to stirre his upper garment; and perceiving him rose

up, with a demeanure, where in the booke of beauty there was nothing to be read but sorrow; for kindness was blotted out, and anger was never there.

But Amphialus, that had entrusted his memory with long and forcible speeches, found it so locked up in amazement, that hee could picke nothing out of it, but the beseeching her to take what was done in good part, and to assure her selfe there was nothing but honour meant unto her person. But shee making no other answer, but letting her hands fall one from the other, which before were joyned [with eyes something cast aside, and a silent sigh] gave him to understand, that considering his doings, shee thought his speech as full of incongruities, as her answer would be voyde of purpose. Whereupon he kneeling downe, and kissing her hand (which she suffered with a countenance witnessing captivitie, but not kindnesse) hee besought her to have pitie of him, whose love went beyond the bounds of conceit, much more of uttering; that in her hands the ballance of his life or death did stand; whereto the least motion of her would serve to determine, shee being indeed the mistresse of his life, and he her eternall slave; and with true vehemencie besought her that he might heare her speake, whereupon she suffered her sweet breath to turn it selfe into these kinde of words.

Alas cousin, said shee, what shall my tongue be able to doe, which is informed by the cares one way, and by the eyes another? You call for pitie, and use crueltie; you say you love mee, and yet doe the effects of enmitie. You affirme, your death is in my hands, but you have brought mee to so neere a degree of death, as when you will, you may lay death upon mee: so that while you say I am mistresse of your life, I am not mistresse of mine owne. You entitle your selfe my slave, but I am sure I am yours. If then violence, injurie, terrour, and depriving of that which is more deare than life it selfe, libertie, be fit orators for affection, you may expect that I will be easily perswaded. But if the nearnesse of our kindred breed any remorse in you, or there bee any such thing in you, which you call love toward mee, then let not my fortune be disgraced with the name of imprisonment: let not my heart waste it selfe by being vexed with feeling evil, and fearing worse. Let not mee bee a cause of my parents' wofull destruction; but restore mee to my selfe, and so doing, I shall account I have received my selfe of you. And what I say for my selfe, I say for my deare sister, and my friend Zelmane; for I desire no well being, without they may be partakers. With that her teares rained downe from her heavenly eyes, and seemed to water the sweet and beautifull flowers of her face."—p. 239—240.

The bold step which Cecropia and her son had taken, having excited the indignation of the country, they find it necessary to prepare themselves against the forces which Basilius is levying for the rescue of his daughters; and, determined to persist in what they had begun, they fortify their castle, naturally strong, and make it ready for a siege. In the mean time, Cecropia leaves no steps unturned to win Philoclea to favour the suit of her son. She goes to her prisoner, fraught with all the arts of subtlety and craft.

"She went softly to Philoclea's chamber, and peeping thorow the side of the doore, then being a little open, she saw Philoclea sitting low upon a cushion, in such a given-over manner, that one would have thought silence, solitarinesse, and melancholy, were come there under the ensigne of mishap to conquer delight, and drive him from his naturall wont of beauty: her teares came dropping

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down like raine in sunshine, and she not taking heed to wipe the teares, they hung upon her cheekes and lips, as upon cherries which the dropping tree bedeweth. In the dressing of her haire and apparell, she might see neither a carefull art nor an art of carelesnesse, but even left to a neglected chance, which yet could no more unperfect her perfections, than a die any way cast could lose his squarenesse."—p. 244.

All her persuasions are however ineffectual, and Philoclea repulses her solicitations with gentleness yet with firmness. Cecropia next applies herself to Pamela, hoping to find her more propitious to her suit, and to substitute her instead of her sister as the mistress of Amphialus. This attempt, also, is unsuccessful. In one of Cecropia's interviews with Pamela, the latter is found occupied at her needle, and we think no Arachne of the present day might blush to have her handywork thus described:

"Cecropia threatening in herself to runne a more rugged race with her, went to her sister Pamela, who, that day having wearied herself with reading, and with the height of her heart disdaining to keep company with any of the gentlewomen appointed to attend her, whom she accounted her jaylors, was working upon a purse certaine roses and lilies, as by the finesse of the work, one might see she had borrowed her wits of the sorrow that then owed them, and lent them wholly to that exercise. For the flowers she had wrought, carried such life in them, that the cunningest painter might have learned of her needle: which with so pretty a manner made his carees to and fro throw the cloth, as if the needle it selfe would have beene loth to have gone forward such a mistresse, but that it hoped to return thitherward very quickly againe: the cloth looking with many eyes upon her, and lovingly embracing the wounds she gave it: the sheares also were at hand, to behold the silke that was growne too short. And if at any time she put her mouth to bite it off, it seemed, that where she had beene long in making of a rose with her hands, she would in an instant make roses with her lips: as the lilies seemed to have their whiteness rather of the hand that made them, than of the matter whereof they were made; and that they grew there by the suns of her eyes, and were refreshed by the most (in discomfort) comfortable aire, which an unawares sigh might bestow upon them. But the colours for the ground were so well chosen, neither sullenly darke nor glaringly lightsome, and so well proportioned, as that, though much cunning were in it, yet it was but to serve for an ornament of the principall work; that it was not without marvelle, to see how a mind which could cast a careless semblant upon the greatest conflicts of fortune, could command it selfe to take care for so small matters. Neither had she neglected the dainty dressing of her selfe: but as if it had been her marriage time to affliction, she rather seemed to remember her owne worthinesse than the unworthinesse of her husband. For well one might perceive she had not rejected the counsell of a glasse, and that her hands had pleased themselves in paying the tribute of undeceiving skill to so high perfections of nature."—p. 250—251.

Cecropia thus foiled in her attempts, endeavours to vitiate the mind of Pamela, and render her more tractable by endeavouring to destroy her reliance in Providence, and by attempting to prove to her that there is no God. The plausible and specious arguments of Cecropia, are as nothing before the adamantine virtue of Pamela, and in a noble burst of indignation she refutes all the oratory of her tempter with reasoning glowing with all the energy of truth.—From this moment, Cecropia becomes the deadly

enemy of the two princesses, and her whole cogitations are employed in the invention of fresh schemes of torment.

The prayer of Pamela under her afflictions well deserves extracting. It is elevated and even sublimé, and is well known for the use made of it by the fortunate Charles the First:

"O All-seeing Light and Eternal life of all things, to whom nothing is either so great that it may resist, or so small that it is contained; looke upon my misery with thine eye of mercy, and let thine infinite power vouchsafe to limit out some proportion of deliverance unto me, as to thee shall seeme most convenient. Let not injurie, O Lord, triumph over me, and let my faults by thy hand be corrected, and make not mine unjust enemy the minister of thy justice. But yet, my God, if in thy wisdom this be the aptest chastisement for my unexcusable folly; if this low bondage be fittest for my over-high desires; if the pride of my not enough humble heart be thus to be broken; O Lord, I yeeld unto thy will, and joyfully embrace what sorrow thou wilt have me suffer. Onely thus much let me crave of thee, [let my craving, O Lord, be accepted of thee, since even that proceeds from thee] let me crave, even by the noblest title, which in my greatest affliction I may give myselfe, that I am thy creature, and by thy goodness, (which is thyselfe) that thou wilt suffer some beame of thy Majestie so to shine into my minde, that it may still depend confidently on thee. Let calamity be the exercise, but not the overthrow, of my vertue: let their power prevaile, but prevaile not to destruction: let my greatness be their prey: let my paine be the sweetnesse of their revenge: let them (if so seeme good unto thee) vex me with more and more punishment: but, O Lord, let never their wickednesse have such a hand, but that I may carry a pure minde in a pure body."—p. 246.

Basilius now, having collected forces, besieges the castle of Cecropia. Several skirmishes take place between the contending parties, but no important successes are gained by either. The entreaties of Basilius prevail upon many knights of renown to appear on his side, and challenge Amphialus to combat; who, nevertheless, comes off constantly victorious. Amongst these knights is Argalus, the husband of the fair Parthenia; who, induced by the solicitations of Basilius enters into a single engagement with Amphialus, but is worsted in the combat, and Parthenia only comes to witness the death and last sighs of her dearest love. Her happiness being now wrecked for ever, she resolves to assume the armour of a knight, to challenge the murderer of her husband, and either to revenge his death or follow it. The narration of her engagement with Amphialus, under the name of the Knight of the Tomb and Death, is very affecting. We regret that our limits do not suffer us to insert it. Her opponent has the misfortune to be victorious; he mortally wounds her, and his pity is only equalled by his remorse, when he discovers whom he has so unwittingly engaged.

The next champion who appears against Amphialus, is Musidorus; who, under the disguise of the Forsaken Knight, comes to avenge himself upon the ravisher of Pamela and her sister. The combat between these valorous and renowned knights is con-

ducted with mortal fury, and they are both carried desperately wounded from the field.

Amphialus now gets a new accession of strength in the persons of Anaxius and his brothers, who come to offer their services. Anaxius, scarcely inferior to any knight in the world in prowess, and almost the equal of Pyrocles and Amphialus, is proud, tyrannical, and cruel; esteeming himself little less than a god, and all others as born to be his slaves.

The siege is thus protracted for a considerable time. At length, Crecopia, desirous to bring it to a close, and unmoved by any consideration of mercy or pity, sends to acquaint Basilus, that unless he immediately raises the siege, she would cause the heads of her three prisoners, Pamela, Philoclea, and Zelmane, to be cut off before their eyes. This wily step has the effect proposed. The unfortunate king, not doubting that she would perform her threat, and dismayed by fear for his two daughters, and not less for his beloved Zelmane, notwithstanding the advice of his faithful counsellor Philanax, disbands his army, and leaves his daughters in their prison.

Every obstacle being now put out of the way, and Amphialus from the wounds received in his combat with Musidorus, being incapable of preventing her cruel designs, Crecopia now gives vent to the unrestrained malice of her nature, and exercises on the two unfortunate princesses every degree of torment to induce them to comply with her desires. After resorting to bodily torture in vain, she next puts in practice an expedient, which none but an imagination so abominable as her own could devise. She resolves to play the tragedy of death before their eyes, and try whether its horrors will not abate their constancy. Her first trial is made on Philoclea. Her, Crecopia now informs, that the time is come when the fatal effects of obstinacy will be visible, by the punishment of her sister Pamela, and that the fate of her sister will only precede her own, if her refusal is longer continued. A lady is then led out, before the prison window of Philoclea, into a court below, attired in the dress of, and similar in appearance to, her sister, and there beheaded on a scaffold. The agony and distress of Philoclea, on beholding this fatal end of her whom she conceives to be her sister, may well be imagined, and she bursts into all the passionate ravings of sorrow. This lady, whom Crecopia had thus made the subject and engine of her cruelty, turns out afterwards to be one of the attendants of that wicked woman, thus punished for attempted treason. Pamela and Zelmane are by deception nearly similar, induced to believe in the death of Philoclea, and experience an equal bitterness of anguish. But the time of retribution is at hand. Their cruel tormenter, at last, meets her deserved punishment. Amphialus, who had hitherto been kept totally unacquainted with the cruelties of his mother to her prisoners, at length is made acquainted with them by one of her servants. His rage and vexation know no bounds; he pursues her with a drawn sword, and she, terrified with his threats, in endeavouring to escape from him, falls from the top of the castle, and thus expiates her abominable crimes.

Amphialus, who is considered by the princesses as implicated in the guilt of his mother, is by them repulsed with aversion, which, increasing the de-

peration of that unfortunate man, already maddened with remorse at being the cause of his mother's death, drives him to the commission of self-murder. He throws himself on his sword, and, though prevented by his servants, yet wounds himself so desperately, that no hopes are entertained of his recovery. As he thus lies on the bed of death, Queen Helen of Corinth, who had long loved him, without receiving any requital, comes to beg of Anaxius, the sad gratification of having the object of her affection delivered to her care, that she might exert, in effecting his cure, all the powers of medicine, or, if they were unsuccessful, that she might have the satisfaction of soothing his last moments with the tender ministration of love. The request is allowed her; she carries Amphialus away with her, and of him we hear no more.

Considering the princesses as the cause of the death of their friend Amphialus, Anaxius and his brothers resolve to put their prisoners to death, but are stayed in the prosecution of their cruel design, by the power of love, each of them conceiving a passion for one of their three victims. Their love, however, being gratified by no return, they attempt to resort to force, but are prevented by the prowess of Zelmane, who despatches the two brothers of Anaxius, and enters into an engagement with Anaxius himself. The following extract is vividly descriptive of all the fury and bustle of the battle:

"Pyrocles, whose soul might well be separated from his body, but never alienated from the remembrance of what was comely, it at first he did a little apprehend the dangerousness of his adversary, whom once before he had something tried, and now perfectly saw, as the verie picture of forcible furie: yet was that apprehension quickly stayed in him, rather strengthening than weakening his vertue by that wrestling; like wine, growing the stronger by being moved. So that they both, prepared in hearts and able in hands, did honour solitarinesse there with such a combat, as might have demanded, as a right of fortune, whole armies of beholders. But no beholders needed there, where manhood blew the trumpet, and satisfaction did what as much as glorie. There was strength against nimblenesse; rage against resolution; furie against vertue; confidence against courage; pride against noblenesse; love in both breeding mutual hatred, and desire of revenging: the injuries of his brothers' slaughter to Anaxius, being like Philoclea's captivitee to Pyrocles. Who had seene the one, would have thought nothing could have resisted: who had markt the other, would have marvelled that the other had so long resisted. But like two contrary tides, eyther of which are able to carrie worlds of ships, and men upon them, with such swiftnesse, as nothing seemes able to withstand them: yet meeting one another, with mingling their watric forces, and struggling together, it is long to say whether streame gets the victorie. So between these, if Pallas had been there, she could scarcely have told, whether she had nursed better in the seats of armes. The Irish greyhound against the English mastiffe; the sword fish against the whale; the rhinoceros against the elephant; might be models, and but models of this combate."—p. 326.

Here occurs a chasm in the manuscript of Sir Philip Sidney, and we are not informed how the

combat between Zelmane and Anaxilus ended, nor by what means the two princesses are restored to their father, or when Dorus again returns to the service of his old master Dametas.

The continuation of the story commences with a meeting of Zelmane and Dorus:

Sitting downe together among the sweet flowers, whereof that place was very plentifull, under the pleasant shade of a broad-leaved sycamor, they recounted one to another their strange pilgrimage of passions, omitting nothing which open-hearted friendship is wont to lay forth, where there is cause to communicate both joyes and sorrowes; for, indeed, there is no sweeter taste of friendship, than the coupling of soules in this mutuality either of condoling or comforting: where the oppressed mind finds itselfe not altogether miserable, since it is sure of one which is feelingly sorry for his misery; and the joyful spends not his joy, either alone, or there where it may be envied; but may freely send it to such a well-grounded object, from whence hee shall bee sure to receive a sweet reflection of the same joy, and, as in a cleere mirror of sincere good will, see a lively picture of his own gladnesse."—p. 317.

Dorus informs his friend, that the Princess Pamela has, at length, consented to reward the fidelity of her lover, to fly with him to Thessaly, of which he was the prince, and there become his bride; when it is agreed, Zelmane or Pyrocles shall follow as soon as he prevails upon Philoclea, who had now become acquainted with his real character, to accompany him. To facilitate their flight, Dametas and his family are despatched on fools' errands out of the way; and taking advantage of their absence, Dorus escapes with Pamela, and, at length, reaches a forest, where Pamela, fatigued with her journey, composes herself to rest. Here we must leave them for a while, little expecting the calamities which are ready to befall them.

In the mean time, Pyrocles, who, under the character of Zelmane, is hard bested between the doting love of Basilius, and the raging jealousy of Gynecia, in order to appease the latter, who threatens, if slighted, to betray his disguise, finds it necessary to pretend compliance with her wishes; and, accordingly, appoints to meet her at midnight in a cave in the forest. In the same place, he makes an assignation, also, with Basilius, and he, as well as Gynecia, are caught in the snare, and meet each other at the place of appointment, without discovering, till morning, the fraud that had been practised upon them. Gynecia, on her discovery of it, resolves to make the best use of her situation, and charges Basilius with his infidelity, which, she tells him, has thus obliged her to follow him to his haunts, and disappoint his purpose. In the midst of her reproaches, Basilius happens to meet with a cup brought by Gynecia, in which was contained a potion, which she had designed to administer to Zelmane; and, being thirsty, quaffs it off, which he has no sooner done than he falls down, to all appearance deprived of life.

Pyrocles, having thus eluded his tormentors, now bends his footsteps towards the apartment of the Princess Philoclea, whom he finds uttering complaints against the air of coldness and desertion, which he had been obliged to put on to deceive the jealousy of Gynecia. Of his fidelity, he soon re-assures Philoclea, but has the mortification to find her, from the anguish she had sustained, utterly incapable of taking advantage of the opportunity of escape which presented itself. At this crisis, Dametas returns from the quest about which Dorus had sent him, and finds the Princess Pamela escaped. Half mad with

surprise and fear, Dametas flies to the apartment of Philoclea to satisfy himself whether she has not, also, departed with her sister. Here he finds Zelmane, whom his dress discovers to be a man, reposing by the sleeping Philoclea, whom sorrow had composed to a transitory slumber. Aware of the importance of this discovery, and hoping, by making it known, to save himself from the punishment due to his neglect in suffering Pamela to escape, Dametas locks the door, and thus deprives Pyrocles of all means of egress from the chamber of the princess. Upon awaking, Pyrocles finds himself a prisoner; and, listening from the window, hears Dametas detailing to the crowd below his strange discovery. By the Arcadian laws, all violations of chastity were punished with death; and the mind of Pyrocles is penetrated with anguish at the danger in which he had involved the innocent Philoclea, to convict whom, his being found in her chamber and the evidence of Dametas would be grounds sufficient. To exculpate her and vindicate her reputation, his love prompts him to offer violence to himself, that thus his death might be supposed to have been occasioned by her resolute resistance in the defence of her chastity, and her character and person eventually be saved from disgrace. But from this her tears and entreaties dissuade him, and he desists from his attempt, yet not until he has wounded himself severely. It would not, perhaps, be easy, in the whole range of tragedy, to show any thing superior to the loftiness and magnanimity of the reasonings he adopts to induce her to allow him to be a sacrifice for her.

In the mean time, Gynecia, who, upon seeing the king fall down, to all appearance, dead, had become the prey of anguish and remorse for her intended crime of infidelity, resolves, as some expiation of it, to accuse herself, though innocent, before the people as the murderer of the king; and abandons herself to lamentations. In this state, she is met by some shepherds, to whom she charges herself with the murder, and from them Philanax, the faithful servant of the king, becomes acquainted with the news. Impatient to punish the commission of so execrable a crime, he comes, with a guard, to take charge of her, and commit her to confinement till the hour of her trial should arrive. Being, also, informed, by Dametas, of his discovery, Philanax proceeds to the apartment of Philoclea, and finding Pyrocles still there, delivers him to a guard as companion in guilt with Gynecia; and as, besides his supposed seduction of Philoclea, an accomplice in the murder of Basilius. In vain, the gentle-minded Philoclea endeavours to vindicate her lover and herself to the hard-hearted Philanax, who, sternly and rigidly severe, forgets, in his desire to revenge his dead master, the duty and respect due to his living representatives. Another prisoner is destined to be added to these; and he is, Musidorus, whom we left with Pamela, on his journey to the nearest seaport, designing to embark with her from thence to Thessaly. While they are on their way, they are met by "a rascal companie," a part of those rebels who came, in tumultuous array, to offer violence to Basilius, but were prevented and dispersed by the two princes. Having no hope of pardon, they had wandered for a long time in the woods, and, at length, by an unfortunate chance, lighted on Musidorus and Pamela, who were immediately recognized by the rabble, and suspected to be fugitives. Partly instigated by the desire of revenging themselves on Musidorus, and partly instigated by the hope of procuring pardon for their late offence, they resolve to capture the lovers, and carry them back to the king. By the stratagem of one of the gang, Musidorus is taken prisoner, and unwillingly obliged to retrace his footsteps to the royal habitation. Here he is delivered into the hands of

Philanax, who, overjoyed to gain a fresh prey, whom he considers as not less deserving of punishment than Pyrocles and Gynecia, for attempting to carry away the heiress of the throne, commits Musidorus to the same confinement as his friend had before been consigned to, and already dooms them, in imagination, to tortures and to death. Philanax, though loyal and faithful to his dead master, is cruel and ambitious: perceiving that the two princes would be obstacles in his road to greatness, he determined to remove them out of his way, and breathes against them nothing but inextinguishable hate. His appears to be a character compounded of mixed and opposite qualities; yet, unfortunately for the prisoners, both the good and evil principles of his mind equally serve to spur him on to their destruction. In vain, the Princess Pamela vindicates her right of choice, and threatens him with her future vengeance, when possessed of the throne of Arcadia; he determines to prosecute the severity of his vengeance, and rather, if compelled, to put them to death privately and without trial, than suffer them to escape. All of the Arcadian noblemen are, however, not so relentless as Philanax: Kalandor, the old host of Musidorus, uses all his endeavours to procure their liberation, and, winning over several others to his side, causes a diversion in favour of the prisoners, till, at last, both sides are almost prepared to second their opinions with force.

While this tumult is continuing, intelligence is brought of the arrival of Euarchus, King of Macedonia, who had come for the purpose of visiting his old friend Basilus; and, on learning his unhappy fate, had sent to the Arcadian council, requesting them to allow him to remain and be present at the funeral of his friend. The reputation of Euarchus for wisdom and justice is so universally established, that he appears to Philanax to be the person sent by the deities to preside as the judge of the criminals, and punish the murderer of his friend. The partisans of the prisoners are not less desirous of having the Macedonian king as their judge, and it is determined, that Philanax shall use his entreaties with Euarchus to induce him to accept of that office. Euarchus, though unwillingly, as if he felt a sort of presentiment in his mind how painful a duty he was about to undertake, to satisfy their importunity, consents: and thus, by one of the dark and unsearchable workings of fate, he is destined to act as the judge and sentencer of his nephew and son. The length of time which had elapsed since he had parted with them, had rendered their persons unknown to him; and the names of Palladius and Diaphantus, which they agreed to assume at their trial, farther promoted the concealment; while they ignorant of the name and not less of the person of their judge, were equally prevented from a recognition.

The trial now commences—Gynecia is first examined, and it appearing from her own confession, that she was the murderer of the king, she is sentenced to be conveyed to prison till the day of her husband's burial, and then to be buried alive in the same tomb with him. The turn of Pyrocles and Musidorus next comes on, and their appearance is thus described:

"Musidorus was in stature so much higher than Pyrocles, as commonly is gotten by one yeere's growth. His face, now beginning to have some tokens of a beard, was composed to a kinde of a man-like beauty. His colour was of a well-pleasing

brownnesse, and the features of it such, as they carried both delight and majesty; his countenance severe and promising a minde much given to thinking. Pyrocles of a pure complexion, and of such a chearefull favour, as might seeme either a woman's face in a boy, or an excellent boye's face in a woman. His look gentle and bashfull, which bred the more admiration, having shewed such notable proofes of courage. Lastly, though both had both, if there were any oddes, Musidorus was the more goodly, and Pyrocles the more lovely."—p. 459.

Their accuser is Philanax, who charges the former with aiding the murder of the king, and dishonouring the Lady Philoclea; and the latter with attempting to steal away her sister Pamela from her father and country, and rails against both in all the bitter terms of revengeful obduracy. They answer, by declaring the motives which led them to the king's retreat; and, recounting modestly their many benefits to him and his daughters, show how unlikely it was that they should be accessaries in his murder, or enemies to his person. During these pleadings and accusations, two letters from the princesses are brought to Philanax, written to the general assembly of the Arcadians, but which Philanax, whom nothing can satisfy but the death of the princes, determines to suppress; that of Philoclea imbued with all the gentle humbleness of her nature; and that of Pamela, breathing forth all the high and noble spirit of her mind. After hearing, with much consideration, the accuser and accused, and weighing all the evidence brought before him in the equal and unbiased balance of reason, Euarchus pronounces the fate of the princes, and sentences Pyrocles to be put to death by being thrown out of a high tower, and Musidorus to be beheaded; which sentence he orders to be executed before sunset. According to his orders, Philanax is proceeding to execute the sentence, when, as the princes are leading forth to their fate, Kalodulus, the faithful servant of Musidorus, to whom the tidings of his master's trial had come, arrests them in their progress, and makes known to Euarchus his relationship to the prisoners he had condemned. On hearing this intelligence, all the spectators are excited to compassion, and even the hard heart of Philanax is mollified. The speech which Euarchus then makes is conceived with wonderful energy; never, perhaps, was there so sublime an exhibition of equity battling with affection, of the father struggling with the judge.

"But Euarchus staid a good while upon himselfe, like a valiant man that should receive a notable encounter, being vehemently stricken with the fatherly love of so excellent children, and studying, with his best reason, what his office required; at length, with such a kind of gravity as was neare to sorrow, he thus uttered his mind: I take witness of the immortal gods (said hee) O, Arcadians, that what this day I have said, hath bene out of my assured persuasion, what justice it selfe and your just lawes require. Though strangers then to me, I had no desire to hurt them; but leaving aside all considerations of the persons, I weighed the matter which you committed into my hands, with my most impartiall and farthest reach of reason. And thereof have condemned them to lose their lives, contaminated with so many foule breaches of hospitality, civility, and vertue. Now, contrary to all expectations, I

find them to be my onely sonne and nephewe, such upon whom you see what gifts nature hath bestowed : such who have so to the wonder of the world heretofore behaved themselves, as might give just cause to the greatest hopes, that in an excellent youth may be conceived. Lastly, in few words, such in whom I placed all my mortall joyes, and thought my selfe, now neare my grave, to recover a new life. But alas, shall justice halt ? Or shall shee winke in one's cause, which had lynce's eyes in another's ? Or, rather, shall all private respects give place to that holy name ? Be it so, be it so, let my gray haire be layd in the dust with sorrow, let the small remnant of my life be to mee an inward and outward desolation, and to the world a gazing stocke of wretched misery ; but never, never let sacred rightfulness fall : it is immortal, and immortally ought to bee preserved. If rightly I have judged, then rightly I have judged mine owne children ; unless the name of a child should have force to change the never-changing justice. No, no, Pyrocles and Musidorus, I preferre you much before my life, but I preferre justice as farre before you : while you did like your selves, my body should willingly have been your shield, but I cannot keep you from the effects of your own doing : nay, I cannot in this case acknowledge you for mine ; for never had I shepheard to my nephew, nor ever had woman to my son ; your vices have degraded you from being princes, and have disannull'd your birthright. Therefore, if there be any thing left in you of princely vertue, show it in constant suffering, that your unprincely dealing hath purchased unto you. For my part I must tell you, you have forced a father to rob himselfe of his children. Doe you, therefore, O, Philanax, and you my other lords of this country, see the judgment be rightly performed, in time, place, and manner, as before appointed. With that, though hee would have refrayned them, a man might perceive the teares drop downe his long white beard."—p. 479.

The princes intercede for each other, but Euarchus is immovable. At this juncture the body of Basilus, which had been placed near the seat of judgment during the trial, is seen to move, and he regains animation, having recovered from the effects of the draught he had imbibed, which, in reality, was only a sleeping potion. The sequel of the story may easily be conceived. The fame of Gynecia is cleared up by the asseverations of her husband, and she is considered as a paragon of fidelity and conjugal love. Basilus, effectually cured of his passion for Zelmane, marries his daughters to the two princes, who, after many rejoicings, depart to their respective kingdoms, and thus the oracle is accomplished.

• Such is the outline of this interesting story : to continue and supply which, many attempts were made by different authors during the period when its celebrity continued, and brought with it the usual concomitant of familiar acquaintance, the desire of imitation. Amongst these, Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterling, may be mentioned, who has attempted to supply the defect existing in the third book, as an imitator not unworthy of Sidney. This performance, as well as the other continuations, is a proof, from the exactness with which the style of Sidney is copied, how great a portion of attention had been paid to its model, and what labour and care were exerted to rival the excellencies of its original.

All these attempts, indeed are, as good imitations, deserving of praise ; and, perhaps, that of Johnstoun is the best, but, like all other imitations, they want the spirit of originality ; and, however closely they resemble their precursor in its outward accompaniments, have little of its peculiar and inward character.

The modernization of the *Arcadia*, by Mrs. Stanley, has little to recommend it. With most meritorious industry she has managed, with its occasional quaintnesses and conceits, to remove all the charms of diction and freshness of expression, which the work itself possessed, and to convert the felicitousness and force of its language into prettiness and insipidity. Such transmutations of the original productions of genius, such meltings down of the massive gold of our ancestors for the purposes of modern frippery, have much of bad taste in them, if not something of profanation. They resemble, in the boldness of their attempts, and the weakness of their execution, the impotent endeavours of the modern Greeks, to repair the mighty monuments of their forefathers' power and politeness ; "who," to use the words of a great author, "can do no more for the preservation of those admirable specimens of art, than to whitewash the Parian marbles with chalk, and incrust the porphyry and granite with tiles and potsherds." To those only can such literary metamorphoses present attraction, who prefer Shakspeare fresh from the alembic of Dryden, and are wishful to see all the bold irregularities and exquisite touches of genius transformed to one flat level of even mediocrity.

Of the poetry interspersed in the *Arcadia*, there is much good, but much more bad in its composition. It is not, however, our present design to consider Sir Philip in his poetical character. We shall only observe, by the way, that, in general, his prose is much superior to his poetry. There is frequently about the latter, and particularly in his sonnets, a kind of clogged and cumbrous restraint, which appears to shackle and confine the natural and accustomed play of his thoughts, in attempting to bound himself within the limits of verse. The breathings of his feeling do not proceed in their usual unobstructed manner, and his spirit does not seem to move at large under the incumbrance to which it is subjected.—There is, also, a more frequent recurrence of conceit, and mean and unsuited images, disgracing sentiments lofty and elevated, by their juxta-position. The success of his injudicious attempt to model the English metre after the example of the Roman is well known, and the reasons of his failure are too evident to need any exposition. Of his poetry, the following specimen, part of a very beautiful song, shall suffice.

"What tongue can her perfection tell,
In whose each part all pens may dwell ?
Her haire fine threads of finest gold,
In curled knots man's thought to hold :
But that her forehead says, in me
A whiter beauty you may see ;
Whiter, indeed, more white than snow,
Which on cold winter's face doth grow :
That doth present those even brows,
Whose equall line their angles bowes
Like to the moone, when after change
Her horned head abroad doth range :
And arches be two heavenly lids,
Whose winke each bold attempt forbids.
For the blacke starrs those spheares containe,
The matchless paire, even praise doth staine.

No lampe, whose light by art is got,
No sunne, which shines and seeth not,
Can liken them without all peere,
Save one as much as other cleere :
Which onely thus unhappy be,
Because themselves they cannot see.
Her cheekes with kindly claret spread,
Aurora-like, new out of bed ;
Or, like the fresh Queene-apple's side,
Blushing at sight of Phœbus' pride.

Her nose, her chinne, pure ivory weares !
No purer than the pretty eares.
So that therein appeares some bloud,
Like wine and milke that mingled stood.
In whose incirclets if ye gaze,
Your eyes may tread a lover's maze.
But with such turnes the voyce to stray,
No talke untaught can finde the way.
The tippe no jewell needs to weare :
The tippe is jewell of the ear."—p. 139.

The character of Sir Philip Sidney, as a writer, is thus given by his friend, Lord Brook, with more, perhaps, in it of justice, than such characters generally possess.—“His end was not writing, even when he wrote, nor his knowledge moulded for tables or schools: but both his wit and understanding beat upon his heart, to make himself and others not in words or opinion, but in life and action, good and great.” Sir Philip Sidney appears to have been possessed of a quick and lively sensibility, of a noble and generous heart, whose emotions, unrestrained by fear, and unobstructed by dissimulation, gushed forth, with a spirit of joyous gladness, from their sacred fountain of feeling. To think loftily and to act magnanimously, to speak eloquently and to write poetically, appear in him, prerogatives not derived, but inherent: as if, of all that was elevated or extraordinary in man, he was the sole and rightful proprietary. His most heroic actions were done without any apparent consciousness of their greatness: his most exquisite productions were finished without any apparent effort or labour, and yet are such as no effort or labour can mend. Like the sudden and delightful breathings of an Æolian harp, his overflowings of thought seem to burst forth unstimulated and unexcited, deriving none of their melody from the promptings of a musician's finger, and having in them nothing of earthly aid or human operations. His power does not seem to lie so much in the intellect as in the heart; not so much in the conflicting strife of intellectual prowess, or in the gigantic grasp of mental mightiness, as in the deep-drawn sighings of the soul—as in officiating as the high priest of its sanctuary—as in exhaling from thence its clouds of imprisoned myrrh and frankincense to heaven. The current of his emotions flows on in unperturbed and imperturbable serenity, undisturbed by troublous eddy or agitated ferment, catching and reflecting all the beauties which expanded nature presents, and receiving splendour and brightness from the silvery gleams which his fancy sheds upon it in its course.—Around it are all the luxuriant delights of earth, above it is all the varied grandeur of heaven, and the voice of sadly pleasing and melancholy inspiration is heard along its shores. He appears, indeed, to have followed the counsel which he reports his muse to have given him—“Looke in thy heart and write;” and never was that writing unworthy of his character, when he gave utterance to the voice of inspiration within. When left to his own delightful windings along the green and bowery bye-paths he loved to frequent, when undriven from his haunts to join and commune with the vulgar herd of pilgrims to the sacred fountains of Castaly, when uncon-

taminated by bad example and uncorrupted by imitation, he never fails to awaken in the mind those feelings of ineffable transport, so seldom called forth to refresh and resuscitate it. Inferior as he must be acknowledged to be, to his contemporary, Shakspeare, it was not in the province of tenderness or the art of exciting pity. There, Sidney reigns pre-eminent and almighty, established on the eternal foundations of nature. With all the sweetness of Fletcher, without his fantastical wildness; with all the lovely pensiveness of Spenser, without his allegorical hardness; with much of the delicacy of Carew, and of the fanciful richness of Jeremy Taylor; our author possessed a kind of peculiar and subtle spirit so completely his own, as to be equally indescribable and inimitable. We may compare it to that finishing touch which evening gives to a beautiful landscape, where the want of glare and distinctness is well compensated by the mellowing softness of twilight's first approach; or to that fairy-like and round-circling line which appears, to the wanderer on the waves of the ocean, to connect and join its distant blue waters to the sky, thus uniting the opposite harmonies and assimilating the amalgamating tints of earth and heaven. This, whether proceeding from some perfection of fancy or exquisite refinement of nature, is, perhaps, the cause which renders the perusal of Sir Philip Sidney's works so exceedingly soothing and delicious in the open presence of nature; when, upon some green bank or near some shady fountain, we hang enamoured over his pages, and, dividing ourselves been the sequestered gleights of nature herself and the deep-toned inspirations of her favoured prophet, enjoy the rich draughts of intellectual luxury. There is also another circumstance which perhaps contributes to heighten our satisfaction in his compositions, and this is, the constant recurring recollection of the author which forces itself upon our minds, and compels us with his writings continually to associate the memory of the writer. Every great and noble sentiment, every peaceful image of happiness, and touching expression of sadness, which his works contain, seem so manifestly and closely identified with his own feelings, so narrowly and essentially connected with and derived from his own heart, so undeniably the outpourings and workings of his own soul, that it is as impossible, in reading the productions of Sidney, not to revert to and remember himself, as in the dark and gloomy personifications of Byron not to recognize his own personal and individual character. As we read the imaginations of the former, we can almost fancy him breathing through his own pages, or that we are holding a colloquy with his disembodied spirit: we participate in the distresses of his personages as if they were parts of himself, and therefore to be worshipped; as if they were the representatives and continuations of his own mind, and therefore to be respected. Our minds are filled with mingling remembrances of himself and his fate, of the promise of his youth and the brightness of his manhood, of the radiant progress of that star, which shed its first beams upon the peaceful glades of Penshurst, and diffused its dying glories over the bloody field of Zutphen. If with such emotions we peruse the works of Sidney, who would wish to rob him of that additional splendour, which his personal character has given to his writings and associated with his works? Who would wish to remove that sacred veil of protection, which the nobleness of his life has spread over the meanness of his productions?—Little need as there is of such a protection, yet surely the immunities of virtue should never be destroyed. Such a deprivation will, however, little affect the fame of Sir Philip Sidney. He will, we may venture to predict, as long as living language and vivid description shall have

attraction, be considered by posterity not less admirable as a writer than memorable as a man.

It has been the fate of the *Arcadia* to be the sport of popular caprice, and to experience all the extremes of admiration and neglect. Immediately on its publication, it was received with unbounded applause. To this, many causes contributed—the high reputation of the author, his rank, his bravery, his unfortunate and premature death, and the real excellence of the work. The ladies were desirous of perusing what might be considered the testament of so accomplished a courtier; the nobility regarded with eagerness the production of him who was their model and pattern; and the scholars turned with respect to the words of one who was equally qualified to shine in a college or a court. Thus the *Arcadia* became the favourite promptuary and text-book of the public; from it was taken the language of compliment and love; it gave a tinge of similitude to the colloquial and courtly dialect of the time, and from thence its influence was communicated to the lucubrations of the poet, the historian, and the divine.—Imitators in abundance came forth to add their supplements and continuations to it, and the works and person of Sir Philip Sidney were for a long time held up to universal and unqualified admiration.

But the enthusiasm of praise, like all other enthusiasms, will at length have an end, and happy may its victims account themselves, if the height which momentary fondness has raised them to, does not in the end contribute to increase the rapidity of their descent, and precipitate the violence of their fate. What a speaking illustration is furnished on this subject, by the fates of Aquinas, Ramus, Malbranche, and Picus of Mirandula; who would, in the zenith of their reputation, have ever believed, that the world would one day be as silent of them as it is now? And, indeed, it is remarkable enough, how few of those who have astonished their contemporaries by their wit and genius, and whose names were in their own age held up to an almost idolatrous admiration, have left behind them memorials sufficient to justify their fame. In the scanty remains which time has left us of the genius of Crichton, we seek in vain for that intellectual vigour and refinement, which, pervading science at a glance, left all others at an immeasurable distance; and before which, universities themselves and assemblages of the learned shrunk dismayed and confounded. In the compositions of Rochester, what foundation can we find for that reputed predominance of wit which all his contemporaries allowed him, and which seemed almost to excuse his profligacy and extenuate his vice. We look in vain, in the productions of such men, to find an adequate cause for the lavishness and superabundance of praise which was heaped on them by the devotion of their co-evals. It is as if some vivifying charm, some exquisite but fugacious investment of brightness, which hallowed them to the eyes of our forefathers, had departed and left us to inquire what could be that radiance of which we see no vestige or spark behind. It is as if there was in them a spirit volatile and escaping, which, animating the mass for awhile, at length vanishes like a mockery, and remains incommunicable and imperceptible to posterity. When time has effaced the light and evanescent strokes of genius, and brought with it other rules of taste and systems of opinion; when distance has cooled the fervor of admiration and the fondness of personal regard; when the loud and undistinguishing voice of applause has subsided to a scarcely perceptible murmur, and the favouring examination of friendship has given place to the sharp dissection of critical anatomy; how great is the variance we find between the judgements of contemporaneous and succeeding critics. The difference is hardly less than that perceived by him, who visits in winter the tree which in summer

was his favourite retreat. He finds the same tree still remaining, under which he has so often reposed; but where is the verdure which appareled and adorned it; where are the blossoms with which it was overspread; where are the sunbeams that played upon its branches; and where is the melody which enchanted him in its shade?

It would appear, from the fate which the *Arcadia* has experienced in the present age, that a similar disparity existed between its real intrinsic merit and the accredited character of its author; and that, so far from being capable of sustaining his reputation, its only claim to regard was derived from its bearing his name on its title-page. The present generation seem determined to disallow the lavish praises of their forefathers, and to equalize the balance by as lavish and heedless censures. It was enough that the work was written after a bad model; that it was interspersed with uninteresting pastoral interludes; that the author had endeavoured to form the English versification after the Latin, and had not succeeded; that there was in it an occasional occurrence of quaintness and conceit; and that the story was in some degree complicated and interwoven; to induce them to consign it to neglect, or to mention it with slighting and ungenerous criticism. The judgement of Horace Walpole is well known, and remains on record, an indelible proof of the insensibility of his feelings and the depravity of his taste. His perception, indeed, limited to studious trifles and literary gewgaws, was ill qualified for discussing or appreciating the highest efforts of talent. What could Chatterton hope for from a man who had slighted Sir Philip Sidney? In the foot-steps of Horace Walpole follow Mr. Todd and Mr. Hazlitt. Mr. Campbell mentions the works of Sidney with much coldness; and the ingenious author of the *History of Fiction*, though upon the whole less unfavourable, yet ends by pronouncing the *Arcadia* a very tedious story.

Against these criticisms the best defence will be found in the work itself, to which we confidently refer our readers. That it has many faults, we do not deny; but they are faults to which all the writers of his time were subject, and generally in a greater degree. It has been said, that his language is very quaint; but we may safely ask, what author is there of his age in whose language there is in reality so little of quaintness? Let us remember a work, which the *Arcadia* contributed more than any thing else to consign to oblivion; a work, which for a long time was in high fashion and celebrity; and the style of which is, perhaps, more elaborately and systematically bad, than that of any work in the whole extent of literature. We mean, Lilly's *Euphues*. With it, let us compare Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*—the style he introduced, with the style he contributed to banish; and we shall then regard him as the restorer of the purity of our language, and as meriting our eternal gratitude and respect. The language of the *Arcadia* is, indeed, as much superior to that of the *Euphues*, as is the varied melody of the nightingale to the monstrous harshness of the jay.

Another radical fault in the *Arcadia*, is the defect of the species of writing of which it is a part—the heroic and pastoral romance, either disjunctively or commixed. But so far from lowering, this primary disadvantage ought rather to increase our admiration of his genius, who has been able to give attraction to so preposterous a kind of composition. Who would not applaud the ingenuity of him, who could engraft with success the apricot on the sloe, or the nectarine on the crab? When we see a structure irregular and clumsy, but built of massy gold; however we may censure its defective plan, yet surely we must admire the richness of its materials. We wish every one, who dislikes for this reason the *Arcadia*, were

compelled, as a punishment, to wade through all the voluminous tomes of its models, the French romances; and we think they would perceive how different an edifice the powers of genius and dullness will erect on the same narrow foundation. After all, notwithstanding all its disadvantages, the flashes of the gifted mind will force their way; and he, who, like Sir Philip Sidney, writes from the heart and describes from the eye, will never want readers, or be destitute of admirers, as long as the common feelings in which all human kind participate shall endure, and as long as the common scenery of nature, and the unfading garniture of creation, shall live and flourish undestroyed.

In an examination of the *Arcadia*, we cannot but observe the power which its author possesses of laying hold of the feelings, and exciting the interest, of his readers; an interest, which gradually augments and brightens to the end. If this be one, as assuredly it is, of the chief arts of imaginative composition, it is certainly an art, of which Sir Philip Sidney was master in a very high degree. No writer surpasses him in exciting commiseration and pity, no one lords over the human heart with more powerful and resistless dominion. So far, indeed, from being a tiresome story, it would be difficult, in the whole range of fiction, to mention one which more completely grapples with the feelings, and retains the attention of the reader. We do not say, that it is impossible for any one to desist in the perusal of the work till he has arrived at the conclusion; but we do say, that he who in reading it can close its pages without a wish to open them again, has as little in him of laudable feeling as of genuine taste.

In the creations of intellectual beauty, no writer is more successful than Sir Philip Sidney. His heroes are all cast in the mould of perfection, the repositories of "high erected thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesie," the souls of gallant constancy and spotless honour. Though different, they are but the different modifications of human excellence, of mental and incorporeal loftiness, breathing itself into, as it were, and giving a transformed beauty to the person. In his characters, the roughness of superiority is melted almost to effeminate softness, yet without losing, as it acquires more of liveliness and attraction, any of its high and exalted appendages. There is a repose and relief about his personages, which, while it dims nothing of their brightness, makes them sweet resting places for the mind to fasten on. The character of a hero, Sir Philip Sidney always described *con amore*—it was his own proper and natural character; and to delineate it, he had only to transcribe the workings of his own mind, and to give expression to its romantic emotions.—His heroines are not less faultlessly designed; they are, in truth, the beaming personifications of virtue, with all the chaste effulgence of heaven-derived and heaven-directed purity—such fair creations of loveliness as the minds of fancy's dreamers love to picture. They are, indeed,

"The darling daughters of the day,
And bodied in their native ray."

Romance, notwithstanding all its tissue of extravagancies, has much to gratify the human mind; and as the gratifications which it administers have a tendency to dignify and refine the grossness of worldly selfishness, they are not without their attendant benefit. There is a mixture of dauntless courage and submissive humility, of sternness of man and devotedness to woman, of fierceness in the fight and meekness in the wooing, about its doughty heroes, which interests us by its blended variety and the entireness of its united emotions. There are, also, the universal accompaniments of bodily might and

intellectual elevation, and these are no small attractions. The pride, the haughtiness of man, delights to see his species exalted. Like Prometheus, he would rob the heaven of its fire to illumine the habitations of the earth. His fancy loves to pour itself forth in the formation of creatures of ethereal and impassable brightness, and to ennoble himself, as it were, by his kindred to the beings of his own creations. Who can observe, without a secret complacency and satisfaction, the characters of the heroes and knights of romance, their resistless prowess, their patience, their constancy, their fidelity, and their love.—We see them going forth with all that can excite or challenge admiration—beauty glowing in their form—strength residing in their right hand, and mightiness and magnanimity encircling them with an immortal radiance. We see them now wielding the sword, which never waves but to conquer, in the defence of the captive or oppressed; subduing armies and armaments by the force of their own arm, and casting from them, as with abhorrence, all weakness, pusillanimity, and fear; braving death with an obstinacy he seems to shrink from, and enduring more than earthly perils, with more than earthly fortitude. We see them now kneeling with submissive devotedness before their hard-hearted mistresses, treating them with an almost idolatrous humility of devotion, and trembling beneath their frowns, as if a glance of their eye could cause annihilation. We see them again, refreshing and recruiting themselves in the depth of some untrodden forest or shady grove, or reposing in security under the open canopy of heaven, again to rise to the performance of fresh exploits of valour and achievements of hardihood.

Equally successful is our author in picturing the soft and gentle emotions of love and friendship; in describing those scenes where the heart pours itself forth in the bosom of some sympathetic listener, or those quarrels and reconciliations which only for a while stop the pulse of affection, to make it return again more violently to its accustomed beating. Of this, the dialogues between Pyrocles and Musidorus in the first book, and between Pyrocles and Philoclea in the fourth, are delightful examples. Sir Philip Sidney's fairy pencil was principally formed to delineate the pensive and milder workings of feeling. His transparent mirror reflected the emotions of the human mind; but it was not the mind awakened by crime and exasperated by scorn; it was not the mind preyed upon by remorse or tormentors generated within itself. His province was not to portray the dark and horrible in nature, or the dark and horrible in man. His was not the gloomy colouring of Dante or Salvator Rosa. His abode was not on the precipice or the mountain, on the eyrie of the eagle or the birth-place of the storm, but in the bosoms of soft and ethereal moulding, in hearts of loved and loving tenderness, in groves of silent and sacred quiet, and in plains illumined by perpetual spring.

His descriptions of nature and her scenery are universally delightful and sweet. There is an air of freshness and verdure about them, which we look for in vain in other writers. In reading them, it seems as if the breathing zephyr which hovers over scenes of such enchantment and beauty, had found a voice, and is painting to us the delights of its favourite and haunted groves. We feel them as the transference into language of nature's universal voice, as it issues forth in the warbling of the birds, the whispers of the forest, and the murmurs of the streams. They sooth us as the sound of a distant waterfall, or, as "a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters." Nature's enthusiastic follower, Sir Philip Sidney worshipped with awe the print of her footsteps: his genius, camelion-like, received a fresh hue from every fresh variety with which

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she supplied him, and her beauties had always the power of producing from him strains not less sympathetic and delightful than the music elicited by the beams of the morning from the magic statue of Memnon.

The feeling which the perusal of the *Arcadia* excites, is a calm and pensive pleasure, at once full, tranquil, and exquisite. The satisfaction we experience is not unsimilar to that of meditation by moonlight, when the burning fervor of the day has subsided, and every thing which might confuse or disorder our contemplation is at rest. All is peaceful and quiet, and as clear as a transparency. The silvery glittering of the language, the unearthly loftiness of its heroes, the etheriality of their aspirations, and the sweet tones of genuine and unstudied feeling which it sounds forth, all combine to embue our souls with a soft and pleasing melancholy. We feel ourselves under the spell of an enchanter, in the coils of a witchery, too gratifying to our senses to be willingly shaken off, and therefore resign ourselves without resistance to its influence. By it, we are removed to other and more delightful climes—by it, we are transported to the shady groves of Arcady and the bowery recesses of Tempe; to those heavenly retreats, where the music and melody were wafted with every sighing of the breeze along their cool and translucent streams. We find ourselves in the midst of the golden age, with glimpses of the armed grandeur of the age of chivalry. We find ourselves in a period of conflicting sights and emotions, when all that was lovely in the primitive simplicity of the one, and all that was fascinating in the fantastic magnificence of the other, were united and mingled together; where the rustic festivity of the shepherd was succeeded by the imposing splendour of the tournament, and the voice of the pastoral pipe and oaten reed was joined with the sound of the trumpet and the clashing of the lance.

It has been remarked, that the comic parts of the *Arcadia*, which relate to Dametas and his family, are amongst the worst parts of the book. This is in some measure true, and yet the dislike which we feel in reading them arises not so much out of their own inferiority, as from their unsuitableness and unfitness to form part of such a work. There is an incongruity in their association with the true and natural pictures of his genius, which cannot but excite our displeasure. Our feeling is the same as in seeing the ale-house paintings of Teniers by the Transfiguration of Raphael. Besides this, we feel it a kind of debasement in the mind of Sir Philip Sidney, to descend from its native height and dignity to the low subjects of burlesque and humor. We feel that he was designed for other purposes than to make us laugh, and that such an attempt is little better than a prostitution of his powers. In so doing, he dissipates all the enchantment which riveted us to him; he mortifies and wounds our sensibility, by destroying the train of feelings which before had possessed us: he weakens and diminishes our faith, by destroying our confidence and arousing our judgement: and when these great foundations are removed, when the heart is hardened to their illusions and the belief convinced of their fallacy, what have the fairy palaces of imagination, and the bright structures of fancy, to support them or to rest on?

We cannot close our article, without paying a tribute of respect to Sir Philip Sidney on the ground of his diction. Perhaps we may venture to pronounce him, notwithstanding his occasional blemishes, the best, the most happy, the most powerful prose writer of the time in which he flourished. Certain we are,

that none of his contemporaries ever equalled him in his best specimens of composition, in his most finished and consummate productions. There is a certain point indeed, beyond which language can go no farther; and which, whosoever has attained, has as little need to dread a rival, as to expect a superior, and that this point has been frequently reached by Sir Philip Sidney, no one, who has read his *Arcadia*, will doubt or deny. The period in which he wrote was one which presented peculiar advantages and disadvantages, it was one which afforded opportunities of advancing our language to unapproachable perfection, or lowering it to unparalleled degradation. No model being then established, our national dialect was at the mercy of every bold and piratical marauder, who might think fit to shape its form and marshal its riches; and it was left to the caprice or judgement of every writer, to introduce such new combinations or additions to its phraseology, as his own unbounded desire might direct. That this excess of license should be attended with many of the perversions of bad taste, was easy to be imagined; but, at the same time, it was the cause and foundation of many surpassing excellencies, such as could never have been produced under the withering power of constraint. The writers, indeed, of that age had almost a power, similar to Adam's, of giving names to all that lay before them in the animate or intellectual creation, and of suiting and modifying the energies of language to all the various operations of nature and exigencies of mind. Of a power so unlimited, great might have been the abuse, and great the contaminating influence over all our succeeding literature. This happily did not, or did but partially, take place; and while we find amongst the writers of that time innumerable pieces of exquisite composition, the instances of a contrary kind are very rare, and of those, the principal and efficient cause was the imitation of the bad models of other countries. The conceits and quaintnesses of Sir Philip Sidney's language had their origin from the Italian school; and, indeed, whatever was bad or unworthy of him in his writings was occasioned by imitation. When he gives free play to his own power of expression, he never disgusts or disappoints his readers. Then he delights us with passages of such unrivalled and inexpressible beauty, that all petty censures and preconceived disgusts are in a moment overwhelmed, and we are compelled to acknowledge him as a great and unequalled master of language, who had the power to modify and mould it to every degree of passion and thought, and unlock and open all its diversified resources and inexhaustible stores.

It would not, perhaps, be over-rating the merit of Sir Philip Sidney, or doing injustice to the memory of any of the writers of his time, to ascribe to him and his agency the formation of that peculiar and characteristic style, which pervades the English literature at the close of the sixteenth century, and which has so great a share in rendering the productions of our dramatic writers, of that period, of inestimable worth and value. We certainly do not know any other writer who has so fair a title to that distinction, from priority of date or superiority of desert. It would, indeed, be ridiculous to affirm that a book of such celebrity, in its time, as the *Arcadia*, should be of inconsiderable weight in shaping the public taste, and giving a character and impression

to our language. Every work, much read and much admired, must have an influence over its native literature, and, if it does not openly and immediately affect it, will, however, sooner or later insensibly deteriorate or improve it. This could not but be the case with Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, and therefore we may regard the whole literary character of that age as, in some sort, derived and descended from him, and his work as the fountain from which all the vigorous shoots of that period drew something of their verdure and strength. It was, indeed, the *Arcadia* which first taught to the contemporary writers, that inimitable interweaving and contexture of words—that bold and unshackled use and application of them—that art of giving to language, appropriated to objects the most common and trivial, a kind of acquired and adscititious loftiness; and to diction, in itself noble and elevated, a sort of superadded dignity; that power of ennobling the sentiments by the language, and the language by the sentiments, which so often excites our admiration in perusing the writers of the age of Elizabeth. It taught them to transcribe their own thoughts, and give to the transcription all the working animation of its original; to paint the varieties of nature, and to make their paintings not copies from the strainers of imitation, but actual and living resemblances, glowing, as in the reflections of a mirror, with all the fidelity of verisimilitude and all the reality of truth. It taught them to give utterance to the simple and enchanting emotions of the heart, which always find or make for themselves language worthy to express them, and the more beautiful for the less it has of adornment. It taught them, in short, all that has rendered their productions so surpassingly and exquisitely delightful—never, then, ought we to forget, while perusing the works of his contemporaries, that it is to Sidney, their greatest excellencies are owing—to Sidney, the protecting planet of Spenser, and morning star of Shakspeare.

We will now for a while bid farewell to the productions of this truly great man, who as certainly deserved a kingdom for his genius, as Scaliger a principality for his learning; and who, had he not been early cut off in his race of glory, would have left behind him memorials which criticism would not have dared to censure, or malignity to disturb. Yet, unequal as his writings are, to what he might have written, they will carry his name down to far distant ages, and with them will descend to posterity the traditional relations which our ancestors have delivered of his achievements and worth. Whatever transient obscurity real merit may occasionally suffer, it must, in the end, be triumphant; and true taste and true feeling, which are the same in all ages, will, at length, vindicate the praises which themselves have bestowed. This temporary eclipse some there are who might lament, yet we lament it not; for, however grateful to the eye may be the brightness of unsullied and uninjured talent, yet never, in our opinion, does genius appear so splendid, so majestic and commanding, as when it, at length, disperses the mists which for a time obscured its face; and rises, like the mighty eagle in Milton's *Arcopagitica*, superior to the hootings of the birds of night. And thus it will be with the works of Sir Philip Sidney: upon a candid and impartial examination, it will appear, that the man, of whom nations once rung, and courts resounded “in the consensual harmony of praise,” still deserves to retain a large portion of his former celebrity; that if the variety of his attempts and the

complexity of his character, by diverting his genius into too many channels, contributed to impoverish and distract it, yet that there is still in everything which he has written an indelible stamp of greatness; and that the edifice of his reputation was not built upon local prejudice or extrinsic regard, but founded upon reason and established upon truth, and can never, but with them, be overthrown. And here we cannot conclude, without taking notice of that blighting spirit of modern criticism which Sir Philip Sydney has, with many other worthies of old, experienced, and which has given to the literature of the present age, a character of heartless and spiritless insensibility. There seems to be a malignant desire to reduce the great of former ages to the level of common men; to bring down their superiority, intellectual and personal, to valueless and vapid mediocrity; and to demonstrate, that the lights which shone as the directors of our forefathers were little better than momentary meteors or vapourish exhalations. Far are we from being enemies to just and distinguishing criticism; but surely the illustrious characters of antiquity deserve some reverence at our hands, and the laurels which our ancestors have placed on their heads ought not rudely to be plucked off by the hand of the spoiler. There is a kind of prescription in fame which partakes of the sanctity and inviolability of age, and which it hurts our best feelings and excites our indignation to see infringed. It is not very often that popular judgement errs on the side of admiration; and why then should we be so eager, in this age, to withdraw the praises which an injudicious, but at the same time generous, prodigality has prompted another to bestow!—For ourselves, we can only say, that we shall never wish to be among the number of those who would detract from patriotism its merit, or from heaven-born talent its due. Ever absent from us, and from our pages, be that ungenerous and ungentlemanlike spirit of criticism, which could induce us to speak coldly of the character of Falkland, or disdainfully of the genius of Sidney!

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

CHAPTER LIX.

The Plots begin to fail, and doubts and dangers to disturb the plotter.

RALPH sat alone in the solitary room where he was accustomed to take his meals, and to sit of nights when no profitable occupation called him abroad; before him was an untasted breakfast, and near to where his fingers beat restlessly upon the table, lay his watch. It was long past the time at which, for many years, he had put it into his pocket and gone with measured steps down stairs to the business of the day, but he took as little heed of its monotonous warning, as of the meat and drink before him, and remained with his head resting on one hand, and his eyes fixed moodily on the ground.

This departure from his regular and constant habit in one so regular and unvarying in all that appertained to the daily pursuit of riches, would almost of itself have told that the user was not well. That he laboured under some mental or bodily indisposition, and that it was one of no slight kind so to affect a man like him, was sufficiently shown by his haggard face, jaded air, and hollow languid eyes, which he raised at last with a start and a hasty glance

around him, as one who suddenly awakes from sleep, and cannot immediately recognise the place in which he finds himself.

"What is this," he said, "that hangs over me, and I cannot shake off? I have never pampered myself, and should not be ill. I have never moped, and pined, and yielded to fancies; but what *can* a man do without rest?"

He pressed his hand upon his forehead.

"Night after night comes and goes, and I have no rest. If I sleep, what rest is that which is disturbed by constant dreams of the same detested faces crowding round me—of the same detested people in every variety of action, mingling with all I say and do, and always to my defeat? Waking, what rest have I, constantly haunted by this heavy shadow of—I know not what, which is its worst character. I must have rest. One night's unbroken rest and I should be a man again."

Pushing the table from him while he spoke, as though he loathed the sight of food, he encountered the watch; the hands of which were almost upon noon.

"This is strange!" he said, noon, and Nogs not here! what drunken brawl keeps him away? I would give something now, something in money even after that dreadful loss, if he had stabbed a man in a tavern scuffle, or broken into a house, or picked a pocket, or done anything that would send him abroad with an iron ring upon his leg, and rid me of him. Better still if I could throw temptation in his way, and lure him on to rob me. He should be welcome to what he took, so I brought the law upon him, for he is a traitor, I swear; how or when or where I don't know, though I suspect."

After waiting for another half-hour, he despatched the woman who kept his house to Newman's lodging, to inquire if he were ill, and why he had not come or sent. She brought back answer that he had not been at home all night, and that no one could tell her anything about him.

"But there is a gentleman, Sir," she said, below, who was standing at the door when I came in, and he says——"

"What says he?" demanded Ralph, turning angrily upon her. "I told you I would see nobody."

"He says," replied the woman, abashed by his harshness, "that he comes on very particular business which admits of no excuse, and I thought perhaps it might be about——"

"About what, in the devil's name?" said Ralph hastily. "You spy and speculate on people's business with me, do you woman?"

"Dear, no Sir! I saw you were anxious, and thought it might be about Mr. Nogs, that's all."

"Saw I was anxious!" muttered Ralph; "they all watch me now. Where is this person? You did not say I was not down yet, I hope?"

The woman replied that he was in the little office, and that she had said her master was engaged, but she would take the message.

"Well," said Ralph, I'll see him. Go to your kitchen, and keep there,—do you mind me?"

Glad to be released, the woman quickly disappeared. Collecting himself, and assuming as much of his accustomed manner as his utmost resolution could summon, Ralph descended the stairs, and after pausing for a few moments with his hand upon the

lock, entered Newman's room, and confronted Mr. Charles Cheeryble.

Of all men alive, this was one of the last he would have wished to meet at any time; but now that he recognized in him only the patron and protector of Nicholas, he would rather have seen a spectre. One beneficial effect however, the encounter had upon him. It instantly roused all his dormant energies, rekindled in his breast the passions that for many years had found an improving home there, called up his wrath, hatred, and malice; restored the sneer to his lip, and the scowl to his brow, and made him again in all outward appearance the same Ralph Nickleby that so many had bitter cause to remember.

"Humph," said Ralph, pausing at the door. "This is an unexpected favour, Sir."

"And an unwelcome one," said brother Charles; "an unwelcome one, I know."

"Men say you are truth itself, Sir," sneered Ralph. "You speak truth now at all events, and I'll not contradict you. The favour is at least as unwelcome as it is unexpected. I can scarcely say more!"

"Plainly, Sir——" began brother Charles.

"Plainly Sir," interrupted Ralph, "I wish this conference to be a short one, and end where it begins. I guess the subject upon which you are about to speak, and I'll not hear you. You like plainness, I believe,—there it is. Here is the door as you see. Our way lies in very different directions. Take yours I beg of you, and leave me to pursue mine in quiet."

"In quiet!" repeated brother Charles mildly, and looking at him with more of pity than reproach. "To pursue his way in quiet!"

"You will scarcely remain in my house, I presume, Sir, against my will," said Ralph; "or you can scarcely hope to make an impression upon a man who closes his ears to all that you can say, and is firmly and resolutely determined not to hear you."

"Mr. Nickleby, Sir," returned brother Charles, no less mildly than before, but firmly too, "I come here against my will—sorely and grievously against my will. I have never been in this house before; and to speak my mind, Sir, I don't feel at home or easy in it, and have no wish ever to be here again. You do not guess the subject on which I come to speak to you, you do not indeed. I am sure of that, or your manner would be a very different one."

Ralph glanced keenly at him, but the clear eye and open countenance of the honest old merchant underwent no change of expression, and met his look without reserve.

"Shall I go on?" said Mr. Cheeryble.

"Oh, by all means, if you please," returned Ralph drily. "Here are walls to speak to, Sir, a desk, and two stools—most attentive auditors, and certain not to interrupt you. Go on, I beg; make my house yours, and perhaps by the time I return from my walk, you will have finished what you have to say, and will yield me up possession again."

So saying, he buttoned his coat, and turning into the passage, took down his hat. The old gentleman followed, and was about to speak, when Ralph waved him off impatiently, and said:

"Not a word. I tell you, Sir, not a word. Virtuous as you are, you are not an angel yet, to appear in men's houses whether they will or no, and pour your speech into unwilling ears. Preach to the walls I tell you—not to me."

"I am no angel, Heaven knows," returned brother Charles, shaking his head, "but an erring and imperfect man; nevertheless, there is one quality which all men have in common with the angels, blessed opportunities of exercising if they will—mercy. It is an errand of mercy that brings me here. Pray, let me discharge it."

"I show no mercy," retorted Ralph with a triumphant smile, "and I ask none. Seek no mercy from me, Sir, in behalf of the fellow who has imposed upon your childish credulity, but let him expect the worst that I can do."

"He ask mercy at your hands!" exclaimed the old merchant warmly, "ask it at his, Sir, ask it at his. If you will not hear me now when you may, hear me when you must, or anticipate what I would say, and take measures to prevent our ever meeting again. Your nephew is a noble lad, Sir, an honest, noble lad. What you are, Mr. Nickleby, I will not say; but what you have done, I know. Now, Sir, when you go about the business in which you have been recently engaged, and find it difficult of pursuing, come to me and my brother Ned, and Tim Linkinwater, Sir, and we'll explain it for you—and come soon, or it may be too late, and you may have it explained with a little more roughness, and a little less delicacy—and never forget, Sir, that I came here this morning in mercy to you, and am still ready to talk to you in the same spirit."

With these words, uttered with great emphasis and emotion, brother Charles put on his broad-brimmed hat, and passing Ralph Nickleby without any further remark, trotted nimbly into the street. Ralph looked after him, but neither moved nor spoke for some time, when he broke what almost seemed the silence of stupefaction, by a scornful laugh.

"This," he said, "from its wildness, should be another of those dreams that have so broken my rest of late. In mercy to me!—Pho! The old simpleton has gone mad."

Although he expressed himself in this derisive and contemptuous manner, it was plain that the more Ralph pondered the more ill at ease he became, and the more he laboured under some vague anxiety and alarm, which increased as the time passed on and no tidings of Newman Noggs appeared. After waiting until late in the afternoon tortured by various apprehensions and misgivings, and the recollection of the warning which his nephew had given him when they last met, the further confirmation of which now presented itself in one shape of probability now in another, and haunted him perpetually, he left home, and scarcely knowing why, save that he was in a suspicious and agitated mood, betook himself to Snawley's house. His wife presented herself, and of her Ralph inquired whether her husband was at home.

"No," she said sharply, "he is not indeed, and I don't think he will be at home for a very long time, that's more."

"Do you know who I am?" asked Ralph.

"Oh yes, I know you very well—too well, perhaps, and perhaps he does too, and sorry am I that I should have to say it."

"Tell him that I saw him through the window-blind above, as I crossed the road just now, and that I would speak to him on business," said Ralph sarcastically. "Do you hear?"

"I hear," rejoined Mrs. Snawley, taking no further notice of the request.

"I knew this woman was a hypocrite in the way of psalms and Scripture phrases," said Ralph, passing quietly by, "but I never knew she drank before."

"Stop! You don't come in here said Mr. Snawley's better-half, interposing her person, which was a robust one, in the doorway. "You have said more than enough to him on business before now. I always told him what dealing with you and working out your schemes would come to. It was either you or the schoolmaster—one of you or the two between you—that got the forged letter done, remember that. That wasn't his doing, so don't lay it at his door."

"Hold your tongue, you Jezebel," said Ralph, looking fearfully round.

"Ah, I know when to hold my tongue, and when to speak, Mr. Nickleby," retorted the dame. "Take care that other people know when to hold theirs."

"You jade," said Ralph, grinning with rage; "if your husband has been idiot enough to trust you with his secrets, keep them—keep them, she-devil that you are."

"Not so much his secrets as other people's secrets, perhaps," retorted the woman; "not so much his secrets as yours. None of your black looks at me. You'll want 'em all perhaps for another time. You had better keep 'em."

"Will you," said Ralph, suppressing his passion as well as he could, and clutching her tightly by the wrist: "will you go to your husband and tell him that I know he is at home, and that I must see him? And will you tell me what it is that you and he mean by this new style of behaviour?"

"No," replied the woman, violently disengaging herself, "I'll do neither."

"You set me at defiance, do you?" said Ralph.

"Yes," was the answer. "I do."

For an instant Ralph had his hand raised as though he were about to strike her, but checking himself, and nodding his head, and muttering as though to assure her he would not forget this, walked away.

Thence, he went straight to the inn which Mr. Squeers frequented, and inquired when he had been there last; in the vague hope that whether successful or unsuccessful, he might by this time have returned from his mission and be able to assure him that all was safe. But Mr. Squeers had not been there for ten days, and all the people could tell about him was, that he had left his luggage and his bill.

Disturbed by a thousand fears and surmises, and bent upon ascertaining whether Squeers had any suspicion of Snawley, or was in any way a party to this altered behaviour, Ralph determined to hazard the extreme step of inquiring for him at the Lambeth lodging, and having an interview with him even there. Bent upon this purpose, and in that mood in which delay is insupportable, he repaired at once to the place, and being by description perfectly acquainted with the situation of his room, crept up stairs and knocked gently at the door.

Not one, or two, or three, nor yet a dozen knocks served to convince Ralph against his wish that there was nobody inside. He reasoned that he might be asleep; and, listening, almost persuaded himself that he could hear him breathe. Even when he was satisfied that he could not be there, he sat patiently down upon a broken stair and waited: arguing that

he had gone out upon some slight errand and must soon return.

Many feet came up the creaking stairs, and the step of some seemed to his listening ear so like that of the man for whom he waited, that Ralph often stood up to be ready to address him when he reached the top; but one by one each person turned off into some room short of the place where he was stationed, and at every such disappointment he felt quite chilled and lonely.

At length he felt it was hopeless to remain, and going down stairs again, inquired of one of the lodgers if he knew anything of Mr. Squeer's movements—mentioning that worthy by an assumed name which had been agreed upon between them. By this lodger he was referred to another, and by him to some one else, from whom he learnt that late on the previous night he had gone out hastily with two men, who had shortly afterwards returned for the old woman who lived on the same floor; and that although the circumstance had attracted the attention of the informant, he had not spoken to them at the time, nor made any inquiry afterwards.

This possessed him with the idea that perhaps Peg Sliderskew had been apprehended for the robbery, and that Mr. Squeers being with her at the time, had been apprehended also on suspicion of being a confederate. If this were so, the fact must be known to Gride; and to Gride's house he directed his steps: now thoroughly alarmed, and fearful that there were indeed plots afoot tending to his discomfiture and ruin.

Arrived at the usurer's house, he found the window's close shut, the dingy blinds drawn down: all silent, melancholy, and deserted. But this was its usual aspect. He knocked—gently at first, then loud and vigorously, but nobody came. He wrote a few words in pencil on a card, and having thrust it under the door, was going away, when a noise above as though a window-sash were stealthily raised caught his ear, and looking up he could just discern the face of Gride himself cautiously peering over the house parapet from the window of the garret. Seeing who was below, he drew it in again; not so quickly however but that Ralph let him know he was observed, and called to him to come down.

The call being repeated, Gride looked out again so cautiously that no part of the old man's body was visible, and the sharp features and white hair appearing alone above the parapet looked like a severed head garnishing the wall.

"Hush!" he cried. "Go away—go away!"

"Come down," said Ralph, beckoning him.

"Go away!" squeaked Gride, shaking his head in a sort of ecstasy of impatience. "Don't speak to me, don't knock, don't call attention to the house, but go away."

"I'll knock I swear till I have your neighbours up in arms," said Ralph, "if you don't tell me what you mean by lurking there, you whining cur."

"I can't hear what you say—don't talk to me, it isn't safe—go away—go away," returned Gride.

"Come down, I say. Will you come down?" said Ralph fiercely.

"No—o—o—o," snarled Gride. He drew in his head; and Ralph, left standing in the street, could hear the sash closed as gently and carefully as it had been opened.

"How is this," said he, "that they all fall from me and shun me like the plague—these men who have licked the dust from my feet! Is my day past, and is this indeed the coming on of night! I'll know what it means, I will, at any cost. I am firmer and more myself just now than I have been these many days."

Turning from the door, which in the first transport of his rage he had meditated battering upon until Gride's very fears impelled him to open it, he turned his face towards the city, and working his way steadily through the crowd which was pouring from it (it was by this time between five and six o'clock in the afternoon) went straight to the house of business of the Brothers Cheeryble, and putting his head in the glass case, found Tim Linkinwater alone.

"My name's Nickleby," said Ralph.

"I know it," replied Tim, surveying him through his spectacles.

"Which of your firm was it who called on me this morning?" demanded Ralph.

"Mr. Charles."

"Then tell Mr. Charles I want to see him."

"You shall see," said Tim, getting off his stool with great agility. "You shall see not only Mr. Charles, but Mr. Ned likewise."

Tim stopped, looked steadily and severely at Ralph, nodded his head once in a curt manner which seemed to say there was a little more behind, and vanished. After a short interval he returned and ushering Ralph into the presence of the two brothers, remained in the room himself.

"I want to speak to you who spoke to me this morning," said Ralph, pointing out with his finger the man whom he addressed.

"I have no secrets from my brother Ned, or from Tim Linkinwater," observed Brother Charles quietly.

"I have," said Ralph.

"Mr. Nickleby, Sir," said brother Ned, "the matter upon which my brother Charles called upon you this morning is one which is already perfectly well known to us three and to others besides, and must unhappily soon become known to a great many more; he waited upon you, Sir, this morning alone, as a matter of delicacy and consideration. We feel now that further delicacy and consideration would be misplaced, and if we confer together it must be as we are, or not at all."

"Well gentlemen," said Ralph with a curl of the lip, "talking in riddles would seem to be the peculiar forte of you two, and I suppose your clerk, like a prudent man, has studied the art also with a view to your good graces. Talk in company, gentlemen, in God's name. I'll humour you."

"Humour!" cried Tim Linkinwater, suddenly growing very red in the face, "He'll humour us! He'll humour Cheeryble Brothers! Do you hear that? Do you hear him? Do you hear him say he'll humour Cheeryble Brothers?"

"Tim," said Charles and Ned together, "pray Tim, pray now don't."

Tim taking the hint, stilled his indignation as well as he could, and suffered it to escape through his spectacles, with the additional safety-valve of a short hysterical laugh now and then, which seemed to relieve him mightily.

"As nobody bids me to a seat," said Ralph looking round. "I'll take one, for I am fatigued with

walking. And now if you please gentlemen, I wish to know—I demand to know; I have the right—what you have to say to me which justifies such a tone as you have assumed, and that underhand interference in my affairs which I have reason to suppose you have been practising. I tell you plainly, gentlemen, that little as I care for the opinion of the world (as the slang goes) I don't choose to submit quietly to slander and malice. Whether you suffer yourselves to be imposed upon so easily, or wilfully make yourselves parties to it, the result to me is the same, and in either case you can't expect from a plain man like myself much consideration or forbearance."

So coolly and deliberately was this said, that nine men out of ten, ignorant of the circumstances, would have supposed Ralph to be really an injured man. There he sat with folded arms; paler than usual certainly, and sufficiently ill-favoured, but quite collected, far more so than the brothers or the exasperated Tim, and ready to face out the very worst.

"Very well, Sir," said brother Charles. Very well. Brother Ned will you ring the bell?"

"Charles, my dear fellow! stop one instant," returned the other. "It will be better for Mr. Nickleby and for our object that he should remain silent if he can, till we have said what we have to say. I wish him to understand that."

"Quite right, quite right," said brother Charles.

Ralph smiled but made no reply; the bell was rung, the room-door opened; a man came in with a halting walk; and, looking round, Ralph's eyes met those of Newman Noggs. From that moment his heart began to fail him.

"This is a good beginning," he said bitterly. "Oh! this is a good beginning. You are candid, honest, open-hearted, fair dealing men! I always knew the real worth of such characters as yours! To tamper with a fellow like this, who would sell his soul (if he had one) for drink, and whose every word is a lie,—what men are safe if this is done? Oh it's a good beginning!"

"I will speak," cried Newman, standing on tiptoe to look over Tim's head, who had interposed to prevent him. "Hallo, you Sir—old Nickleby—what do you mean when you talk of 'a fellow like this'? Who made me 'a fellow like this'? If I would sell my soul for drink, why wasn't I a thief, swindler, housebreaker, arena sneak, robber of pence out of the trays of blind men's dogs, rather than your drudge and packhorse? If my every word was a lie, why wasn't I a pet and favourite of yours? Lie! When did I ever cringe and fawn to you—eh? Tell me that. I served you faithfully. I did more work because I was poor, and took more hard words from you because I despised you and them, than any man you could have got from the parish workhouse. I did. I served you because I was proud; because I was a lonely man with you, and there were no other drudges to see my degradation, and because nobody knew better than you that I was a ruined man, that I had'n't always been what I am, and that I might have been better off if I had'n't been a fool and fallen into the hands of you and others who were knaves. Do you deny that—eh?"

"Gently," reasoned Tim, you said you wouldn't.

"I said I wouldn't!" cried Newman, thrusting him aside, and moving his hand as Tim moved, so as to keep him at arm's length,—“don't tell me.

Here, you Nickleby, don't pretend not to mind me; it won't do, I know better. You were talking of tampering just now. Who tampered with Yorkshire schoolmasters, and, while they sent the drudge out that he shouldn't overhear, forgot that such great caution might render him suspicious, and that he might watch his master out at nights, and might set other eyes to watch the schoolmaster besides? Who tampered with a selfish father, urging him to sell his daughter to old Arthur Gride, and tampered with Gride too, and did so in the little office with a closet in the room?"

Ralph had put a great command upon himself, but he could not have suppressed a slight start, if he had been certain to be beheaded for it next moment.

"Aha!" cried Newman, "you mind me now, do you? What first set this fog to be jealous of his master's actions, and to feel that if he hadn't crossed him when he might, he would have been as bad as he, or worse? That master's cruel treatment of his own flesh and blood, and vile designs upon a young girl who interested even his broken-down, drunken, miserable hack, and made him linger in his service, in the hope of doing her some good (as, thank God, he had done others once or twice before,) when he would otherwise have relieved his feelings by pummelling his master soundly, and then going to the Devil. He would—mark that; and mark this—that I'm here now because these gentlemen thought it best. When I sought them out, (as I did—there was no tampering with me) I told them I wanted help to find you out, to trace you down, to go through with what I had begun, to help the right; and that when I had done it, I'd burst into your room and tell you all, face to face, man to man, and like a man. Now I've said my say, and let any body else say theirs, and fire away."

With this concluding sentiment, Newman Noggs, who had been perpetually sitting down and getting up again all through his speech which he had delivered in a series of jerks, and who was, from the violent exercise and the excitement combined, in a state of most intense and fiery heat, became, without passing through any intermediate stage, stiff, upright, and motionless, and so remained, staring at Ralph Nickleby with all his might and main.

Ralph looked at him for an instant, and for an instant only; then waved his hand, and, beating the ground with his foot, said in a choking voice.

"Go on, gentlemen, go on. I'm patient you see. There's law to be had, there's law. I shall call you to an account for this. Take care what you say; I shall make you prove it."

"The proof is ready," returned Brother Charles, "quite ready to our hands. The man Snawley last night made a confession."

"Who may 'the man Snawley,' be," returned Ralph, "and what may his 'confession' have to do with my affairs?"

To this inquiry, put with a dogged inflexibility of manner which language cannot express, the old gentleman returned no answer, but went on to say that to show him how much they were in earnest, it would be necessary to tell him not only what accusations were made against him, but what proof of them they had, and how that proof had been acquired. This laying open the whole question, brought up Brother Ned, Tim Linkinwater, and Newman Noggs, all three at

once, who, after a vast deal of talking together, and a scene of great confusion, laid before Ralph in distinct terms the following statement.

That Newman, having been solemnly assured by one not then producible that Smike was not the son of Snawley, and this person having offered to make oath to that effect if necessary, they had by this communication been first led to doubt the claim set up, which they would otherwise have seen no reason to dispute, supported as it was by evidence which they had no power of disproving. That once suspecting the existence of a conspiracy, they had no difficulty in tracing back its origin to the malice of Ralph and the vindictiveness and avarice of Squeers.

That suspicion and proof being two very different things, they had been advised by a lawyer, eminent for his sagacity and acuteness in such practice, to resist the proceedings taken on the other side for the recovery of the youth as slowly and artfully as possible, and meanwhile to beset Snawley (with whom it was clear the main falsehood must rest), to lead him, if possible, into contradictory and conflicting statements, to harass him by all available means, and so to practise on his fears and regard for his own safety as to induce him to divulge the whole scheme and to give up his employer and whomsoever else he could implicate. That all this had been skilfully done; but that Snawley, who was well practised in the arts of low cunning and intrigue, had successfully baffled all their attempts, until an unexpected circumstance had brought him last night upon his knees.

It thus arose. When Newman Noggs reported that Squeers was again in town, and that an interview of such secrecy had taken place between him and Ralph that he had been sent out of the house, plainly lest he should overhear a word a watch was set upon the schoolmaster, in the hope that something might be discovered which would throw some light upon the suspected plot. It being found, however, that he held no further communication with Ralph nor any with Snawley, and lived quite alone, they were completely at fault; the watch was withdrawn, and they would have observed his motions no longer, if it had not happened that one night Newman stumbled unobserved upon him and Ralph in the street together. Following them, he discovered, to his great surprise, that they repaired to various low lodging-houses, and taverns kept by broken gamblers, to more than one of whom Ralph was known, and were in pursuit—so he found by inquiries when they had left—of an old woman, whose description exactly tallied with that of deaf Mrs. Sliderskew. Affairs now appearing to assume a more serious complexion, the watch was renewed with increased vigilance; an officer was procured who took up his abode in the same tavern with Squeers; and by him and Frank Cheeryble the footsteps of unconscious schoolmaster were dogged, until he was safely housed in the lodging at Lambeth. Mr. Squeers having shifted his lodging, the officer shifted his, and, lying concealed in the same street, and, indeed, in the opposite house, soon found that Mr. Squeers and Mrs. Sliderskew were in constant communication.

In this state of things Arthur Gride was appealed to. The robbery, partly owing to the inquisitiveness of the neighbours, and partly to his own grief and rage, had long ago become known; but he positively refused to give his sanction or yield any assistance

to the old woman's capture, and was seized with such a panic at the idea of being called upon to give evidence against her, that he shut himself up close in his house, and refused to hold communication with any body. Upon this, the pursuers took counsel together, and, coming so near the truth as to arrive at the conclusion that Gride and Ralph, with Squeers for their instrument, were negotiating for the recovery of some of the stolen papers which would not bear the light, and might possibly explain the hints relative to Madeline which Newman had overheard, resolved that Mrs. Sliderskew should be taken into custody before she had parted with them, and Squeers too, if anything suspicious could be attached to him. Accordingly, a search-warrant being procured, and all prepared, Mr. Squeers's window was watched, until his light was put out, and the time arrived when, as had been previously ascertained, he usually visited Mrs. Sliderskew. This done, Frank Cheeryble and Newman stole up stairs to listen to their discourse, and to give the signal to the officer at the most favourable time. At what an opportune moment they arrived, how they listened, and what they heard, is already known to the reader. Mr. Squeers, still half stunned, was hurried off with a stolen deed in his possession, and Mrs. Sliderskew was apprehended likewise. The information being promptly carried to Snawley that Squeers was in custody—he was not told for what—that worthy, first extorting a promise that he should be kept harmless, declared the whole tale concerning Smike to be a fiction and forgery, and implicated Ralph Nickleby to the fullest extent. As to Mr. Squeers, he had that morning undergone a private examination before a magistrate, and being unable to account satisfactorily for his possession of the deed or his companionship with Mrs. Sliderskew, had been, with her, remanded for a week.

All these discoveries were now related to Ralph circumstantially and in detail. Whatever impressions they secretly produced, he suffered no sign of emotion to escape him, but sat perfectly still, not raising his frowning eyes from the ground, and covering his mouth with his hand. When the narrative was concluded, he raised his head hastily, as if about to speak, but on brother Charles resuming, fell into his old attitude again.

"I told you this morning," said the old gentleman, laying his hand upon his brother's shoulder, "that I came to you in mercy. How far you may be implicated in this last transaction, or how far the person who is now in custody may criminate you, you best know. But justice must take its course against the parties implicated in the plot against this poor, unoffending, injured lad. It is not in my power, or in the power of my brother Ned, to save you from the consequences. The utmost we can do is to warn you in time, and give you an opportunity of escaping them. We would not have an old man like you disgraced and punished by your near relation, nor would we have him forget like you, all ties of blood and nature. We entreat you—brother Ned, you join me, I know, in this entreaty, and so Tim Linkinwater do you, although you pretend to be an obstinate dog, Sir, and sit there frowning as if you did not—we entreat you to retire from London, to take shelter in some place where you will be safe from the consequences of these wicked designs, and where you

may have time, Sir, to atone for them, and to become a better man."

"And do you think," returned Ralph, rising, with the sneer of a devil, "and do you think you will so easily crush me? Do you think that a hundred well-arranged plans, or a hundred suborned witnesses, or a hundred false curs at my heels, or a hundred canting speeches full of oily words, will move me? I thank you for disclosing your schemes, which I am now prepared for. You have not the man to deal with that you think; try me, and remember that I spit upon your fair words and false dealings, and dare you—provoke you—taunt you—to do me the very worst you can."

Thus they parted for that time; but the worst had not come yet.

CHAPTER LX.

The Dangers thicken, and the worst is told.

Instead of going home, Ralph threw himself into the first street cabriolet he could find, and directing the driver towards the police-office of the district in which Mr. Squeers's misfortunes had occurred, alighted at a short distance from it, and, discharging the man, went the rest of his way thither on foot. Inquiring for the object of his solicitude, he learnt that he had timed his visit well, for Mr. Squeers was in fact at that moment waiting for a hackney-coach he had ordered, and in which he purposed proceeding to his week's retirement, like a gentleman.

Demanding speech with the prisoner, he was ushered into a kind of waiting-room in which, by reason of his scholastic profession and superior respectability, Mr. Squeers had been permitted to pass the day. Here, by the light of a guttering and blackened candle, he could barely discern the schoolmaster fast asleep on a bench in a remote corner! An empty glass stood on a table before him, and this, with his somnolent condition and a very strong smell of brandy and water, forewarned the visitor that Mr. Squeers had been seeking in creature comforts a temporary forgetfulness of his unpleasant situation.

It was not a very easy matter to rouse him: so lethargic and heavy were his slumbers. Regaining his faculties by slow and faint glimmerings, he at length sat upright, and displaying a very yellow face, a very red nose, and a very bristly beard, the joint effect of which was considerably heightened by a dirty white handkerchief, spotted with blood, drawn over the crown of his head and tied under his chin, stared ruefully at Ralph in silence, until his feelings found a vent in this pithy sentence:

"I say, young fellow, you've been and don it now, you have!"

"What's the matter with your head?" asked Ralph.

"Why, your man, your informing kidnapping man, has been and broke it," rejoined Squeers sulkily. "that's what's the matter with it. You've come at last, have you?"

"Why have you not sent to me?" said Ralph. "How could I come till I knew what had befallen you?"

"My family!" hiccupped Mr. Squeers, raising his eye to the ceiling; "my daughter as is at that age when all the sensibilities is a coming out strong in

blow—my son as is the young Norval of private life, and the heiress and ornament of a doting willage—here's a shock for the family! The coat of arms of the Squeerses is tore, and their sun is gone down into the ocean wave!"

"You have been drinking," said Ralph, "and have not yet slept yourself sober."

"I haven't been drinking your health, my codger," replied Mr. Squeers, "so you have nothing to do with that."

Ralph suppressed the indignation which the schoolmaster's altered and insolent manner awakened, and asked again why he had not sent to him.

"What should I get by sending to you?" returned Squeers. "To be known to be in with you, wouldn't do me a great deal of good, and they won't take bail till they know something more of the case, so here am I hard and fast, and there are you loose and comfortable."

"And so must you be in a few days," retorted Ralph, with affected good-humour. "They can't hurt you, man."

"Why, I suppose they can't do much to me if I explain how it was that I got into the good company of that there cadaverous old Slider," replied Squeers viciously, "who I wish was dead and buried, and resurrected and dissected, and hung upon wires in a anatomical museum, before ever I'd had anything to do with her. This is what him with the powdered head says this morning, in so many words—'Prisoner, as you have been found in company with this woman; as you were detected in possession of this document; and as you were engaged with her in fraudulently destroying others, and can give no satisfactory account of yourself, I shall remand you for a week, in order that inquiries may be made, and evidence got—and meanwhile I can't take any bail for your appearance.' Well then, what I say now is that I can give a satisfactory account of myself; I can hand in the card of my establishment and say, 'I am the Wackford Squeers as is therein named, Sir. I am the man as is guaranteed by unimpeachable references to be a out-and-outer in morals and uprightness of principle. Whatever is wrong in this business is no fault of mine. I had no evil design in it, Sir. I was not aware that anything was wrong. I was merely employed by a friend—my friend Mr. Ralph Nickleby, of Golden Square—send for him, Sir, and ask him what he has to say—he's the man; not me.'"

"What document was it that you had?" asked Ralph, evading for the moment the point just raised.

"What document? Why, the document," replied Squeers. "The Madeline what's-her-name-one. It was a will, that's what it was."

"Of what nature, whose will, when dated, how benefiting her, to what extent?" asked Ralph hurriedly.

"A will in her favour, that's all I know," rejoined Squeers; "and that's more than you'd have known, if you'd had them bellows on your head. It's all owing to your precious caution that they got hold of it. If you had let me burn it, and taken my word that it was gone, it would have been a heap of ashes behind the fire, instead of being whole and sound inside of my great-coat."

"Beaten at every point!" muttered Ralph, gnawing his fingers.

"Ah!" sighed Squeers, who between the brandy and water and his broken head, wandered strangely, "at the delightful village of Dotheboys near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, youth are boarded, clothed, booked, washed, furnished with pocket money, provided with all necessaries, instructed in all languages living and dead, mathematics, orthography, geometry, astronomy, trigonometry—this is an altered state of trigononics, this is—a double l—all, everything—a cobbler's weapon. U-p-up, adjective, not down. S-q-u-double e-r-s-Squeers, noun substantive, a educator of youth. Total, all up with Squeers!"

His running on in this way had afforded Ralph an opportunity of recovering his presence of mind, which at once suggested to him the necessity of removing as far as possible the schoolmaster's misgivings, and leading him to believe that his safety and best policy lay in the preservation of a rigid silence.

"I tell you once again," he said, "they can't hurt you. You shall have an action for false imprisonment, and make a profit of this yet. We will devise a story for you that should carry you through twenty times such a trivial scrape as this; and if they want security in a thousand pounds for your reappearance in case you should be called upon, you shall have it. All you have to do is to keep back the truth. You're a little fuddled to-night, and may not be able to see this as clearly as you would at another time, but this is what you must do, and you'll need all your senses about you, for a slip might be awkward."

"Oh!" said Squeers, who had looked cunningly at him, with his head stuck on one side like an old raven. "That's what I'm to do, is it? Now then just you hear a word or two from me. I an't a going to have any stories made for me, and I an't a going to stick to any. If I find matters going against me, I shall expect you to take your share, and I'll take care you do. You never said anything about danger. I never bargained for being brought into such a plight as this, and I don't mean to take it as quiet as you think. I let you lead me on from one thing to another, because we had been mixed up together in a certain sort of a way, and if you had liked to be ill-natured you might perhaps have hurt the business, and if you liked to be good-natured you might throw a good deal in my way. Well; if all goes right now, that's quite correct, and I don't mind it; but if anything goes wrong, then times are altered, and I shall just say and do whatever I think may serve me most; and take advice from nobody. My moral influence with them lads," added Mr. Squeers, with deeper gravity, "is a tottering to its basis. The images of Mrs. Squeers, my daughter, and my son Wackford, all short of vittles, is perpetually before me; every other consideration melts away and vanishes in front of these, and the only number in all arithmetic that I know of as a husband and a father is number one, under this here most fatal go!"

How long Mr. Squeers might have declaimed, or how stormy a discussion his declamation might have led to, nobody knows. Being interrupted at this point by the arrival of the coach and an attendant who was to bear him company, he perched his hat with great dignity on the top of the handkerchief that bound his head, and thrusting one hand in his pocket, and taking the attendant's arm with the other, suffered himself to be led forth.

"As I supposed, from his not sending!" thought Ralph. "This fellow, I see plainly through all his tippy fooling, has made up his mind to turn upon me. I am so beset and hemmed in that they are not only all struck with fear, but, like the beasts in the fable have their fling at me now, though time was, and no longer ago than yesterday too, when they were all civility and compliance. But they shall not move me. I'll not give way. I will not budge one inch!"

He went home and was glad to find the house-keeper complaining of illness that he might have an excuse for being alone and sending her away to where she lived, which was hard by. Then he sat down by the light of a candle, and began to think, for the first time, on all that had taken place that day.

He had neither eaten nor drunk since last night, and in addition to the anxiety of mind he had undergone, had been travelling about from place to place almost incessantly for many hours. He felt sick and exhausted, but could taste nothing save a glass of water, and continued to sit with his head upon his hand—not resting or thinking, but laboriously trying to do both, and feeling that every sense, but one of weariness and desolation, was for the time benumbed.

It was nearly ten o'clock when he heard a knocking at the door, and still set quiet as before, as if he could not even bring his thoughts to bear upon that. It had been often repeated, and he had several times heard a voice outside, saying there was light in the window (meaning, as he knew, his own candle), before he could rouse himself and go down stairs.

"Mr. Nickleby, there is terrible news for you, and I am sent to beg you will come with me directly," said a voice he seemed to recognise. He held his hand above his eyes, and looking out, saw Tim Linkinwater on the steps.

"Come where?" demanded Ralph.

"To our house—where you came this morning. I have a coach here."

"Why should I go there?" said Ralph.

"Don't ask me why, but pray come with me."

"Another edition of to-day?" returned Ralph, making as though he would shut the door.

"No, no!" cried Tim, catching him by the arm and speaking most earnestly; "it's only that you may hear something that has occurred—something very dreadful, Mr. Nickleby, which concerns you nearly. Do you think I would tell you so, or come to you like this, if it were not the case?"

Ralph looked at him more closely, and seeing that he was indeed greatly excited, faltered, and could not tell what to say or think.

"You had better hear this now than at any other time," said Tim, it may have some influence with you. For Heaven's sake come!"

Perhaps at another time Ralph's obstinacy and dislike would have been proof against any appeal from such a quarter, however emphatically urged, but now after a moment's hesitation, he went into the hall for his hat, and returning got into the coach without speaking a word.

Tim well remembered afterwards, and often said, that as Ralph Nickleby went into the house for this purpose, he saw him by the light of the candle which he had set down upon a chair, reel and stagger like a

druken man. He well remembered too that when he had placed his foot upon the coach steps he turned round and looked upon him with a face so ashy pale and so very wild and vacant that it made him shudder, and for the moment almost afraid to follow. People were fond of saying that he had some dark presentiment upon him then, but his emotion might perhaps with greater show of reason, be referred to what he had undergone that day.

A profound silence was observed during the ride. Arrived at their place of destination, Ralph followed his conductor into the house, and into a room where the two brothers were. He was so astounded, not to say awed, by something of a mute compassion for himself which was visible in their manner and in that of the old clerk, that he could scarcely speak.

Having taken a seat, however, he contrived to say, though in broken words, "What—what have you to say to me—more than has been said already?"

The room was old and large, very imperfectly lighted and terminated in a bay window, about which hung some heavy drapery. Casting his eyes in this direction as he spoke, he thought he made out the dusky figure of a man, and was confirmed in this impression by seeing that the object moved as if uneasy under his scrutiny.

"Who's that yonder?" he said.

"One who has conveyed to us within these two hours the intelligence which caused our sending to you," replied brother Charles. "Let him be, Sir, let him be for the present."

"More riddles!" said Ralph, faintly. "Well, Sir!"

In turning his face towards the brothers he was obliged to avert it from the window, but before either of them could speak, he had looked round again. It was evident that he was rendered restless and uncomfortable by the presence of the unseen person, for he repeated this action several times, and at length, as if in a nervous state which rendered him positively unable to turn away from the place, sat so as to have it opposite him, and muttered as an excuse that he could not bear the light.

"The brothers conferred apart for a short time: their manner showing that they were agitated. Ralph glanced at them twice or thrice, and ultimately said, with a great effort to recover his self possession, "Now what is this? If I am brought from home at this time of night let it be for something. What have you got to tell me?" After a short pause, he added, "Is my niece dead?"

He had struck upon a key which rendered the task of commencement an easier one. Brother Charles turned, and said it was a death of which they had to tell him, but that his niece was well.

"You don't mean to tell me," said Ralph, as his eyes brightened, "that her brother's dead. No, that's too good. I'd not believe it if you told me so. It would be too welcome news to be true."

"Shame on you, you hardened and unnatural man," cried the other warmly; "prepare yourself for intelligence, which if you have any human feeling in your breast, will make even you shrink and tremble. What if we tell you that a poor unfortunate boy, a child in everything but never having known one of those tender endearments, or one of those lightsome hours which make our childhood a time to be remembered like a happy dream through

all our after life—a warm-hearted, harmless, affectionate creature, who never offended you or did you wrong, but on whom you have vented the malice and hatred you have conceived for your nephew, and whom you have made an instrument for wreaking your bad passions upon him—what if we tell you that, sinking under your persecution, Sir, and the misery and ill-usage of a life short in years but long in suffering, this poor creature has gone to tell his sad tale where, for your part in it you must surely answer!"

"If you tell me," said Ralph, eagerly; "if you tell me that he is dead, I forgive you all else. If you tell me that he is dead, I am in your debt and bound to you for life. He is! I see it in your faces. Who triumphs now? Is this your dreadful news, this your terrible intelligence? You see how it moves me. You did well to send. I would have travelled a hundred miles a-foot, through mud, mire, and darkness, to hear this news just at this time."

Even then, moved as he was by this savage joy, Ralph could see in the faces of the two brothers, mingling with their look of disgust and horror, something of that indefinable compassion for himself which he had noticed before.

"And he brought you the intelligence, did he?" said Ralph, pointing with his finger towards the recess already mentioned: "and sat there, no doubt, to see me prostrated and overwhelmed by it! Ha, ha, ha! But I tell him that I'll be a sharp thorn in his side for many a long day to come, and I tell you two again that you don't know him yet, and that you'll rue the day you took compassion on the vagabond."

"You take me for your nephew," said a hollow dejected voice; "it would be better for you and for me too if I were he indeed."

The figure that he had seen so dimly, rose, and came slowly down. He started back, for he found that he confronted—not Nicholas, as he had supposed, but Brooker.

Ralph had no reason that he knew, to fear this man; he had never feared him before; but the pallor which had been observed in his face when he issued forth that night, came upon him again; he was seen to tremble, and his voice changed as he said, keeping his eyes upon him.

"What does this fellow here? Do you know he is a convict—a felon—a common thief?"

"Hear what he has to tell you—oh, Mr. Nickleby, hear what he has to tell you, be he what he may," cried the brothers, with such emphatic earnestness, that Ralph turned to them in wonder. They pointed to Brooker, and Ralph again gazed at him: as it seemed mechanically.

"That boy," said the man, "that these gentlemen have been talking of—"

"That boy," repeated Ralph, looking vacantly at him.

"Whom I saw stretched dead and cold upon his bed, and who is now in his grave—"

"Who is now in his grave," echoed Ralph, like one who talks in his sleep.

The man raised his eyes, and clasped his hands solemnly together:

"—Was your only son, so help me God in heaven!"

In the midst of a dead silence, Ralph sat down, pressing his two hands upon his temples. He re-

moved them after a minute, and never was there seen part of a living man, undisfigured by any wound, such a ghastly face as he then disclosed. He looked fixedly at Brooker, who was by this time standing at a short distance from him, but did not say one word or make the slightest sound or gesture.

"Gentlemen," said the man, "I offer no excuses for myself. I am long past that. If in telling you how this happened, I tell you that I was harshly used and perhaps driven out of my real nature, I do it only as a necessary part of my story, and not to shield myself; I am a guilty man."

He stopped as if to recollect, and looking away from Ralph and addressing himself to the brothers, proceeded in a subdued and humble tone:

"Among those who once had dealings with this man, gentlemen—that's from twenty to five-and-twenty years ago—there was one, a rough fox-hunting, hard-drinking gentleman, who had run through his own fortune, and wanted to squander away that of his sister; they were both orphans, and she lived with him and managed his house. I don't know whether it was originally to back his influence and try to overpersuade the young woman or not, but he," pointing to Ralph, "used to go down to the house in Leicestershire pretty often, and stop there many days at a time. They had a great many dealings together and, he may have gone on some of those, or to patch up his client's affairs, which were in a ruinous state—of course he went for profit. The gentlewoman was not a girl, but she was, I have heard say, handsome, and entitled to a pretty large property. In the course of time he married her. The same love of gain which led him to contract this marriage, led to its being kept strictly private, for a clause in her father's will declared that if she married without her brother's consent, the property, in which she had only some life interest while she remained single, should pass away altogether to another branch of the family. The brother would give no consent that the sister did not buy and pay for handsomely; Mr. Nickleby would consent to no such sacrifice, and so they went on keeping their marriage secret, and waiting for him to break his neck or die of a fever. He did neither, and meanwhile the result of this private marriage was a son. The child was put out to nurse a long way off, his mother never saw him but once or twice and then by stealth, and his father—so eagerly did he thirst after the money which seemed to come almost within his grasp now, for his brother-in-law was very ill, and breaking more and more every day—never went near him to avoid raising any suspicion. The brother lingered on. Mr. Nickleby's wife constantly urged him to avow their marriage, he peremptorily refused. She remained alone in a dull country house, seeing little or no company but riotous drunken sportsmen. He lived in London and clung to his business. Angry quarrels and recriminations took place, and when they had been married nearly seven years, and were within a few weeks of the time when the brother's death would have adjusted all, she eloped with a younger man and left him."

Here he paused, but Ralph did not stir, and the brothers signed to him to proceed.

"It was then that I became acquainted with these circumstances from his own lips. They were no secrets then, for the brother and others knew them,

but they were communicated to me not on this account, but because I was wanted. He followed the fugitives—some said to make money of his wife's shame, but I believe to take some violent revenge, for that was as much his character as the other—perhaps more. He did not find them, and she died not long after. I don't know whether he began to think he might like the child, or whether he wished to make sure that it should never fall into its mother's hands, but before he went, he entrusted me with the charge of bringing it home. And I did so."

He went on from this point in a still more humble tone, and spoke in a very low voice, pointing to Ralph as he resumed.

"He had used me ill—cruelly—I reminded him in what, not long ago when I met him in the street—and I hated him. I brought the child home to his own house and lodged him in the front garret. Neglect had made him very sickly, and I was obliged to call in a doctor, who said he must be removed for change of air or he would die. I think that first put it in my head. I did it then. He was gone six weeks, and when he came back, I told him—with every circumstance well planned and proved; nobody could have suspected me—that the child was dead and buried. He might have been disappointed in some intention he had formed, or he might have had some natural affection, but he *was* grieved at that, and I was confirmed in my design of opening up the secret one day, and making it a means of getting money from him. I had heard, like most other men, of Yorkshire schools. I took the child to one kept by a man named Squeers, and left it there. I gave him the name of Snike. I paid twenty pounds a-year for him for six years, never breathing the secret all the time, for I had left his father's service after more hard usage, and quarrelled with him again. I was sent away from this country. I have been away nearly eight years. Directly I came home again I travelled down into Yorkshire, and skulking in the village of an evening time, made inquiries about the boys at the school, and found that this one, whom I had placed there, had run away with a young man bearing the name of his own father. I sought his father out in London, and hinting at what I could tell him, tried for a little money to support life, but he repulsed me with threats. I then found out his clerk, and going on from little to little, and showing him that there were good reasons for communicating with me, learnt what was going on; and it was I told him that the boy was no son of the man who claimed to be his father. All this time I had never seen the boy. At length I heard from this same source that he was very ill, and where he was. I travelled down there that I might reveal myself, if possible, to his recollection and confirm my story. I came upon him unexpectedly; but before I could speak he knew me—he had good cause to remember me, poor lad—and I would have sworn to him if I had met him in the Indies; I knew the piteous face I had seen in the little child. After a few days indecision, I applied to the young gentleman in whose care he was, and I found that he was dead. He knows how quickly he recognised me again, how often he had described me and my leaving him at the school, and how he told him of a garret he recollected, which is the one I have spoken of, and in his father's house to this day. This is my story; I demanded to be brought face to

face with the schoolmaster, and put to any possible proof of any part of it, and I will show that it's too true, and that I have this guilt upon my soul."

"Unhappy man!" said the brothers. "What reparation can you make for this?"

"None, gentlemen, none! I have none to make, and nothing to hope now. I am old in years, and older still in misery and care. This confession can bring nothing upon me but new suffering and punishment; but I make it, and will abide by it whatever comes. I have been made the instrument of working out this dreadful retribution upon the head of a man who, in the hot pursuit of his bad ends, has persecuted and hunted down his own child to death. It must descend upon me too—I know it must fall—my reparation comes too late, and neither in this world nor in the next can I have hope again!"

He had hardly spoken, when the lump, which stood upon the table close to where Ralph was seated, and which was the only one in the room, was thrown to the ground and left them in utter darkness. There was some trifling confusion in obtaining another light; the interval was a mere nothing; but when it appeared, Ralph Nickleby was gone.

The good brothers and Tim Linkinwater occupied some time in discussing the probability of his return, and when it became apparent that he would not come back, they hesitated whether or no to send after him. At length, remembering how strangely he had sat in one immovable position during the interview, and thinking he might possibly be ill, they determined, although it was now very late, to send to his house on some pretence, and finding an excuse in the presence of Brooker, whom they knew not how to dispose of without consulting his wishes, they concluded to act upon this resolution before going to bed.

CHAPTER LXI.

Wherein Nicholas and his Sister forfeit the good opinion of all worldly and prudent people.

On the next morning after Brooker's disclosure had been made, Nicholas returned home. The meeting between him and those whom he had left there, was not without strong emotion on both sides, for they had been informed by his letters of what had occurred; and besides that, his griefs were theirs, they mourned with him the death of one whose forlorn and helpless state had first established a claim upon their compassion, and whose truth of heart and grateful earnest nature had every day endeared him to them more and more.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Nickleby, wiping her eyes, and sobbing bitterly, "I have lost the best, the most zealous, and most attentive creature that has ever been a companion to me in my life—putting you, my dear Nicholas, and Kate, and your poor papa, and that well-behaved nurse who ran away with the linen and the twelve small forks, out of the question of course. Of all the tractable, equal-tempered, attached, and faithful beings that ever lived, I believe he was the most so. To look round upon the garden now, that he took so much pride in, or to go into his room and see it filled with so many of those little contrivances for our comfort that he was so fond of making, and made so well, and so little thought he would leave unfinished—I can't bear it, I cannot

really. Ah! This is a great trial to me, a great trial. It will be a comfort to you, my dear Nicholas, to the end of your life to recollect how kind and good you always were to him—so it will be to me to think what excellent terms we were always upon, and how fond he always was of me, poor fellow! It was very natural you should have been attached to him, my dear—very—and of course you were, and are very much cut up by this; I am sure it's only necessary to look at you and see how changed you are, to see that; but nobody knows what my feelings are—nobody can—it's quiet impossible!"

While Mrs. Nickleby, with the utmost sincerity, gave vent to her sorrows after her own peculiar fashion of considering herself foremost, she was not the only one who indulged such feelings. Kate, although well accustomed to forget herself when others were to be considered, could not repress her grief; Madeline was scarcely less moved than she; and poor, hearty, honest, little Miss LaCreedy who had come upon one of her visits while Nicholas was away, and had done nothing since the sad news arrived but console and cheer them all, no sooner beheld him coming in at the door, than she sat herself down upon the stairs, and bursting into a flood of tears, refused for a long time to be comforted.

"It hurts me so," cried the poor body, "to see him come back alone. I can't help thinking what he must have suffered himself. I wouldn't mind so much if he gave way a little more, but he bears it so manfully."

"Why, so I should," said Nicholas, "should I not?"

"Yes, yes," replied the little woman, "and bless you for a good creature; but this does seem at first to a simple soul like me—I know it's wrong to say so, and I shall be sorry for it presently—this does seem such a poor reward for all you have done."

"Nay," said Nicholas, gently, "what better reward could I have than the knowledge that his last days were peaceful and happy, and the recollection that I was his constant companion, and was not prevented, as I might have been by a hundred circumstances, from being beside him?"

"To be sure," sobbed Miss LaCreedy, "it's very true, and I'm an ungrateful, impious, wicked little fool, I know."

With that the good soul fell to crying afresh, and, endeavouring to recover herself, tried to laugh. The laugh and the cry meeting each other thus abruptly, had a struggle for the mastery, and the result was that it was a drawn battle, and Miss LaCreedy went into hysterics.

Waiting until they were all tolerably quiet and composed again, Nicholas, who stood in need of some rest after his long journey, retired to his own room, and throwing himself, dressed as he was, upon the bed, fell into a sound sleep. When he awoke he found Kate sitting by his bed-side, who, seeing that he had opened his eyes, stooped down to kiss him.

"I came to tell you how glad I am to see you home again."

"But I can't tell you how glad I am to see you, Kate."

"We have been wearying so for your return," said Kate, "mama and I, and—Madeline."

"You said in your last letter that she was quite well," said Nicholas, rather hastily, and colouring as he spoke. "Has nothing been said since I have been away about any future arrangements that the brothers have in contemplation for her?"

"Oh, not a word," replied Kate, "I can't think of parting from her without sorrow; and surely, Nicholas, you don't wish it."

"Nicholas coloured again, and, sitting down beside his sister on a little couch near the window, said,

"No, Kate, no, I do not. I might strive to disguise my real feelings from any body but you; but I will tell you that—briefly and plainly, Kate,—that I love her."

Kate's eyes brightened, and she was going to make some reply, when Nicholas laid his hand upon her arm, and went on:

"Nobody must know this but you. She last of all."

"Dear Nicholas!"

"Last of all—never, though never is a long day. Sometimes I try to think that the time may come when I may honestly tell her this; but the time is so far off, in such distant perspective, so many years must elapse before it comes, and when it does come, if ever, I shall be so unlike what I am now, and shall have so outlived my days of youth and romance,—though not, I am sure, of love for her—that even I feel how visionary all such hopes must be, and try to crush them rudely myself, and have the pain over, rather than suffer time to wither them, and keep the disappointment in store. No, Kate, since I have been absent, I have had, in that poor fellow who is gone, perpetually before my eyes another instance of the munificent liberality of these noble brothers. As far as in me lies I will deserve it, and if I have wavered in my bounden duty to them before, I am now determined to discharge it rigidly, and to put further delays and temptations beyond my reach."

"Before you say another word, dear 'Nicholas,' said Kate, turning pale, "you must hear what I have to tell you. I came on purpose, but I had not the courage. What you say now gives me new heart." She faltered, and burst into tears.

There was that in her manner which prepared Nicholas for what was coming. Kate tried to speak, but her tears prevented her.

"Come, you foolish girl," said Nicholas, "Why Kate, Kate, be a woman. I think I know what you would tell me. It concerns Mr. Frank, does it not?"

Kate sunk her head upon his shoulder, and sobbed out "Yes."

"And he has offered you his hand, perhaps, since I have been away," said Nicholas; "is that it? Yes. Well, well, it's not so difficult, you see, to tell me, after all. He offered you his hand?"

"Which I refused," said Kate.

"Yes; and why?"

"I told him," she said in a trembling voice, "all that I have since found you told mama, and while I could not conceal from him, and cannot from you, that—that it was a pang and a great trial, I did so firmly, and begged him not to see me any more."

"That's my own brave Kate!" said Nicholas, pressing her to his breast. "I knew you would."

"He tried to alter my resolution," said Kate, "and declared that be my decision what it might, he would not only inform his uncles of the step he had taken, but would communicate it to you also, directly you returned. I am afraid," she added, her momentary composure forsaking her, "I am afraid I may not have said strongly enough how highly I felt such disinterested love should be regarded, and how earnestly I prayed for his future happiness. If you do talk together, I should—I should like him to know that."

"And did you suppose, Kate, when you had made this sacrifice to what you knew was right and honorable, that I should shrink from mine?" said Nicholas, tenderly.

"Oh, no! not if your position had been the same, but—"

"But it is the same," interrupted Nicholas;

"Madeline is not the near relation of our benefactor,

but she is closely bound to them by ties as dear, and I was first entrusted with her history, specially because they reposed unbounded confidence in me, and believed that I was true as steel. How base would it be of me to take advantage of the circumstances which placed her here, or of the slight service I was happily able to render her, and to seek to engage her affections when the result must be, if I succeeded, that the brothers would be disappointed in their darling wish of establishing her as their own child, and that I must seem to hope to build my fortunes on their compassion for the young creature whom I had so meanly and unworthily entrapped, turning her very gratitude and warmth of heart to my own purpose and account, and trading in her misfortunes! I, too, whose duty and pride and pleasure, Kate, it is, to have other claims upon me which I will never forget, and who have the means of a comfortable and happy life already, and have no right to look beyond it; I have determined to remove this weight from my mind; I doubt whether I have not done wrong even now; and to-day I will without reserve or equivocation disclose my real reasons to Mr. Cheeryble, and implore him to take immediate measures for removing this young lady to the shelter of some other roof."

"To-day? so very soon!"

"I have thought of this for weeks, and why should I postpone it? If the scene through which I have just passed has taught me to reflect and awakened me to a more anxious and careful sense of duty, why should I wait until the impression has cooled? You would not dissuade me, Kate; now would you?"

"You may grow rich you know," said Kate.

"I may grow rich!" repeated Nicholas, with a mournful smile. "ay, and I may grow old. But rich or poor, or old or young, we shall ever be the same to each other, and in that our comfort lies.—What if we have but one home? It can never be a solitary one to you and me. What if we were to remain so true to these first impressions as to form no others? It is but one more link to the strong chain that binds us together. It seems but yesterday that we were playfellows, Kate, and it will seem but to-morrow that we are staid old people, looking back then to these cares as we look back now to those of our childish days, and recollecting with a melancholy pleasure that the time was when they could move us. Perhaps then, when we are quaint old folks and talk of the times when our step was lighter and our hair not grey, we may be even thankful for the trials that so endeared us to each other, and turned our lives into that current down which we shall have glided so peacefully and calmly. And having caught some inkling of our story, the young people about us—as young as you and I are now, Kate—shall come to us for sympathy, and pour distresses which hope and inexperience could scarcely feel enough for, into the compassionate ears of the old bachelor brother and his maiden sister."

Kate smiled through her tears as Nicholas drew this picture, but they were not tears of sorrow, although they continued to fall when he had ceased to speak.

"Am I not right, Kate?" he said, after a short silence.

"Quite, quite, dear brother; and I cannot tell you how happy I am that I have acted as you would have had me."

"You don't regret!"

"N-n-no," said Kate timidly, tracing some pattern upon the ground with her little foot. "I don't regret having done what was honourable and right, of course, but I do regret that this should ever have happened—at least sometimes I regret it, and sometimes I—I don't know what I say; I am but a weak girl, Nicholas, and it has agitated me very much."

It is no vaunt to affirm that if Nicholas had had ten thousand pounds at the minute, he would, in his generous affection for the owner of that blushing cheek and downcast eye, have bestowed its utmost furthing, in perfect forgetfulness of himself, to secure her happiness. But all he could do was to comfort and console her by kind words; and words they were of such love and kindness and cheerful encouragement, that poor Kate threw her arms about his neck and declared she would weep no more.

"What man," thought Nicholas proudly, while on his way soon afterwards to the Brothers' house, "would not be sufficiently rewarded for any sacrifice of fortune, by the possession of such a heart as that, which, but that hearts weigh light and gold and silver heavy, is beyond all praise. Frank has money and wants no more. Where would it buy him such a treasure as Kate! And yet in unequal marriages, the rich party is always supposed to make a great sacrifice, and the other to get a good bargain! But I am thinking like a lover, or like an ass, which I suppose is pretty nearly the same."

Checking thoughts so little adapted to the business on which he was bound by such self-reproaches as this and many others no less sturdily, he proceeded on his way and presented himself before Tim Linkinwater.

"Ah! Mr. Nickleby," cried Tim, "God bless you! how d'ye do! Well! Say you're quite well, and never better—do now."

"Quite," said Nicholas, shaking him by both hands.

"Ah! said Tim, "you look tired though, now I come to look at you. Hark! there he is, d'ye hear him? That was Dick the blackbird. He hasn't been himself since you've been gone. He'd never get on without you now; he takes as naturally to you, as he does to me."

"Dick is a far less sagacious fellow than I supposed him, if he thinks I am half so well worthy of his notice as you," replied Nicholas.

"Why I'll tell you what, Sir," said Tim, standing in his favourite attitude and pointing up to the cage with the feather of his pen, "it's a very extraordinary thing about that bird, that the only people he ever takes the smallest notice of are Mr. Charles and Mr. Ned and you and me."

Here Tim stopped and glanced anxiously at Nicholas; then unexpectedly catching his eye, repeated "and you and me, Sir, and you and me." And then he glanced at Nicholas again, and squeezing his hand, said, "I am a bad one at putting off anything I am interested in. I didn't mean to ask you, but I should like to hear a few particulars about that poor boy. Did he mention Cheeryble Brothers at all?"

"Yes," said Nicholas, "many and many a time."

"That was right of him," returned Tim, wiping his eyes, "that was very right of him."

"And he mentioned your name a score of times," said

Nicholas, "and often bade me carry back his love to Mr. Linkinwater."

"No, no, did he though?" rejoined Tim, sobbing outright. "Poor fellow! I wish we could have had him buried in town. There isn't such a burying-ground in all London as that little one on the other side of the square—there are counting-houses all around it, and if you go in there on a fine day you can see the books and safes through the open windows. And he sent his love to me, did he? I didn't expect he would have thought of me. Poor fellow, poor fellow! His love too!"

Tim was so completely overcome by this little mark of recollection, that he was quite unequal to any further conversation at the moment. Nicholas therefore slipped quietly out, and went to brother Charles's room.

If he had previously sustained his firmness and fortitude, it had been by an effort which cost him no little pain; but the warm welcome, the hearty manner, the homely unaffected commiseration of the good old man went to his heart, and no inward struggle could prevent his showing it.

"Come, come, my dear Sir," said the benevolent merchant: "we must not be cast down, no, no. We must learn to bear misfortune, and we must remember that there are many sources of consolation even in death. Every day that this poor lad had lived, he must have been less and less qualified for the world and more unhappy in his own deficiencies. It is better as it is, my dear Sir. Yes, yes, yes, it's better as it is."

"I have thought of all that, Sir," replied Nicholas, clearing his throat. "I feel it, I assure you."

"Yes, that's well," replied Mr. Cheeryble, who, in the midst of all his comforting, was quite as much taken aback as honest old Tim; "that's well. Where is my brother Ned? Tim Linkinwater, Sir, where is my brother Ned?"

"Gone out with Mr. Trimmers, about getting that unfortunate man into the hospital, and sending a nurse to his children," said Tim.

"My brother Ned is a fine fellow—a great fellow!" exclaimed brother Charles, as he shut the door and returned to Nicholas. He will be overjoyed to see you, my dear Sir: we have been speaking of you every day."

"To tell you the truth, Sir, I am glad to find you alone," said Nicholas, with some natural hesitation, "for I am anxious to say something to you. Can you spare me a very few minutes?"

"Surely, surely," returned brother Charles, looking at him with an anxious countenance. "Say on, my dear Sir, say on."

"I scarcely know how or where to begin," said Nicholas. "If ever one mortal had reason to be penetrated with love and reverence for another, with such attachment as would make the hardest service in his behalf a pleasure and delight, with such grateful recollections as must rouse the utmost zeal and fidelity of his nature, those are the feelings which I should entertain for you, and do, from my heart and soul, believe me."

"I do believe you," replied the old gentleman, "and I am happy in the belief. I have never doubted it; I never shall. I am sure I never shall."

"Your telling me that so kindly," said Nicholas, "emboldens me to proceed. When you first took me into your confidence and despatched me on those missions to Miss Bray, I should have told you that I had seen her long before, that her beauty had made an impression upon me which I could not efface, and that I had fruitlessly endeavoured to trace her and become acquainted with her history. I did not tell you so, because I vainly thought I

could conquer my weaker feelings, and render every consideration subservient to my duty to you."

"Mr. Nickleby," said brother Charles, "you did not violate the confidence I placed in you, or take an unworthy advantage of it. I am sure you did not."

"I did not," said Nicholas, firmly. "Although I found that the necessity for self-command and restraint became every day more imperious and the difficulty greater, I never for one instant spoke or looked but as I would have done had you been by. I never for one moment deserted my trust, nor have I to this instant. But I find that constant association and companionship with this sweet girl is fatal to my peace of mind, and may prove destructive to the resolutions I made in the beginning, and up to this time have faithfully kept. In short, Sir, I cannot trust myself, and I implore and beseech you to remove this young lady from under the charge of my mother and sister without delay. I know that to any one but myself—to you who consider the immeasurable distance between me and this young lady, who is now your ward and the object of your peculiar care—my loving her even in thought must appear the height of rashness and presumption. I know it is so. But who can see her as I have seen!—who can know what her life has been, and not love her? I have no excuse but that, and as I cannot fly from this temptation, and cannot repress this passion with its object constantly before me, what can I do but pray and beseech you to remove it, and to leave me to forget her?"

"Mr. Nickleby," said the old man, after a short silence, "you can do no more. I was wrong to expose a young man like you to this trial. I might have foreseen what would happen. Thank you, Sir, thank you. Madeline shall be removed."

"If you would grant me one favour, dear Sir, and suffer her to remember me with esteem by never revealing to her this confession—"

"I will take care," said Mr. Cheeryble. "And now is this all you have to tell me?"

"No," returned Nicholas, meeting his eye, "it is not."

"I know the rest," said Mr. Cheeryble, apparently very much relieved by this prompt reply. "When did it come to your knowledge?"

"When I reached home this morning."

"You felt it your duty immediately to come to me, and tell me what your sister no doubt acquainted you with?"

"I did," said Nicholas, "though I could have wished to have spoken to Mr. Frank first."

"Frank was with me last night," replied the old gentleman. "You have done well, Mr. Nickleby—very well Sir, and I thank you again."

Upon this head Nicholas requested permission to add a few words. He ventured to hope that nothing he had said would lead to the estrangement of Kate and Madeline, who had formed an attachment for each other, any interruption of which would, he knew, be attended with great pain to them, and most of all, with remorse and pain to him, as his unhappy cause. When these things were all forgotten, he hoped that Frank and he might still be warm friends, and that no word or thought of his humble home, or of her who was well contented to remain there and share its quiet fortunes, would ever again disturb the harmony between them. He recounted, as nearly as he could, what had passed between him and Kate that morning; speaking of her with such warmth of pride and affection, and dwelling so cheerfully upon the confidence they had of overcoming any selfish regrets and living contented and happy in each other's love, that few could have heard him unmoved. More moved himself than he had been yet, he expressed in a few hurried words

—as expressive perhaps as the most eloquent phrases—his devotion to the brothers, and his hope that he might live and die in their service.

To all this, brother Charles listened in profound silence, and with his chair so turned from Nicholas that his face could not be seen. He had not spoken either in his accustomed manner, but with a certain stiffness and embarrassment very foreign to it. Nicholas feared he had offended him. He said: "No—no—he had done quite right," but that was all.

"Frank is a heedless, foolish fellow," he said, after Nicholas had paused for sometime, "a very heedless, foolish fellow. I will take care that this is brought to a close without delay. Let us say no more upon the subject; it's a very painful one to me. Come to me in half an hour, I have strange things to tell you, my dear Sir, and your uncle has appointed this afternoon for your waiting upon him with me."

"Waiting upon him! With you, Sir!" cried Nicholas.

"Ay, with me," replied the old gentleman. "Return to me in half an hour, and I'll tell you more."

Nicholas waited upon him at the time mentioned, and then learnt all that had taken place on the previous day, and all that was known of the appointment Ralph had made with the brothers which was for that night, and for the better understanding of which it will be requisite to return and follow his own footsteps from the house of the twin brothers. Therefore we leave Nicholas somewhat reassured by the restored kindness of their manner towards him, and yet sensible that it was different from what it had been (though he scarcely knew in what respect,) and full of uneasiness, uncertainty, and disquiet.

CHAPTER XLII.

Ralph makes one last appointment—and keeps it.

CREEPING from the house and slinking off like a thief: groping with his hands when first he got into the street as if he were a blind man, and looking often over his shoulder while he hurried away as though he were followed in imagination or reality by some one anxious to question or detain him, Ralph Nickleby left the city behind him and took the road to his own home.

The night was dark, and a cold wind blew, driving the clouds furiously and fast before it. There was one black, gloomy mass that seemed to follow him; not hurrying in the wild chase with the others, but lingering sullenly behind, and gliding darkly and stealthily on. He often looked back at this, and more than once stopped to let it pass over, but somehow, when he went forward again it was still behind him, coming mournfully and slowly up like a shadowy funeral train.

He had to pass a poor, mean burial-ground—a dismal place raised a few feet above the level of the street, and parted from it by a low parapet wall and an iron railing; a rank, unwholesome, rotten spot, where the very grass and weeds seemed, in their frowsy growth, to tell that they had sprung from paupers' bodies, and struck their roots in the graves of men, sodden in steaming courts and drunken hungry dens. And here in truth they lay, parted from the living by a little earth and a board or two—lay thick and close—corrupting in body as they had in

mind: a dense and squalid crowd. Here they lay cheek by jowl with life: no deeper down than the feet of the throng that passed there every day, and piled high as their throats. Here they lay, a grisly family, all those dear departed brothers and sisters of the ruddy clergyman who did his task so speedily when they were hidden in the ground!

As he passed here, Ralph called to mind that he had been one of a jury long before, on the body of a man who had cut his throat; and that he was buried in this place. He could not tell how he came to recollect it now, when he had so often passed and never thought about him, or how it was that he felt an interest in the circumstance, but he did both, and stopping, and clasping the iron railings with his hands, looked eagerly in, wondering which might be his grave.

While he was thus engaged, there came towards him, with noise of shouts and singing, some fellows full of drink, followed by others, who were remonstrating with them and urging them to go home in quiet. They were in high good-humour, and one of them, a little, weazen, hump-backed man, began to dance. He was a grotesque, fantastic figure, and the few by-standers laughed. Ralph himself was moved to mirth, and echoed the laugh of one who stood near and who looked around in his face. When they had passed on and he was left alone again, he resumed his speculation with a new kind of interest, for he recollected that the last person who had seen the suicide alive had left him very merry, and he remembered how strange he and the other jurors had thought that at the time.

He could not fix upon the spot among such a heap of graves, but he conjured up a strong and vivid idea of the man himself, and how he looked, and what had led him to do it, all of which he recalled with ease. By dint of dwelling upon this theme, he carried the impression with him when he went away, as he remembered when a child to have had frequently before him the figure of some goblin he had once seen chalked upon a door. But as he drew nearer and nearer home he forgot it again, and began to think how very dull and solitary the house would be inside.

This feeling became so strong at last, that when he reached his own door, he could hardly make up his mind to turn the key and open it. When he had done that and gone into the passage, he felt as though to shut it again would be to shut out the world. But he let it go, and it closed with a loud noise. There was no light. How very dreary, cold and still it was!

Shivering from head to foot he made his way up stairs into the room where he had been last disturbed. He made a kind of compact with himself that he would not think of what had happened until he got home. He was at home now, and suffered himself for the first time to consider it.

His own child—his own child! He never doubted the tale; he felt it was true, knew it as well now as if he had been privy to it all along. His own child! And dead too. Dying beside Nicholas—loving him, and looking upon him as something like an angel! That was the worst.

They had all turned from him and deserted him in his very first need, even money could not buy them now; everything must come out, and everybody must know all. Here was the young lord dead,

his companion abroad and beyond his reach, ten thousand pounds gone at one blow, his plot with Gride overset at the very moment of triumph, his after schemes discovered, himself in danger, the object of his persecution and Nicholas's love, his own wretched boy; everything crumbled and fallen upon him, and he beaten down beneath the ruins and grovelling in the dust.

If he had known his child to be alive, if no deceit had ever been practised and he had grown up beneath his eye, he might have been a careless, indifferent, rough, harsh father—like enough—he felt that; but the thought would come that he might have been otherwise, and that his son might have been a comfort to him and they two happy together. He began to think now, that his supposed death and his wife's flight had some share in making him the morose, hard man he was. He seemed to remember a time when he was not quite so rough and obdurate, and almost thought that he had first hated Nicholas because he was young and gallant, and perhaps like the stripling who had brought dishonour and loss of fortune on his head.

But one tender thought, or one of natural regret in that whirlwind of passion and remorse, was as a drop of calm water in a stormy maddened sea. His hatred of Nicholas had been fed upon his own defeat, and nourished on his interference with his schemes, fattened upon his old defiance and success.

There were reasons for its increase; it had grown and strengthened gradually. Now it had attained a height which was sheer wild lunacy. That his of all others should have been the hands to rescue his miserable child, that he should have been his protector and faithful friend, that he should have shown him that love and tenderness which from the wretched moment of his birth he had never known, that he should have taught him to hate his own parent and execrate his very name, that he should not know and feel all this and triumph in the recollection, was gall and madness to the usurer's heart. The dead boy's love for Nicholas, and the attachment of Nicholas to him, was insupportable agony. The picture of his death-bed, with Nicholas at his side tending and supporting him, and he breathing out his thanks, and expiring in his arms, when he would have had them mortal enemies and hating each other to the last, drove him frantic. He gnashed his teeth and smote the air, and looking wildly round, with eyes which gleamed through the darkness, cried aloud:

"I am trampled down and ruined. The wretch told me true. The night has come. Is there no way to rob them of further triumph, and spurn their mercy and compassion? Is there no devil to help me?"

Swiftly there glided again into his brain the figure he had raised that night. It seemed to lie before him. The head was covered now. So it was when he first saw it. The rigid upturned, marble feet too, he remembered well. Then came before him the pale and trembling relatives who had told their tale upon the inquest—the shrieks of women—the silent dread of men—the consternation and disquiet—the victory achieved by that heap of clay which with one motion of its hand had let out the life and made this stir among them.—

He spoke no more, but after a pause softly groped his way out of the room, and up the echoing stairs—

up to the top—to the front garret—where he closed the door behind him, and remained—

It was a mere lumber-room now, but it yet contained an old dismantled bedstead: the one on which his son had slept, for no other had ever been there. He avoided it hastily, and sat down as far from it as he could.

The weakened glare of the lights in the street below, shining through the window which had no blind or curtain to intercept it, was enough to show the character of the room, though not sufficient fully to reveal the various articles of lumber, old corded trunks and broken furniture, which were scattered about. It had a shelving roof; high in one part, and at another descending almost to the floor. It was towards the highest part that Ralph directed his eyes, and upon it he kept them fixed steadily for some minutes, when he rose, and dragging thither an old chest upon which he had been seated, mounted upon it, and felt along the wall above his head with both hands. At length they touched a large iron hook firmly driven into one of the beams.

At that moment he was interrupted by a loud knocking at the door below. After a little hesitation he opened the window, and demanded who it was.

"I want Mr. Nickleby," replied a voice.

"What with him?"

"That's not Mr. Nickleby's voice surely," was the rejoinder.

It was not like it; but it was Ralph who spoke, and so he said.

The voice made answer that the twin brothers wished to know whether the man whom he had seen that night was to be detained, and that although it was now midnight they had sent in their anxiety to do right.

"Yes," cried Ralph, "detain him till to-morrow; then let them bring him here—him and my nephew—and come themselves, and be sure that I will be ready to receive them."

"At what hour?" asked the voice.

"At any hour," replied Ralph fiercely. "In the afternoon, tell them. At any hour—at any minute—all times will be alike to me."

He listened to the man's retreating footsteps until the sound had passed, and then gazing up into the sky saw, or thought he saw, the same black cloud that had seemed to follow him home, and which now appeared to hover directly above the house.

"I know its meaning now," he muttered, "and the restless nights, the dreams, and why I have cruised of late—all pointed to this. Oh! if men by selling their own souls could ride rampant for a term, for how short a term would I barter mine to-night!"

The sound of a deep bell came along the wind. One.

"Lie on! cried the usurer, "with your iron tongue; ring merrily for births that make expectants writhe, and marriages that are made in hell, and toll ruefully for the dead whose shoes are worn already. Call men to prayers who are godly because not found out, and ring chimes for the coming in of every year that brings this cursed world nearer to its end. No bell or book for me; throw me on a dunghill, and let me rot there to infect the air!"

With a wild look around, in which frenzy, hatred, and despair, were horribly mingled, he shook his

clenched hand at the sky above him, which was still dark and threatening, and closed the window.

The rain and hail pattered against the glass, the chimneys quaked and rocked; the crazy casement rattled with the wind as though an impatient hand inside were striving to burst it open. But no hand was there and it opened no more.

"How's this!" cried one, "the gentlemen say they can't make anybody hear, and have been trying these two hours?"

"And yet he came home last night," said another, "for he spoke to somebody out of that window up stairs."

They were a little knot of men, and, the window being mentioned, went out in the road to look up at it. This occasioned their observing that the house was still close shut, as the housekeeper had said she had left it on the previous night, and led to a great many suggestions, which terminated in two or three of the boldest getting round to the back and so entering by a window, while the others remained outside in impatient expectation.

They looked into all the rooms below, opening the shutters as they went to admit the fading light; and still finding nobody, and everything quiet and in its place, doubted whether they should go farther. One man, however, remarking that they had not yet been into the garret, and that it was there he had been last seen, they agreed to look there too, and went up softly, for the mystery and silence made them timid.

After they had stood for an instant on the landing eyeing each other, he who had proposed their carrying the search so far turned the handle of the door, and pushing it open looked through the chink, and fell back directly.

"It's very odd," he whispered, "he's hiding behind the door! Look!"

They pressed forward to see, but one among them thrusting the others aside with a loud exclamation, drew a clasp knife from his pocket and dashing into the room cut down the body.

He had torn a rope from one of the old trunks and hung himself on an iron hook immediately below the trap-door in the ceiling—in the very place to which the eyes of his son, a lonely, desolate, little creature, had so often been directed in childish terror fourteen years before.

CHAPTER LXIII.

The Brothers Cheeryble make various Declarations for themselves and others; and Tim Linkinwater makes a Declaration for himself.

SOME weeks had passed, and the first shock of these events had subsided. Madeline had been removed; Frank had been absent; and Nicholas and Kate had begun to try in good earnest to stifle their own regrets, and to live for each other and for their mother, who, poor lady, could in no wise be reconciled to this dull and altered state of affairs, when there came one evening, per favour of Mr. Linkinwater, an invitation from the Brothers to dinner on the next day but one, comprehending not only Mrs. Nickleby, Kate, and Nicholas, but little Miss La Creevy, who was most particularly mentioned.

"Now my dears," said Mrs. Nickleby, when they

had done becoming honour to the bidding, and Tim had taken his departure, "what does *this* mean!"

"What do *you* mean, mother?" asked Nicholas, smiling.

"I say, my dear," rejoined that lady, with a face of unfathomable mystery, "what does this invitation to dinner mean,—what is its intention and object?"

"I conclude it means, that on such a day we are to eat and drink in their house, and that its intent and object is to confer pleasure upon us," said Nicholas.

"And that's all you conclude it is, my dear?"

"I have not yet arrived at anything deeper, mother."

"Then I'll just tell you one thing," said Mrs. Nickleby, "you'll find yourself a little surprised, that's all. You may depend upon it that this means something besides dinner."

"Tea and supper, perhaps," suggested Nicholas.

"I wouldn't be absurd, my dear, if I were you," replied Mrs. Nickleby, in a lofty manner, "because it's not by any means becoming, and doesn't suit you at all. What I mean to say is, that the Mr. Cheerybles don't ask us to dinner with all this ceremony for nothing. Never mind, wait and see. You won't believe anything I say, of course. It's much better to wait, a great deal better, it's satisfactory to all parties, and there can be no disputing. All I say is, remember what I say now, and when I say I said so, don't say I didn't."

With this stipulation, Mrs. Nickleby, who was troubled night and day with a vision of a hot messenger tearing up to the door to announce that Nicholas had been taken into partnership, quitted that branch of the subject, and entered upon a new one.

"It's a very extraordinary thing," she said, "a most extraordinary thing, that they should have invited Miss La Creevy. It quite astonishes me, upon my word it does. Of course it's very pleasant that she should be invited, very pleasant, and I have no doubt that she'll conduct herself extremely well; she always does. It's very gratifying to think that we should have been the means of introducing her into such society, and I'm quite glad of it, quite rejoiced, for she certainly is an exceedingly well-behaved and good-natured little person. I could wish that some friend would mention to her how very badly she has her cap trimmed, and what very preposterous bows those are, but of course that's impossible; and if she likes to make a fright of herself, no doubt she has a perfect right to do so. We never see ourselves—never do and never did—and I suppose we never shall."

This moral reflection reminding her of the necessity of being peculiarly smart upon the occasion, so as to counterbalance Miss La Creevy, and be herself an effectual set-off and atonement, led Mrs. Nickleby into a consultation with her daughter relative to certain ribands, gloves, and trimmings, which, being a complicated question, and one of paramount importance, soon routed the previous one, and put it to flight.

The great day arriving, the good lady put herself under Kate's hands an hour or so after breakfast, and, dressing by easy stages, completed her toilet in sufficient time, to allow of her daughter's making hers, which was very simple and not very long, though so satisfactory that she had never appeared more charming or looked more lovely. Miss La Creevy, too, arrived with two handboxes (whereof

the bottoms fell out as they were handed from the coach) and something in a newspaper, which a gentleman had sat upon, coming down, and which was obliged to be ironed again before it was fit for service. At last everybody was dressed, including Nicholas, who had come home to fetch them, and they went away in a coach sent by the Brothers for the purpose: Mrs. Nickleby wondering very much what they would have for dinner, and cross-examining Nicholas as to the extent of his discoveries in the morning, whether he had smelt anything cooking at all like turtle, and if not, what he had smelt; and diversifying the conversation with reminiscences of dinners to which she had gone some twenty years ago, concerning which she particularized not only the dishes but the guests, in whom her hearers did not feel a very absorbing interest, as not one of them had ever chanced to hear their names before.

The old butler received them with profound respect and many smiles, and ushered them into the drawing-room, where they were received by the Brothers with so much cordiality and kindness that Mrs. Nickleby was quite in a flutter, and had scarcely presence of mind enough to patronise Miss La Creevy. Kate was still more affected by the reception, for knowing that the Brothers were acquainted with all that had passed between her and Frank, she felt her position a most delicate and trying one, and was trembling upon the arm of Nicholas when Mr. Charles took her in his, and led her to another part of the room.

"Have you seen Madeline my dear," he said, "since she left your house?"

"No, Sir!" replied Kate. "Not once."

"And not heard from her, eh? Not heard from her?"

"I have only had one letter," rejoined Kate, gently. "I thought she would not have forgotten me quite so soon."

"Ah!" said the old man, patting her on the head and speaking as affectionately as if she had been his favourite child. "Poor dear! what do you think of this, brother Ned? Madeline has only written to her once—only once, Ned, and she didn't think she would have forgotten her quite so soon, Ned."

"Oh! sad, sad—very sad!" said Ned.

The brothers interchanged a glance, and looking at Kate for a little time without speaking, shook hands, and nodded as if they were congratulating each other upon something very delightful.

"Well, well," said brother Charles, "go into that room, my dear, that door yonder, and see if there's not a letter for you from her. I think there's one upon the table. You needn't hurry back, my love, if there is, for we don't dine just yet, and there's plenty of time—plenty of time."

Kate retired as she was directed, and brother Charles having followed her graceful figure with his eyes, turned to Mrs. Nickleby and said—

"We took the liberty of naming one hour before the real dinner-time, ma'am, because we had a little business to speak about, which would occupy the interval. Ned, my dear fellow, will you mention what we agreed upon? Mr. Nickleby, Sir, have the goodness to follow me."

Without any further explanation, Mrs. Nickleby, Miss La Creevy, and brother Ned, were left alone together, and Nicholas followed brother Charles into

his private room, where to his great astonishment he encountered Frank whom he supposed to be abroad.

"Young men," said Mr. Cheeryble, "shake hands."

"I need no bidding to do that," said Nicholas, extending his.

"Nor I," rejoined Frank, as he clasped it heartily.

The old gentleman thought that two handsomer or finer young fellows could scarcely stand side by side than those on whom he looked with so much pleasure. Suffering his eyes to rest upon them for a short time in silence, he said, while he seated himself at his desk,

"I wish to see you friends—close and firm friends—and if I thought you otherwise, I should hesitate in what I am about to say. Frank, look here. Mr. Nickleby, will you come on the other side?"

The young men stepped up on either hand of brother Charles, who produced a paper from his desk and unfolded it.

"This," he said, "is a copy of the will of Madeline's maternal grandfather, bequeathing her the sum of twelve thousand pounds, payable either upon her coming of age or marrying. It would appear that this gentleman, angry with her (his only relation) because she would not put herself under his protection, and detach herself from the society of her father, in compliance with his repeated overtures, made a will leaving this property, which was all he possessed, to a charitable institution. He would seem to have repented this determination, however, for three weeks afterwards, and in the same month, he executed this. By some fraud it was abstracted immediately after his decease, and the other—the only will found—was proved and administered. Friendly negotiations, which have only just now terminated, have been proceeding since this instrument came into our hands, and as there is no doubt of its authenticity, and the witnesses have been discovered (after some trouble,) the money has been refunded. Madeline has therefore obtained her right, and is, or will be, when either of the contingencies which I have mentioned has arisen, mistress of this fortune. You understand me?"

Frank replied in the affirmative. Nicholas who could not trust himself to speak lest his voice should be heard to falter, bowed his head.

"Now, Frank," said the old gentleman, "you were the immediate means of recovering this deed. The fortune is but a small one, but we love Madeline, and such as it is, we would rather see you allied to her with that, than to any other girl we know who has three times the money. Will you become a suitor to her for her hand?"

"No, Sir: I interested myself in the recovery of that instrument, believing that her hand was already pledged to one who has a thousand times the claims upon her gratitude, and if I mistake not, upon her heart, than I or any other man can ever urge. In this it seems I judged hastily."

"As you always do, Sir," cried brother Charles, utterly forgetting his assumed dignity, "as you always do. How dare you think, Frank, that we would have you marry for money, when youth, beauty, and every amiable virtue and excellence, were to be had for love? How dared you Frank, go and make love to Mr. Nickleby's sister without tel-

ling us first what you meant to do, and letting us speak for you?"

"I hardly dared to hope."

"You hardly dared to hope! Then, so much the greater reason for having our assistance. Mr. Nickleby, Sir, Frank, although he judged hastily, judged for once correctly, Madeline's heart is occupied—give me your hand, Sir; it is occupied by you, and worthily and naturally. This fortune is destined to be yours, but you have a greater fortune in her, Sir, than you would have in money were it forty times told. She chooses you, Mr. Nickleby. She chooses as we, her dearest friends, would have her choose. Frank chooses as we would have him choose. He should have your sister's little hand, Sir, if she had refused it a score of times—ay, he should, and he shall! You acted nobly not knowing our sentiments, but now you know them, Sir, and must do as you are bid. What! You are the children of a worthy gentleman! The time was, Sir, when my dear brother Ned and I were two poor simple-hearted boys, wandering almost barefoot to seek our fortunes; are we changed in anything but years and worldly circumstances since that time? No, God forbid! Oh, Ned, Ned, Ned, what a happy day this is for you and me; if our poor mother had only lived to see us now, Ned, how proud it would have made her dear heart at last!"

Thus apostrophised, brother Ned, who had entered with Mrs. Nickleby, and who had been before unobserved by the young men, darted forward, and fairly hugged brother Charles in his arms.

"Bring in my little Kate," said the latter, after a short silence. "Bring her in, Ned. Let me see Kate, let me kiss her. I have a right to do so now; I was very near it when she first came; I have often been very near it. Ah! Did you find the letter, my bird? Did you find Madeline herself, waiting for you and expecting you? Did you find that she had not quite forgotten her friend and nurse and sweet companion? Why, this is almost the best of all!"

"Come, come," said Ned, "Frank will be jealous, and we shall have some cutting of throats before dinner."

"Then let him take her away, Ned, let him take her away. Madeline's in the next room. Let all the lovers get out of the way, and talk among themselves, if they've anything to say. Turn 'em out, Ned, every one."

Brother Charles began the clearance by leading the blushing girl himself to the door, and dismissing her with a kiss. Frank was not very slow to follow, and Nicholas had disappeared first of all. So there only remained Mrs. Nickleby and Miss La Creevy, who were both sobbing heartily: the two brothers, and Tim Linkinwater, who now came in to shake hands with every body, his round face all radiant and beaming with smiles.

"Well, Tim Linkinwater, Sir," said brother Charles, who was always spokesman, "now the young folks are happy, Sir."

"You didn't keep 'em in suspense as long as you said you would, though," returned Tim, archly. "Why, Mr. Nickleby and Mr. Frank were to have been in your room for I don't know how long; and I don't know what you weren't to have told them before you came out with the truth."

"Now, did you ever know such a villain as this,

Ned!" said the old gentleman, "did you ever know such a villain as Tim Linkinwater? He accusing me of being impatient, and he the very man who has been wearying us morning, noon, and night, and torturing us for leave to go and tell 'em what was in store, before our plans were half complete, or we had arranged a single thing—a treacherous dog!"

"So he is, brother Charles," returned Ned, "Tim is a treacherous dog. Tim is not to be trusted. Tim is a wild young fellow—he wants gravity and steadiness; he must sow his wild oats, and then perhaps he'll become in time a respectable member of society."

This being one of the standing jokes between the old fellows and Tim, they all three laughed very heartily, and might have laughed much longer, but that the brothers seeing that Mrs. Nickleby was labouring to express her feelings, and was really overwhelmed by the happiness of the time, took her between them, and led her from the room under pretence of having to consult her on some most important arrangements.

Now Tim and Miss La Creevy had met very often, and had always been very chatty and pleasant together—had always been great friends—and consequently it was the most natural thing in the world that Tim, finding that she still sobbed, should endeavour to console her. As Miss La Creevy sat on a large old-fashioned window-seat, where there was ample room for two, it was also natural that Tim should sit down beside her; and as to Tim's being unusually spruce and particular in his attire that day, why it was a high festival and a great occasion, and that was the most natural thing of all.

Tim sat down beside Miss La Creevy, and crossing one leg over the other so that his foot—he had very comely feet, and happened to be wearing the neatest shoes and black silk stockings possible—should come easily within the range of her eye, said in a soothing way:

"Don't cry."

"I must," rejoined Miss La Creevy.

"No don't," said Tim. "Please don't; pray don't."

"I am so happy!" sobbed the little woman.

"Then laugh," said Tim, "do laugh."

What in the world Tim was doing with his arm it is impossible to conjecture, but he knocked his elbow against that part of the window which was quite on the other side of Miss La Creevy; and it is clear that it could have no business there.

"Do laugh," said Tim, "or I'll cry."

"Why should you cry?" asked Miss La Creevy, smiling.

"Because I'm happy too," said Tim. "We are both happy, and I should like to do as you do."

Surely there never was a man who fidgetted as Tim must have done then, for he knocked the window again—almost in the same place—and Miss La Creevy said she was sure he'd break it.

"I knew," said Tim, "that you would be pleased with this scene."

"It was very thoughtful and kind to remember me," returned Miss La Creevy. "Nothing could have delighted me half so much."

Why on earth should Miss La Creevy and Tim Linkinwater have said all this in a whisper! It was no secret. And why should Tim Linkinwater have

looked so hard at Miss La Creevy, and why should Miss La Creevy have looked so hard at the ground?

"It's a pleasant thing," said Tim, "to people like us, who have passed all our lives in the world alone, to see young folks that we are fond of brought together with so many years of happiness before them."

"Ah!" cried the little woman with all her heart, "that it is!"

"Although," pursued Tim—"although it makes one feel quite solitary and cast away—now don't it!"

Miss La Creevy said she didn't know. And why should she say she didn't know? Because she must have known whether it did or not.

"It's almost enough to make us get married after all, isn't it?" said Tim.

"Oh nonsense!" replied Miss La Creevy, laughing, "we are too old."

"Not a bit," said Tim, "we are too old to be single—why shouldn't we both be married instead of sitting through the long winter evenings by our solitary firesides! Why shouldn't we make one fire-side of it, and marry each other?"

"Oh, Mr. Linkinwater, you're joking!"

"No, no, I'm not. I'm not indeed," said Tim.—

"I will if you will. Do my dear."

"It would make people laugh so."

"Let 'em laugh," cried Tim, stoutly, "we have good tempers I know, and we'll laugh too. Why what hearty laughs we have had since we've known each other."

"So we have," cried Miss La Creevy—giving way a little, as Tim thought.

"It has been the happiest time in all my life—at least, away from the counting-house and Cheeryble Brothers," said Tim. "Do, my dear. Now say you will."

"No, no, we mustn't think of it," returned Miss La Creevy. "What would the Brothers say?"

"Why, God bless your soul!" cried Tim, innocently, "you don't suppose I should think of such a thing without their knowing it! Why they left us here on purpose."

"I can never look 'em in the face again!" exclaimed Miss La Creevy, faintly.

"Come," said Tim, "let's be a comfortable couple. We shall live in the old house here, where I have been for four-and-forty years; we shall go to the old church, where I've been every Sunday morning all through that time; we shall have all my old friends about us—Dick, the archway, the pump, the flower-pots, and Mr. Frank's children, and Mr. Nickleby's children, that we shall seem like grandfather and grandmother to. Let's be a comfortable couple, and take care of each other, and if we should get deaf, or lame, or blind, or bed-ridden, how glad we shall be that we have somebody we are fond of always to talk to and sit with! Let's be a comfortable couple. Now do, my dear."

Five minutes after this honest and straight-forward speech, little Miss La Creevy and Tim were talking as pleasantly as if they had been married for a score of years, and had never once quarrelled all the time; and five minutes after that, when Miss La Creevy had bustled out to see if her eyes were red and put her hair to rights, Tim moved with a stately step towards the drawing-room exclaiming as he

went, "There an't such another woman in all London—I *know* there an't."

By this time the apoplectic butler was nearly in fits in consequence of the unheard-of postponement of dinner. Nicholas, who had been engaged in a manner which every reader may imagine for himself or herself, was hurrying down stairs in obedience to his angry summons when he encountered a new surprise.

Upon his way down, he overtook in one of the passages a stranger genteelly dressed in black who was also moving towards the dining-room. As he was rather lame and walked slowly Nicholas lingered behind, and was following him step by step, wondering who he was, when he suddenly turned round and caught him by both hands.

"Newman Noggs!" cried Nicholas joyfully.

"Ah! Newman, your own Newman, your own old faithful Newman. My dear boy, my dear Nick, I give you joy—health, happiness, every blessing. I can't bear it, it's too much, my dear boy—it makes a child of me?"

"Where have you been?" said Nicholas, "what have you been doing! How often have I inquired for you, and been told that I should hear before long!"

"I know, I know," returned Newman, "they wanted all the happiness to come together. I've been helping 'em. I—I—look at me, Nick, look at me."

"You would never let me do that," said Nicholas in a tone of gentle reproach.

"I didn't mind what I was then. I shouldn't have had the heart to put on gentleman's clothes.—They would have reminded me of old times and made me miserable; I am another man now, Nick. My dear boy, I can't speak—don't say anything to me—don't think the worse of me for these tears—you don't know what I feel to day; you can't and never will!"

They walked in to dinner arm-in-arm, and sat down side by side.

Never was such a dinner as that since the world began. There was the superannuated bank clerk Tim Linkinwater's friend, and there was the chubby old lady Tim Linkinwater's sister, and there was so much attention from Tim Linkinwater's sister to Miss La Creevy, and there were so many jokes from the superannuated bank clerk, and Tim Linkinwater himself was in such tiptop spirits, and little Miss La Creevy was in such a comical state, that of themselves they would have composed the pleasantest party conceivable. Then there was Mrs. Nickleby so grand and complacent, Madeline and Kate, so blushing and beautiful, Nicholas and Frank so devoted and proud, and all four so silently and tremblingly happy—there was Newman so subdued yet so overjoyed, and there was the twin Brothers so delighted and interchanging such looks, that the old servant stood transfixed behind his master's chair and felt his eyes grow dim as they wandered round the table.

When the first novelty of the meeting had worn off, and they began truly to feel how happy they were, the conversation became more general and the harmony and pleasure if possible increased. The Brothers were in a perfect ecstasy, and their insinuating on saluting the ladies all round before they would permit them to retire, gave occasion to the superan-

nuated bank clerk to say so many good things that he quite outshone himself, and was looked upon as a prodigy of humour.

"Kate, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, taking her daughter aside directly they got up stairs, "you don't really mean to tell me that this is actually true about Miss La Creevy and Mr. Linkinwater?"

"Indeed it is, mama."

"Why I never heard such a thing in my life?" exclaimed Mrs. Nickleby.

"Mr. Linkinwater is a most excellent creature," reasoned Kate, "and for his age, quite young still."

"For *his* age, my dear!" returned Mrs. Nickleby, "yes; nobody says anything against him, except that I think he is the weakest and most foolish man I ever knew. It's *her* age I speak of. That he should have gone and offered himself to a woman who must be—ah, half as old again as I am, and that she should have dared to accept him! It don't signify, Kate;—I'm disgusted with her!"

Shaking her head very emphatically indeed, Mrs. Nickleby swept away; and all the evening, in the midst of the merriment and enjoyment that ensued, and in which with that exception she freely participated, conducted herself towards Miss La Creevy in a stately and distant manner, designed to mark the sense of the impropriety of her conduct, and to signify her extreme and cutting disapprobation of the misdemeanour she had so flagrantly committed.

CHAPTER LXIV.

An old acquaintance is recognised under melancholy circumstances, and Dotheboys Hall breaks up for ever.

NICHOLAS was one of those whose joy is incomplete unless it is shared by the friends of adverse and less fortunate days. Surrounded by every fascination of love and hope, his warm heart yearned towards plain John Browdie. He remembered their first meeting with a smile, and their second with a tear; saw poor Smike once again with the bundle on his shoulder trudging patiently by his side, and heard the honest Yorkshireman's rough words of encouragement as he left them on their road to London.

Madeline and he sat down very many times, jointly to produce a letter which should acquaint John at full length with his altered fortunes, and assure him of his friendship and gratitude. It so happened, however, that the letter could never be written. Although they applied themselves to it with the best intentions in the world, it chanced that they always fell to talking about something else, and when Nicholas tried it himself, he found it impossible to write one half of what he wished to say, or to pen anything, indeed, which on re-perusal did not appear cold and unsatisfactory compared with what he had in his mind. At last, after going on thus from day to day, and reproaching himself more and more, he resolved (the more readily as Madeline strongly urged him) to make a hasty trip into Yorkshire, and present himself before Mr. and Mrs. Browdie without a word of notice.

Thus it was that between seven and eight o'clock one evening, he and Kate found themselves in the Saracen's Head booking-office, securing a place to Greta Bridge by the next morning's coach. They

had to go westward to procure some little necessaries for his journey, and as it was a fine night, they agreed to walk there and ride home.

The place they had just been in called up so many recollections, and Kate had so many anecdotes of Madeline, and Nicholas so many anecdotes of Frank, and each was so interested in what the other said, and both were so happy and confiding, and had so much to talk about, that it was not until they had plunged for a full half hour into that labyrinth of streets which lies between Seven Dials and Soho without emerging into any large thoroughfare, that Nicholas began to think it just possible they might have lost their way.

The possibility was soon converted into a certainty, for on looking about, and walking first to one end of the street and then to the other, he could find no land-mark he could recognise, and was fain to turn back again in quest of some place at which he could seek a direction.

It was a by-street, and there was nobody about, or in the few wretched shops they passed. Making towards a faint gleam of light, which streamed across the pavement from a cellar, Nicholas was about to descend two or three steps so as to reuder himself visible to those below and make his inquiry, when he was arrested by a loud noise of scolding in a woman's voice.

"Oh come away!" said Kate, "they are quarrelling. You'll be hurt."

"Wait one instant, Kate. Let us hear if there's anything the matter," returned her brother. "Hush!"

"You nasty, idle, vicious, good-for-nothing brute," cried the woman, stamping on the ground, "why don't you turn the mangle?"

"So I am, my life and soul!" replied a man's voice. "I am perpetually turning, like a demd old horse in a demnition mill. My life is one demd horrid grind!"

"Then why don't you go and list for a soldier?" retorted the woman, "you're welcome to."

"For a soldier!" cried the man. "For a soldier! Would his joy and gladness see him in a coarse red coat with a little tail! Would she hear of his being slapped and bent by drummers demnely? Would she have him fire off real guns, and have his hair cut and his whiskers shaved, and his eyes turned right and left, and his trousers pipe-clayed?"

"Dear Nicholas," whispered Kate, "you don't know who that is. It's Mr. Mantilini, I am confident."

"Do make sure; peep at him while I ask the way," said Nicholas. "Come down a step or two, come."

Drawing her after him, Nicholas crept down the steps and looked into a small boarded cellar. There, amidst clothes-baskets and clothes, stripped to his shirt-sleeves, but wearing still an old patched pair of pantaloons of superlative make, a once brilliant waistcoat, and moustache and whiskers as of yore, but lacking their lustrous dye,—there, endeavouring to mollify the wrath of a buxom female, the proprietress of the concern, and grinding meanwhile as if for very life at the mangle, whose creaking noise, mingled with her shrill tones, appeared almost to deafen him—there was the graceful, elegant, fascinating, and once dashing Mantilini.

"Oh, you false traitor," cried the lady, threatening personal violence on Mr. Mantilini's face.

"False! Oh dem! Now my soul, my gentle, captivating, bewitching, and most demnely enslaving chick-abiddy, be calm," said Mr. Mantilini, humbly.

"I won't!" screamed the woman. "I'll tear your eyes out!"

"Oh! What a demnd savage lamb," cried Mr. Mantilini.

"Your'e never to be trusted!" screamed the woman, "you were out all day yesterday, and gallivanting somewhere, I know—you know you were. Isn't it enough that I paid two pound fourteen for you, and took you out of prison and let you live here like a gentleman, but must you go on like this, breaking my heart besides?"

"I will never break its heart, I will be a good boy, and never do so any more; I will never be naughty again; I beg its little pardon," said Mr. Mantilini, dropping the handle of the mangle, and folding his palms together, "it is all up with its handsome friend, he has gone to the demnition bow-wows. It will have pity; it will not scratch and claw, but pet and comfort! Oh, Demmit —"

Very little affected, to judge from her action, by this tender appeal, the lady was on the point of returning some angry reply, when Nicholas, raising his voice, asked his way to Piccadilly.

Mr. Mantilini turned round, caught sight of Kate, and, without another word, leapt at one bound into a bed which stood behind the door, kicking, meanwhile, convulsively.

"Demmit," he cried, in a suffocating voice, "it's little Nickleby! Shut the door, put out the candle, turn me up in the bedstead; oh, dem, dem, dem!"

The woman looked first at Nicholas, and then at Mr. Mantilini, as if uncertain on whom to visit this extraordinary behaviour, but Mr. Mantilini happening by ill luck to thrust his nose from under the bed clothes, in his anxiety to ascertain whether the visitors were gone, she suddenly, and with a dexterity which could only have been acquired by long practice, flung a pretty heavy clothes-basket at him, with so good an aim that he kicked more violently than before, though without venturing to make any effort to disengage his head, which was quite extinguished. Thinking this a favourable opportunity for departing before any torrent of her wrath discharged itself upon him, Nicholas hurried Kate off, and left the unfortunate subject of this unexpected recognition to explain his conduct as he best could.

The next morning he began his journey. It was now cold, winter weather, forcibly recalling to his mind under what circumstances he had first travelled that road, and how many vicissitudes and changes he had since undergone. He was alone, inside the greater part of the way, and sometimes, when he had fallen into a doze, and, rousing himself, looked out of the window, and recognised some place which he well remembered as having passed either on his journey down, or in the long walk back with poor Snike, he could hardly believe but that all which had since happened had been a dream, and that they were still plodding wearily on towards London, with the world before them.

To render these recollections the more vivid, it came on to snow as night set in, and passing through Stamford and Grantham, and by the little alehouse where he had heard the story of the bold Baron of Grogswig, everything looked as if he had seen it but yesterday, and not even a flake of the white crust upon the roofs had melted away. Encouraging the train of ideas which flocked upon him, he could almost persuade himself that he sat again outside the coach, with Squeers and the boys, that he heard their voices in the air, and that he felt again, but with a mingled sensation of pain and pleasure now, that old sinking of the heart, and longing after home. While he was yet yielding himself up to these fancies, he fell asleep, and, dreaming of Madeline, forgot them.

He slept at the inn at Greta bridge on the night of his arrival, and, rising at a very early hour next morning, walked to the market town, and enquired for John Browdie's house. John lived in the outskirts, now he was a family man, and as every body knew him, Nicholas had no difficulty in finding a boy who undertook to guide him to his residence.

Dismissing his guide at the gate, and in his impatience not even stopping to admire the thriving look of cottage or garden either, Nicholas made his way to the kitchen door, and knocked lustily with his stick.

"Halloa!" cried a voice inside, "want be the matther noo? Be the toon a-fire? Ding, but thou mak'st noise eneaf!"

With these words John Browdie opened the door himself, and opening his eyes to their utmost width, cried, as he clapped his hands together, and burst into a hearty roar,

"Ecod, it be the godfeyther, it be the godfeyther! Tilly, here be Mистер Nickleby. Gi' us thee hond, mun. Coom awa', coom awa'. In wi' un, doon beside the fire: tak' a soop o' that. Dinnot say a word till thou'st droonk it a', oop wi' it mun. Ding, but I'm reecht glod to see thee."

Adapting his action to his text, John dragged Nicholas into the kitchen, forced him down upon a huge settle beside a blazing fire, poured out from an enormous bottle about a quarter of a pint of spirits, thrust it into his hand, opened his mouth, and threw back his head as a sign to him to drink it instantly, and stood with a broad grin of welcome overspreading his great red face, like a jolly giant.

"I might ha' knowa'd," said John, "that nobody but thou would ha' coom wi' sike a knock as you. 'Thot was the wa' thou knocked at schoolmeaster's door eh? Ha, ha, ha! But I say—waa't be a' this aboot schoolmeaster?"

"You know it then?" said Nicholas.

"They were talking about it doon toon last neeght," replied John, "but neane on 'em seemed quite to un'erstan' it loike."

"After various shiftings and delays," said Nicholas, "he has been sentenced to be transported for seven years, for being in the unlawful possession of a stolen will; and after that, he has to suffer the consequence of a conspiracy."

"Whew!" cried John, "a conspiracy! Soomat in the pooder plot wa'—eh? Sooma't in the Guy Faurx line?"

"No, no, no, a conspiracy connected with his school; I'll explain it presently."

"Thot's reeght!" said John, "explain it arter breakfast, not noo, for thou bees't hoongry, and so am I; and Tilly she mun't be at the bottom o' a' explanations, for she says thot's the mutual confidence. Ha, ha, ha! Ecod it's a room start is the mutual confidence!"

The entrance of Mrs. Browdie with a smart cap on and very many apologies for their having been detected in the act of breakfasting in the kitchen, stopped John in his discussion of this grave subject, and hastened the breakfast, which being composed of vast mounds of toast, new-laid eggs, boiled ham, Yorkshire pie, and other cold substantial (of which heavy relays were constantly appearing from another kitchen under the direction of a very plump servant,) was admirably adapted to the cold bleak morning, and received the utmost justice from all parties. At last it came to a close, and the fire which had been

lighted in the best parlour having by this time burnt up, they adjourned thither to hear what Nicholas had to tell.

Nicholas told them all, and never was there a story which awakened so many emotions in the breasts of two eager listeners. At one time honest John groaned in sympathy, and at another roared with joy; at one time he vowed to go up to London on purpose to get a sight of the Brothers Cheeryble, and at another swore that Tim Linkinwater should receive such a ham by coach, and carriage free, as mortal knife had never carved. When Nicholas began to describe Madeline, he sat with his mouth wide open nudging Mrs. Browdie from time to time, and exclaiming under his breath that she must be "raa'ther a tidy sort," and when he heard at last that his young friend had come down purposely to communicate his good fortune, and to convey to him all those assurances of friendship which he could not state with sufficient warmth in writing—that the only object of his journey was to share his happiness with them, and to tell them that when he was married they must come up to see him, and that Madeline insisted on it as well as he—John could hold out no longer, but after looking indignantly at his wife and demanding to know what she was whimpering for, drew his coat-sleeve over his eyes and blubbered outright.

"Telle'e waa't though," said John seriously, when a great deal had been said on both sides, "to return to schoolmeaster: if this news aboot 'un has reached school to-day, the old 'oman wean't have a whole boan in her boddy, nor Fanny neither."

"Oh John!" cried Mrs. Browdie.

"Ah! and Oh John agaan," replied the Yorkshireman. "I dinnot know what they lads might'n't do. When it first got aboot that schoolmeaster was in trouble, some feythers and moothers sent and took their young chaps awa'. If them as is left should know waa'ts coom tir'un, there'll be sike a revolution and rebel!—Ding! But I think they'll a' gaug daft, and spill bluid like wather!"

In fact John Browdie's apprehensions were so strong that he determined to ride over to the school without delay, and invited Nicholas to accompany him, which however he declined, pleading that his presence might perhaps aggravate the bitterness of their adversity.

"Thot's true!" said John, "I should ne'er ha' thought o' thot."

"I must return to-morrow," said Nicholas, "but I mean to dine with you to-day, and if Mrs. Browdie can give me a bed—"

"Bed!" cried John, "I wish thou could'st sleep in fower beds at once. Ecod thou should'st have 'em a'. Bide till I coom back, on'y bide till I coom back, and ecod we'll mak' a day of it."

Giving his wife a hearty kiss, and Nicholas a no less hearty shake of the hand, John mounted his horse and rode off: leaving Mrs. Browdie to apply herself to hospitable preparations, and his young friend to stroll about the neighbourhood, and revisit spots which were rendered familiar to him by many a miserable association.

John cantered away, and arriving at Dotheboys Hall tied his horse to a gate and made his way to the schoolroom door, which he found locked on the inside. A tremendous noise and riot arose from

within, and applying his eye to a convenient crevice in the wall, he did not remain long in ignorance of its meaning.

The news of Mr. Squeer's downfall had reached Dotheboys; that was quite clear. To all appearance it had very recently become known to the young gentlemen, for the rebellion had just broken out.

It was one of the brimstone-and-treacle mornings, and Mrs. Squeers had entered school according to custom with the large bowl and spoon, followed by Miss Squeers and the amiable Wackford, who during his father's absence had taken upon him such minor branches of the executive as kicking the pupils with his nailed boots, pulling the hair of some of the smaller boys, pinching the others in aggravating places, and rendering himself in various similar ways a great comfort and happiness to his mother. Their entrance, whether by premeditation or a simultaneous impulse, was the signal of revolt. While one detachment rushed to the door and locked it, and another mounted upon the desks and forms, the stoutest (and consequently the newest) boy seized the cane, and confronting Mrs. Squeers with a stern countenance, snatched off her cap and beaver-bonnet, put it on his own head, armed himself with the wooden spoon, and bade her, on pain of death, go down upon her knees, and take a dose directly. Before that estimable lady could recover herself or offer the slightest retaliation, she was forced into a kneeling posture by a crowd of shouting tormentors, and compelled to swallow a spoonful of the odious mixture, rendered more than usually savoury by the immersion in the bowl of Master Wackford's head, whose ducking was entrusted to another rebel. The success of this first achievement prompted the malicious crowd, whose faces were clustered together in every variety of lank and half-starved ugliness, to further acts of outrage. The leader was insisting upon Mrs. Squeers repeating her dose, Master Squeers was undergoing another dip in the treacle, and a violent assault had been commenced on Miss Squeers, when John Browdie, bursting open the door with one vigorous kick, rushed to the rescue. The shouts, screams, groans, hoots, and clapping of hands, suddenly ceased, and a dead silence ensued.

"Ye be noice chaps," said John, looking steadily round. "What's to do here, thou yong dogs!"

"Squeers is in prison, and we are going to run away," cried a score of shrill voices. "We won't stop, we won't stop."

"Weel then, dinnot stop," replied John, "who wants thee to stop? Roon awa' loike men, but dinnot hurt the women."

"Hurrah!" cried the shrill voices, more shrilly still.

"Hurrah!" repeated John. "Weel, hurrah loike men too. Noo then, look out. Hip—hip—hip—hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" cried the voices.

"Hurrah again," said John. "Looder still."

The boys obeyed.

"Anoother!" said John. "Dinnot be afeard on it. Let's have a good 'un."

"Hurrah!"

"Noo then," said John, "let's have yan more to end wi', and then coot off as quick as you loike. Tak' a good breath noo—Squeers be in jail—the school's brokken up—it's a' ower—past and gane—think o' thot, and let it be a hearty 'un."

"Hurrah!"

Such a cheer arose as the walls of Dotheboys Hall had never echoed before, and were destined never to respond to again. When the sound had died away the school was empty, and of the busy noisy crowd which had peopled it but five minutes before, not one remained.

"Very well, Mr. Browdie," said Miss Squeers, hot and flushed from the recent encounter, but vixenish to the last; "you've been and excited our boys to run away. Now see if we don't pay you out for that, Sir! If my pa is unfortunate, and trod down by henemies; we're not going to be basely crowed and conquered over by you and Tilda."

"Noa!" replied John, bluntly, "thou bean't. Tak' thy oath o' that. Think betther o' us, Fanny. I tell'ee both that I'm glod the auld man has been caught out at last,—dom'd glod—but ye'll sooffer enaef without any crowin' fra' me, and I be not the mun to crow nor be Tilly the lass, so I tell'ee flat. More than thot, I tell'ee noo, that if thou need'st friends to help thee awa' from this place—dinnot turn up thy nose, Fanny, thou mayest—thou't foind Tilly and I wi' a thout o' old times about us, ready to lend thee a hond. And when I say thot, dinnot think I'm asheamed of waat I've deane, for I say again, Hurrah! and dom the schoolmeaster!—there."

His parting words concluded, John Browdie strode heavily out, remounted his nag, put him once more into a smart canter, and, carolling lustily forth some fragments of an old song, to which the horse's hoofs rang a merry accompaniment, sped back to his pretty wife and to Nicholas.

For some days afterwards the neighbouring country was overrun with boys, who, the report went, had been secretly furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Browdie, not only with a hearty meal of bread and meat, but with sundry shillings and sixpences to help them on their way. To this rumour John always returned a stout denial, which he accompanied, however, with a lurking grin, that rendered the suspicious doubtful, and fully confirmed all previous believers in their opinion.

There were a few timid young children, who miserable as they had been, and many were the tears they had shed in the wretched school, still knew no other home, and had formed for it a sort of attachment, which made them weep when the bolder spirits fled, and cling to it as a refuge. Of these, some were found crying under hedges, and in such places, frightened at the solitude. One had a dead bird in a little cage; he had wandered nearly twenty miles, and when his poor favourite died, lost courage, and lay down beside him. Another was discovered in a yard hard by the school, sleeping with a dog, who bit at those who came to remove him, and licked the sleeping child's pale face.

They were taken back, and some other stragglers were recovered, but by degrees they were claimed, or lost again: and in course of time Dotheboys Hall and its last breaking up began to be forgotten by the neighbours, or to be only spoken of as among the things that had been.

CHAPTER LXV.

Conclusion.

When her term of mourning had expired, Madeline gave her hand and fortune to Nicholas, and on the same day and at the same time Kate became Mrs. Frank Cheeryble. It was expected that Tim Linkinwater and Miss La Creevy would have made a third couple on the occasion, but they declined, and two or three weeks afterwards went out together one morning before breakfast, and com-

ing back with merry faces, were found to have been quietly married that day.

The money which Nicholas acquired in right of his wife he invested in the firm of Cheeryble Brothers, in which Frank had become a partner. Before many years elapsed, the business began to be carried on in the names of "Cheeryble and Nickleby," so that Mrs. Nickleby's prophetic anticipations were realised at last.

The twin brothers retired. Who needs to be told that they were happy? They were surrounded by happiness of their own creation, and lived but to increase it.

Tim Linkinwater condescended, after much entreaty and brow-beating, to accept a share in the house, but he could never be prevailed upon to suffer the publication of his name as a partner, and always persisted in the punctual and regular discharge of his clerical duties.

He and his wife lived in the old house, and occupied the very bed-chamber in which he had slept for four-and-forty years. As his wife grew older, she became even a more cheerful and light-hearted little creature; and it was a common saying among their friends, that it was impossible to say which looked the happier—Tim as he sat calmly smiling in his elbow-chair on one side of the fire, or his brisk little wife chatting and laughing, and constantly bustling in and out of hers, on the other.

Dick, the blackbird, was removed from the counting-house and promoted to a warm corner in the common sitting-room. Beneath his cage hung two miniatures, of Mrs. Linkinwater's execution: one representing herself and the other Tim, and both smiling very hard at all beholders. Tim's head being powdered like a twelfth cake, and his spectacles copied with great nicety, strangers detected a close resemblance to him at the first glance, and this leading them to suspect that the other must be his wife, and emboldening them to say so without scruple, Mrs. Linkinwater grew very proud of these achievements in time, and considered them among the most successful likenesses she had ever painted. Tim had the profoundest faith in them likewise, for upon this, as upon all other subjects, they held but one opinion, and if ever there were a "comfortable couple" in the world, it was Mr. and Mrs. Linkinwater.

Ralph having died intestate, and having no relations but those with whom he had lived in such enmity, they would have become in legal course his heirs. But they could not bear the thought of growing rich on money so acquired, and felt as though they could never hope to prosper with it. They made no claim to his wealth; and the riches for which he had toiled all his days, and burdened his soul with so many evil deeds, were swept at last into the coffers of the state, and no man was the better or the happier for them.

Arthur Gride was tried for the unlawful possession of the will, which he had either procured to be stolen, or dishonestly acquired and retained by other means as bad. By dint of an ingenious counsel, and a legal flaw, he escaped, but only to undergo a worse punishment; for some years afterwards his house was broken open in the night by robbers, tempted by the rumours of his great wealth, and he was found horribly murdered in his bed.

Mrs. Sliderskew went beyond the seas at nearly the same time as Squeers, and in the course of nature never returned. Brooker died penitent. Sir Mul-

berry Hawk lived abroad for some years, courted and caressed, and in high repute as a fine dashing fellow; and ultimately, returning to this country, was thrown into jail for debt, and there perished miserably, as such high, noble spirits generally do.

The first act of Nicholas, when he became a rich and prosperous merchant, was to buy his father's old house. As time crept on, and there came gradually about him a group of lovely children, it was altered and enlarged, but none of the old rooms were ever pulled down, no old tree was rooted up, nothing with which there was any association of bygone times was ever removed or changed.

Within a stone's-throw was another retreat, enlivened by children's pleasant voices too, and here was Kate, with many new cares and occupations, and many new faces courting her sweet smile (and one so like her own, that to her mother she seemed a child again,) the same true gentle creature, the same fond sister, the same in the love of all about her, as in her girlish days.

Mrs. Nickleby lived sometimes with her daughter, and sometimes with her son, accompanying one or other of them to London at those periods when the cares of business obliged both families to reside there, and always preserving a great appearance of dignity, and relating her experiences (especially on points connected with the management and bringing-up of children) with much solemnity and importance. It was a very long time before she could be induced to receive Mrs. Linkinwater into favour, and it is even doubtful whether she ever thoroughly forgave her.

There was one grey-haired, quiet, harmless gentleman, who, winter and summer, lived in a little cottage hard by Nicholas's house, and when he was not there, assumed the superintendence of affairs. His chief pleasure and delight was in the children, with whom he was a child himself, and master of the revels. The little people could do nothing without dear New-man Noggs.

The grass was green above the dead boy's grave, and trodden by feet so small and light, that not a daisy drooped its head beneath their pressure. Through all the spring and summer-time, garlands of fresh flowers wreathed by infant hands rested upon the stone, and when the children came to change them lest they should wither and be pleasant to him no longer, their eyes filled with tears, and they spoke low and softly of their poor dead cousin.

THE END.

PREFACE TO NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

It has afforded the Author great amusement and satisfaction, during the progress of this work, to learn from country friends and from a variety of ludicrous statements concerning himself in provincial newspapers, that more than one Yorkshire schoolmaster lays claim to being the original of Mr. Squeers. One worthy, he has reason to believe, has actually consulted authorities learned in the law, as to having good grounds on which to rest an action for libel; another has meditated a journey to London, for the express purpose of committing an assault and battery upon his traducer; a third perfectly remembers being waited on last January twelvemonth by two

gentlemen, one of whom held him in conversation while the other took his likeness; and, although Mr. Squeers has but one eye, and he has two, and the published sketch does not resemble him (whoever he may be) in any other respect, still he and all his friends and neighbours know at once for whom it is meant, because—the character is so like him.

While the Author cannot but feel the full force of the compliment thus conveyed to him, he ventures to suggest that these contentions may arise from the fact, that Mr. Squeers is the representative of a class, and not of an individual. Where imposture, ignorance, and brutal cupidity, are the stock in trade of a small body of men, and one is described by these characteristics, all his fellows will recognise something belonging to themselves, and each will have a misgiving that the portrait is his own.

To this general description, as to most others, there may be some exceptions; and although the Author neither saw nor heard of any in the course of an excursion which he made into Yorkshire, before he commenced these adventures, or before or since, it affords him much more pleasure to assume their existence than to doubt it. He has dwelt thus long upon this point, because his object in calling public attention to the system would be very imperfectly fulfilled, if he did not state now in his own person, emphatically and earnestly, that Mr. Squeers and his school are faint and feeble pictures of an existing reality, purposely subdued and kept down lest they should be deemed impossible—that there are upon record trials at law in which damages have been sought as a poor recompense for lasting agonies and disfigurements inflicted upon children by the treatment of the master in these places, involving such offensive and foul details of neglect, cruelty, and disease, as no writer of fiction would have the boldness to imagine—and that, since he has been engaged upon these Adventures, he has received from private quarters far beyond the reach of suspicion or distrust, accounts of atrocities, in the perpetration of which upon neglected or repudiated children these schools have been the main instruments, very far exceeding any that appear in these pages.

To turn to a more pleasant subject, it may be right to say that there are two characters in this book which are drawn from life. It is remarkable that what we call the world, which is so very credulous in what professes to be true, is most incredulous in what professes to be imaginary; and that while every day in real life it will allow in one man no blemishes, and in another no virtues, it will seldom admit a very strongly-marked character, either good or bad, in a fictitious narrative, to be within the limits of probability. For this reason, they have been very slightly and imperfectly sketched. Those who take an interest in this tale will be glad to learn that the BROTHERS CHERNXYLE live: that their liberal charity, their singleness of heart, their noble nature, and their unbounded benevolence, are no creations of the Author's brain; but are prompting every day (and oftenest by stealth) some munificent and generous deed in that town of which they are the pride and honour.

It only now remains for the writer of these passages, with that feeling of regret with which we leave almost any pursuit that has for a long time occupied us and engaged our thoughts, and which is naturally augmented in such a case as this, when that pursuit has been surrounded by all that could animate and cheer him on,—it only now remains for him, before abandoning his task, to bid his readers farewell.

"The author of a periodical performance," says Mackenzie, "has indeed a claim to the attention and regard of his readers, more interesting than that of any other

writer. Other writers submit their sentiments to their readers, with the reserve and circumspection of him who has had time to prepare for a public appearance. He who has followed Horace's rule, of keeping his book nine years in his study, must have withdrawn many an idea which in the warmth of composition he had conceived, and altered many an expression which in the hurry of writing he had set down. But the periodical essayist commits to his readers the feelings of the day, in the language which those feelings have prompted. As he has delivered himself with the freedom of intimacy and the cordiality of friendship, he will naturally look for the indulgence which those relations may claim; and when he bids his readers adieu, will hope, as well as feel, the regrets of an acquaintance, and the tenderness of a friend.

With such feelings and such hopes the periodical essayist, the Author of these pages, now lays them before his readers in a completed form, flattering himself, like the writer just quoted, that on the first of next month they may miss his company at the accustomed time as something which used to be expected with pleasure; and think of the papers which on that day of so many past months they have read, as the correspondence of one who wished their happiness, and contributed to their amusement.

From Tait's Magazine.

REMINISCENCES OF A RELIGIOUS MANIAC.

Those who have been always sane, can form no idea of the most dreadful calamity to which humanity is liable, save from the analogy of dreaming. "Every man is mad in his dreams;" and the varying characters and modifications of insanity in different individuals, or in the same individual at different stages of mental derangement, are as various as are dreams.

The mania of the unfortunate gentleman whose singular case we are about to analyze, from his Confessions and Recollections, was analogous to that continued and frightful nightmare to which Coleridge alludes, as "*the howling wilderness of sleep*," through which he was whirled when under the influence of opium, or ill from its effects; a condition only short, in exquisite misery, of that which made Cowper exclaim, when comparing madness with the worst forms of disease, "But oh, the fever of the mind!" This mental fever, to which all physical suffering is comparatively ease and happiness—this "*howling wilderness*" through which the patient is scourged awake, and with all his distempered perceptions and feelings preternaturally acute, has seldom been so vividly and minutely traced as by the individual whose afflicting narrative is before us. In many cases of insanity, the memory of what passed while the disease was running its course, is entirely obliterated. In others, memory becomes though not more accurate, yet more intense than in health; as what lunatics feel strongly they remember vividly, if memory acts at all; and whether by fits or consecutively, as in the rational state.

What is termed religious melancholy, or madness, is often, we should imagine, erroneously so designated. Though something like bewildered notions on religion may mingle with the other manifestations of the symptoms of the disease, the same thing

holds of many other objects of speculation; and the wandering mind may not be more deranged about religion than about any other passion or object by which it is excited. But if ever there was a case of purely Religious Madness, it is the singular one of our patient, as revealed in his Confessions. And his no fictitious nor remote tale; its date is so recent as 1830, the period of the Row miracles, the Pentecost of Port-Glasgow and the Gare Loch, where probably much genuine and fervid piety mingled with what was either sheer insanity, the wildest delusion, or blasphemous presumption.

The gentleman to whose case we refer, from a conviction of its special importance at this crisis, as much as its interest with medical and metaphysical inquirers, is a younger, and, we believe, the third son of the late Mr. Percival, the Prime Minister, who was assassinated by Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons. He was then a little boy, just old enough to be much impressed and affected by the distress of his mother and his elder brothers and sisters.

He has since sometimes fancied that the death of his father was at the root of all his misfortunes. The Percival family, previously connected with the Aristocracy and wealth of the country, were it will be remembered, amply provided for by Parliament; and the subject of our article was, as he tells, "educated in the bosom of peace and plenty, in principles of delicacy and decorum, in modest and temperate habits, and in the observance of, and real veneration for, the religion of his country." Mr. Percival's widow, we think, married either her own chaplain or the clergyman of her parish, at no very distant period after the calamity which excited so much sympathy for her and her large young family; but of his stepfather we find Mr. Percival making no mention, either for good or evil. At the age of seventeen he left the public school at which he was educated, and studied for some time with a private tutor. A boyish inclination led him to prefer a military life, for which he was probably very ill adapted: and he obtained from the Duke of York, first, a commission in a cavalry regiment, and then was allowed to exchange into the Guards. His private life and studies were the most opposite in the world to those of a young guardsman, whose pursuits and place in fashionable society are (the colour of the coat apart) much the same as that of the Abbe of the Parisian boudoir, under the old regime. The whole Percival family were tainted with what was, in those profane days, termed fanaticism, of which the elder brother has since made some rather singular displays in Parliament; and our young officer was early remarkable in gay society, for occasional absence of mind, and a gravity and silence which rebuked the levity and indecorum of his companions, when they made light of religion or offended against morality. His narrative states—

I was firm also in resisting all attempts to drive me by ridicule into intemperance. In private I had severe conflict of mind upon the truth and nature of the Christian religion, accompanied with acute agony at my own inconsistency of conduct and sentiment with the principles of duty and feeling taught by Jesus and his apostles; and mingled with astonishment at the whirlpool of dissipation and contradiction in society around me.

After a long period of conflict, he found, for a time, as he then imagined, "joy and peace in believing" in the doctrines termed evangelical. The system on which he rested at this period was high unmitigated Calvinism. In 1839 his conduct became so singular as to be marked; and, in the following year, he resolved to leave the army, and was "permitted to sell his commission."

The ostensible object of Mr. Percival in penning these reminiscences, which he entitles, "A Narrative of the Treatment of a Gentleman during a state of Mental Dérangement," is mainly to expose the injudicious and cruel or harsh treatment to which many of the helpless insane are subjected: and all the insane are most helpless. In a medical point of view, and to physicians, this narrative is invaluable. Physicians theorize, and mad-doctors, as they are called, experiment, too much in the dark; but here there is no guess-work: it is the individual who has suffered every agony which sympathetically thrills the compassionate reader, who here tells his own tale. He gives the facts—they may draw the inferences; and, though differing widely from him, may yet profit largely.

By the latest statistical returns from our public Lunatic Asylums, it would appear that, while medical science is slowly advancing in other departments of disease, little or no progress is made in the treatment of the worst of all maladies. The average of cures in the London hospitals is not greater than it was a century ago; but the frequency of insanity, in our luxurious and uneasy society, is becoming greater every year. Sir Henry Hallford remarks of the profession:—"Our knowledge of insanity has not kept pace with our knowledge of other distempers, from the habit we find established of transferring patients under this malady, as soon as it has declared itself, to the care of persons who too frequently limit their attention to the mere personal security of their patients."

We want facts in the history of this disease. And here they are supplied. Mr. Percival has not only thrown open the cells of the madhouse, but minutely unfolded the distempered action of his own mind and senses, while in a state of insanity which, not long since, would have been regarded as a case of demoniac possession. By some it may be still looked upon in this light; and although his mind has risen from that total obscurity in which he believed in his own spiritual being and agency, in present miracles and his own power to work miracles—he at times appears to feel, as indeed Cowper, and as Robert Hall have felt—that there is something in all this not yet to be fully understood.

There is occasionally apparent incoherence, but there is also sober-mindedness and great acuteness in his recapitulation of his opinions and motives of conduct, when he was acting in the most extravagant manner—a violent lunatic. No one is now more fully sensible of the truth of his lunacy; though its clouds were passing away, and had nearly vanished before he became so, save in those fits and starts—those fitful but hopeful glimmerings between light and darkness, so torturing to the patient, and which require so much discretion, delicacy, and sagacity from those who have the care of him, and which do not, we fear always find them.

Mr. Percival was with his regiment in Dublin

when he embraced, with deep sincerity and fervent enthusiasm, the doctrines of extreme Calvinism;—

I imagined the light of everlasting truth, given me freely through the election of God the Father, for the sake of the obedience and sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and to the end that His own glory might be made manifest, in changing a vile and weak creature into the likeness of Divine holiness, excited in me gratitude and fear: gratitude for the gift given me, and for that election; and fear of the wrath of God, if I disobeyed the end for which it was given. That which had been done for me, I thought it my duty to preach to others, and to explain the doctrines whereby I had been saved. Moved by these arguments, I spoke and acted in open confession of my faith—a line of conduct not very agreeable to the army, even if called for and judicious. Being then in Dublin, I attached myself to a society for reading the Scriptures to the Irish poor; I attended the regimental schools; I read the service to a detachment I commanded, as the men had not seats provided for them in church; I tried to establish a reading-room for the soldiers of my battalion; I procured religious and other books for the sick in hospital.

Both the colonel and chaplain showed some symptoms of chagrin—they charged me with having sent the men to a dissenting minister.

In 1827, he had been in actual service in Portugal. The campaign was bloodless; but the alternate idleness and fatigue, and the irregularity of life, was disagreeable to one who confesses, that, even then, he was better able to confute a Papist or an Infidel, without committing himself, than to manoeuvre a battalion or even to direct a company; and he judged, too, that a better cause than that of Kings and Constitutions, “the instruments and the embodying of the spirits of Satan” was required, to justify the sacrifice of his comfort and happiness.

Mr. Percival seeks too many reasons to justify his leaving the army. The Tory party had entirely lost his esteem; he was not surprised at the Duke of Wellington’s change of policy in yielding the Catholic claims; but he began to fear that there might be an idea of putting down the will of the People for Reform by the bayonet; and Mr. Percival, who really had no vocation to a military life, wished to be free to choose his side. He is now sensible of his many delusions; but, at that period, he, with the Irvingites, imagined among other things—

“That the time of the end was at hand, and that God was about to visit the nations with his plagues, his promises having been rejected; and finding in Scripture an exhortation to his people to come out in those days from the profane, and to flee to the mountains, &c., &c., I reflected whether the words had not a practical, as well as a figurative application, and I deemed it right to place myself at liberty to act as I might be enlightened.

So, seeking liberty, I fell into confinement; seeking to serve the Almighty, I disgraced his worship and my own name. My own mind also had undergone a complete change in its views of the Christian faith, principle, and duty; and God knows my courage was submitted to severe trial.

While the fever of religious enthusiasm, begun in Dublin, lasted, he was in the third heavens.—When his fever is spent, as spent it must be, as surely as

the first passion of love or of grief, then comes the trying crisis. Some, in waxing cold, substitute cant and affectation, if not gross hypocrisy, for their departed rapturous faith. Others, purer and nobler minded, go mad. There is, no doubt, another frequent and happier result; but this is not to our present purpose. Mr. Percival became deranged; and his own words best describe the stages of his progress to confirmed insanity.

Now, my readers, come with me to Oxford. I have stated that I imagined I had found peace and triumph in the doctrines of the evangelical preachers; I add, and it follows of course, joy unutterable and full of glory. At first this was the case. . . .

But when I returned to England, I stood alone, amongst society, and amongst officers, gentlemanly and moderate, but indifferent to spiritual truths, and inclined to turn religion or too much religion into ridicule, I felt first puzzled, then undecided, then mistrustful of myself, then mistrustful of my call to be a disciple of Christ Jesus—I became lukewarm—I became inconsistent—I fell into sin—I expected to have been kept from sin by the Holy Spirit—that was my idea of salvation—that I understood was the gift promised to me in the Gospel. Now, at times, I feared that I was a castaway—at times, I threw away all fear, in bold but contrite reliance on the pledged word of the Almighty, for on that alone I fancied I had relied; therefore when I left the army, I desired in my own mind to retire to study at Dublin, which I called MY CRADLE IN THE SPIRIT, because there I might unite society with study, and be corroborated in practice by the example of the zealous churchmen in that city. Religion is not amongst them a matter of form and ceremony: *It is the motive and end of their life.* My duty to my mother, however, and my attachment to England, determined me to choose an English university; and a hope of acquiring habits of regularity, made me fix on Oxford. I was pleased with my choice. The order, the quiet, the cleanliness, the beautiful simplicity of character I met with there—the majesty, the elegance, the antiquity of the buildings, the variety of their architecture, their solidity, their preservation, with all the means of study, repose, and reflection, enchanted me. I only regretted that I had not retired from a military life earlier. I only wanted, as I thought, a wife to add to my tranquility. The evangelical doctrines I put faith in having at that time very few preachers in the church, I often frequented the Baptist and Independent meeting-houses, to hear the preachers. Soon after entering Oxford, I attended a dissenting chapel; but being warned of the offence I might give to the authorities, by continuing such a course, I gave it up after my *matri-culation*; and then went to a church where a gentleman of the name of Bulteel preached, in a vehement manner, doctrines then almost peculiar to himself, and in the highest degree Calvinistic. . . .

About the middle of June, news came to Oxford of the extraordinary occurrences at Row and at Port-Glasgow. One evening I had crossed the river from the Christ Church meadows, and walking down the bank, through the fields on the opposite side, with two or three companions, our conversation turned on that subject: one said, if it were not for my books and other property in Oxford, I should go to Scotland to make inquiry. I replied, if I thought it true, I

would sell my books and clothes, if they were all that I had, to pay for my journey. The tidings were, however, so contradictory, that I did not credit the report.

It may be as well to remark here, that I had for many years often fasted, and had lately added to this discipline, watching, accompanied with prayer. It was my delight to wake in the night to pray, according to the example of David—"At midnight also will I praise Thee." On two occasions previous to my arrival at Oxford, during earnest prayer, I had seen visions, each of which shortly after I saw them I found were pictures of what *came to pass in reality*, though with certain variations; which I account for by my disobedience to the spirit of the vision. You do not understand this, my reader, *nor do I*.

When Mr. Percival speaks as above, and in the *present tense*, he perplexes the reader; for there is no doubt that now he believes his notions, concerning the immediate fulfilling of the Divine prophecies of the end of the world, wild delusions. In passing through London, he saw Mr. Henry Drummond—now, if not even then, an angel or evangelist, or in some high order of inspired teachers in the late Mr. Irving's Church—and received through this dangerous medium a farther account of the revivals and manifestations at Row and Port-Glasgow. In Glasgow he picked up the current pamphlets on the nature of the new miracles, and proceeded to Row; and was by Mr. Campbell, the chief preacher of the "Row Heresy," introduced to the Macdonalds, Mr. Erskine, Mr. Lusk, Mary Campbell, and the other naturally and supernaturally gifted persons who figured there.

He resided with Mr. Campbell, to whose amiable and pious character he bears that testimony, in his sound and sober mind, in which we believe those who differ far from Mr. Campbell in religious opinions will heartily concur. Yet the manse of Row was, at this period, a perilous residence for a young man in the condition of Mr. Percival. He soon became "almost a convert," and very soon overtopped his part. We have seen his state of preparation before he left Oxford; his fastings and midnight watchings, and exciting "communion" with persons in his own enthusiastic state. At Row, he says—

The effect then may be readily imagined which was produced on a highly excited and enthusiastic mind by the awful thought that I was abiding in the presence and company of persons, in all probability moved and speaking by the Holy Ghost. One afternoon at Row, in the house of a gentleman, where I was at luncheon, I was first called out to see one of the inspired ladies, who had left the table and desired to speak to me, under the impression that she was commanded to address me. She was a plain slender young woman, pitted with the small pox. I attended her in the drawing-room: and, when I was alone with her, with her arm raised, and moving to a kind of serious measure, she addressed me in clear and angelic notes, with sounds like these "*Hola mi has-tos, Hola mi hustos, disca, capita, crustes, bustos,*" &c. &c. &c. She then cried out, "And he led them out to Bethany and said, Tarry ye in Jerusalem until ye are indued with power from on high." . . . I was silent, pondering in my own heart what might be the meaning of the words I had heard, if true, and how I was to obtain a decided explanation of them—

whether the command to "tarry in Jerusalem," referred to my remaining amongst the inspired persons in that neighbourhood, or to a state of peace and confidence of mind. While thus reflecting, a new and wonderful sanction came upon me: from my head downwards through my whole frame, I felt a spirit or a humour shedding its benign influence, the effect of which was that of the most cheerful, mild, and grateful peace and quiet. The words it suggested to me were, "Like to the dew of Hermon," &c. &c. I do not remember ever having felt such, and with inward joy and pleasure I thought I recognised the marvellous work of the Almighty. I now suspect that it might have been the effect of excitement on a nervous system already undermined. Yet I look back with pleasure and satisfaction on my recollection of those hours. A mind so harassed, so tortured as mine had been for many years, may well be pardoned for being deceived, by so sensible a delusion; by a Pandora bringing in her box a medicine so suited apparently to my complaint, and so delightful. If a doubt suggested itself, I might naturally reply in the spirit of "*Ainda eu imagino, em eer contento?*" Am I yet only imagining when I am happy?

The mind of the young gentleman had now fairly given way; yet his shattered reason sometimes strove against the delusions by which he was beset; as, in one instance, when he was tempted to laugh at Mr. Erskine's prophetic announcement to a party of the fair disciples, waiting in the rain, for a steam-boat, to pass over to Port-Glasgow, that "he had an impression that a boat would come;" so they need not seek the shelter which Mr. Percival, who then left them, had recommended. There might, perhaps, have been a little occasional jealousy among these miraculous endowed persons as to the superiority of their respective gifts, though Mr. Percival was not yet regularly exercising supernatural powers. He even says—

I could not withstand the ridicule excited in my mind by any elderly gentleman thus misleading his flock: for I was convinced that he was mistaken in this instance at least, though I had little question of the doctrines he supported being true. I need not add that they were disappointed.

After this day, I attended the meeting of the followers of the church at Port-Glasgow. Here I heard again a manifestation of tongues, and the Scriptures read with an utterance preternatural, and requiring great assurance to practise, because so extraordinary. I never attended these meetings without great conflict of mind, and afterwards depression. I had an anxiety working in me, and a bond pressing down heavy on me. I know not what I was to do; my mind was in the dark, yet I wanted to be taking an active part. The sounds I heard were at times beautiful in the extreme, resembling the Greek language; at times they were awfully sublime and grand, and gave me a full perception of that idea, "the Word was with God, and the Word was God:" at times the tone of them was querulous and almost ridiculous.

Mr. Percival was now fairly under the influence of the prevailing mania; and the very timidity and modesty of his nature, which struggled against public "manifestations," probably aggravated his mental distemper. The spirit—the spirit of madness, delusion, presumption—was for ever urging him to deliver "messages," and to emit utterances; and he

suffered under the feeling that he was grieving and resisting the spirit by his timidity before man.

One night he found courage to address the Laird, imbibing whiskey in the travellers' room of an inn at Greenock, and half converted him by singing and extemporizing. He says:—

I could mention several instances of the same kind, when the power of the Spirit came upon me, and opening my mouth, sung in beautiful tones words of purity, kindness and consolation. I was subdued and humbled; it was not my doing—the words, the ideas even, were wholly unthought of by me, or at least I was unconscious of thinking of them—

Et quoniam Deus ora movet, sequar ora moventem
Rite Deum—

Ovid's description of the inspiration of Pythagoras tallied with my experience. The voice was given me, but I was not the master of it; I was but the instrument. I could not use it at my command, but solely at the command of the Spirit that guides me.

The madness worked, and must have been apparent to Mr. Campbell and his sister; but alas! those who can conjure up such storms in the soul, have often little power to allay the tempest they witness and deplore when too late. He was now a full believer, and he relates:—

At morning service in Mr. Campbell's church, one Sunday, I was led to open my mouth, and sing a part of a psalm, at a time when the rest of the congregation were at peace, and whilst Mr. Campbell was preparing to preach. *I mistrusted the guidance; I knew not what then to do;* but after inward conflict whilst Mr. Campbell was actually preaching, I gained confidence to chant two verses of *another psalm*. I was immediately below, and behind the pulpit. Mr. Campbell descended from it to dissuade me, and begged me not to continue. I told him quietly, "I had done." The power had left me. I knew not whether I had done right or wrong; I only knew the power was not mine; and from its nature, as evidenced to my own feelings, I concluded it divine; afterwards, in a conversation with Mary Campbell, I understood that which is written by St. Paul, that we are not to speak altogether, but to command the spirits; for that God is not a God of confusion, but of order.

At future stages of his distemper he sometimes recalled the expostulation of Mary Campbell; and in Dublin it had some fleeting power over his conscience and judgment in momentarily causing him to doubt or be ashamed of the part he was acting. He had, so to speak, stray lucid thoughts, though no lucid intervals.

So far we know, we have said, the progress of a purely religious lunacy was never before more accurately traced. Cooper's first derangement, of which he has given a narrative, was prior to his conversation.

Mr. Percival left the manse of Row, his mind completely deranged by what must be called, in part, spiritual pride. He describes his exultation, his doubts, and the superstitious practices by which he was further bewildered. But those really heathen practices—the turning over the leaves of the Bible to ascertain, from the text fortuitously presented, the will of Heaven, as Pagans consulted the Fates, by, among other modes, opening a book—are, we believe, defended by some professing Christians, in their

sober senses. There is in truth, a latent tinge of superstition in every human bosom, and Mr. Percival was of the character that was peculiarly liable to its influences. There must probably have been something very faulty in his education. He continues his narrative:—

I left the manse at Row, in my own imagination, a living instance of the Holy Ghosts operating in man—full of courage, confidence, peace, and rapture; like a glowing flame, but still and submissive. Such, I say, was the state of my feeling in the life of that Spirit: but in the flesh I was anxious lest I should be betrayed into error by a false zeal, or by false directions, so as to turn that power to ridicule, by attempting miracles uncommanded, or by conduct out of order; at the same time, I was alarmed, lest mistaking a fear of man for a love of order, I might quench the Holy Spirit, working within me. . . . Mr. Campbell, at my departure, seemed to fear for me, that I might be misled, and expressed his anxiety; I was conscious of danger and difficulty, but I hoped what had been begun without me, would be perfect in me, despite even of myself.

Before I quitted Row, however, I had suspected that a new power had been conferred on me, of discerning the *spirits* that spoke in men around me, by their tone and the effect of the utterance upon my nervous organs. This was a new field of observation to me when I left Scotland, and I considered it might be, if not a delusion, a beneficial guard against any spiritual enemy; but when I came to Ireland, in addition to the power of discerning evil in others, I fancied that I had the power to discern evil in myself, and to know by the sensation on any palate, throat, and hearing whether I was speaking in accordance with the will of God, or against his will, and consequently against the laws of nature. I now attribute this sensation in a great measure to extreme nervous excitement: but at that time it led to the destruction of my new-formed peace, and ultimately to my ruin.

It was unfortunate that he returned to Dublin at this time, instead of joining his family; though his elder brother also believed in the Row miracles, as he had written to the deluded young man.

In Ireland he mingled chiefly with persons as enthusiastic and excited as himself; and one of them, a clergyman, urged him to assist at a public meeting. The way in which he threw loose the reins of imagination at that meeting, in thus described, and gives us a key to this similar state of hallucination:—

I decided when there, what line of argument to adopt, in conformity with the will of my *singular inspiration*; and being at a loss to know how to support my argument with texts, and doubting the will, or mistrusting the power of the Spirit to speak through me uninterruptedly, I applied inwardly for guidance; and the Spirit, moving my arms and fingers, opened for me my Bible in distinct places, one after the other, supplying me in each place with a passage in regular connexion with my line of argument. According to these I spoke.

I mention these facts to shew the reasonableness, if I may so call it, of my lunacy, if it was entirely *lunacy*; to speak more clearly, to shew the reality of the *existence of that power*, by the abuse or use of which I became insane. If by the abuse of it, because the Lord confounded me for my disobedience;

if by the use of it, because, though real, it was a spirit of delusion.

When Mr. Percival argues in this manner he perplexes us, and leaves us in doubt if he is yet altogether himself. His sufferings were deep and real, and his conflict between imaginary inspiration and internal misgiving was accompanied with such extreme nervous irritation and pain, that, exhausted, weary, and broken-hearted, he often wished to forget religion altogether, and be at peace. In the words of Cowper, "day and night he was upon the rack; lying down in horror, and rising up in despair." With this state alternated brief seasons of triumph; though ruin was at hand, and the full mischief of the pernicious errors he had imbibed was about to be completely developed. If not already insane, his mind, it will be admitted, was fearfully shattered.

We could not find better, briefer, nor more delicate language than his own, in which to relate his final lapse. It is enough to indicate it. He fell into bad company, and was confined by illness, aggravated by shame and remorse.

He expresses great pain and difficulty in getting thus far in his sad story. During his confinement, a friendly officer, of moderate and religious principles, with whose family he was intimately acquainted, shewed the greatest regard and attention to him, from being aware of the disturbed state of his mind. To this friend he had related his strange sensations, and guidances, and inspirations. After his convalescence, this gentleman, to divert his imagination from the illusions that preyed upon it, invited him to pass the Sunday evening with his family, hoping that a cheerful hour, spent in the society of old friends, would be soothing to his spirits. It had a quite opposite effect. Humbled and remorseful as he had been at this period, his spiritual presumption was not conquered; in other words, he was insane. He imagined that, as he was about to depart for England, it was his imperative duty to speak in an unknown tongue, and perform miracles before the family, in confirmation of the Row doctrine. He that day fancied that his own rapid recovery had been produced by a miracle!—that day when he must have been in a violent nervous fever. He imagined that he, a spiritual being, had no need of physicians or medicines, and that it was his duty to reject them, to shew on what grounds his cure rested! The state of his perverted mind, and the weakness of human nature and the perversions of delusive faith, are curiously revealed in the following sentence:—

It is contemptible and ridiculous, but when night came and I had to decide, I split the difference by taking half the dose that my physician had ordered me. The truth is, that I doubted my delusions, and I doubted my physician.

In his friend's house he was in a state of great excitement, increased by the opposition to his attempts at utterances and singing. Among other things, he attempted, or rather wished to put his hand into the fire, to prove that by faith he could draw it out unharmed. But this he did not or was not permitted to do. Indeed, a curious under-current of reason flowed at all times under his wildest illusions, where personal safety or great bodily pain were apprehended. If an impetuous incoherent lunatic he was never so wholly and recklessly frantic as to risk his life. On this night his perceptions seem first to have been disturbed.

How touchingly he relates those first aberrations of the senses! How often, in perusing his narrative, has that most piteous cry that ever issued from the human bosom, been recalled to us:—

"Let me not be mad—not mad, sweet Heaven!
Keep me in temper! I would not be mad!"

In the night he awoke under the most fearful impressions. Delirium was fairly begun, and his derangement took the shape that might have been anticipated. As a psychological curiosity, we shall transcribe some of the more remarkable of those first delusions which he entertained, or of which he was made the sport. It is, we feel, difficult to speak of the operations of the deranged mind in intelligible language. Let it be remembered that it is the wild illusions, the dreams of a man awake, that Mr. Percival describes, often with the vehement energy of that highest eloquence which true feeling alone inspires, and sometimes rather incoherently. It should, however, be remembered, that, though an educated man, he had not been accustomed to write for the press. He slept in a room of Kilmainham Hospital—probably near his friend's barrack-rooms—and had promised not to cry out in prayer or hymn, lest he should disturb the old pensioners. He seems to have restrained himself for a time; but he awoke, we should say for the time, stark mad. He affirms that his mind was at first sound, "except so far as it (in a certain respect) was deceived by preternatural injunctions."

In a certain respect, it remained sound throughout my illness, so that it faithfully recorded the objects and the events that took place around me; but I looked to the inspirations I received for the interpretation of them. If at any time my ear could have been closed to my delusions, I was then fit to be at liberty; but the credit I gave to my delusions, rather than to my judgment, was my disease.

We forbear to comment on this reasoning; for no one can peruse this afflicting narrative without feeling the deepest sympathy and tenderness for its author. He relates—

In the night I awoke under the most dreadful impressions; I heard a voice addressing me, and I was made to imagine that my disobedience to the faith, in taking the medicine overnight, had not only offended the Lord, but had rendered the work of my salvation extremely difficult, by its effects upon my spirits and humours. I heard that I could only be saved now by being changed into a spiritual body; and that a great fight would take place in my mortal body between Satan and Jesus; the result of which would either be my perfection in a spiritual body, or my awaking in hell. I am not sure whether before or after this, I was not commanded to cry out aloud, for consenting to which I was immediately rebuked, as unworthy of the promise I had made to my friend. A spirit came upon me and prepared to guide me in my actions. I was lying on my back, and the spirit seemed to light on my pillow, by my right ear, and to command my body. I was placed in a fatiguing attitude, resting on my feet, my knees drawn up and on my head, and made to swing my body from side to side without ceasing. In the meantime, I heard voices without and within me, and sounds as of the clanking of iron, and the breathing of great forge bellows, and the force of flames. I understood that I was only saved by the mercy of Jesus, from seeing, as well as hearing, hell

around me; and that if I were not obedient to His spirit, I should inevitably awake in hell before the morning. After some time I had a little rest, and then actuated by the same spirit, I took a like position on the floor, where I remained, until I understood that the work of the Lord was perfected, and that now my salvation was secured; at the same time the guidance of the spirit left me, and I became in doubt what next I was to do. I understood that this provoked the Lord, as if I was affecting ignorance when I knew what I was to do, and, after some hesitation, I heard the command, to "*take your position on the floor again then,*" but I had no guidance or no perfect guidance to do so, and could not resume. I was told, however, that my salvation depended upon my maintaining that position as well as I could until the morning; and oh! great was my joy when I perceived the first brightness of the dawn, which I could scarcely believe had arrived so early. I then retired to bed. I had imagined during the night that the fire of hell was consuming my mortal body—that the Spirit of Jesus came down to me to endure the pain thereof for me, that he might perfect in me a spiritual body to His honour and glory. I imagined that the end of this work was, that I was already in the state of one raised from the dead; and that any sin or disobedience in this body was doubly horrible and loathsome, inasmuch as it was in a body actually regenerated and clothed upon with the Holy Ghost. I imagined also that the Holy Ghost had in a special manner descended, and worked with Jesus to save me. I considered it a proof of the truth of my imaginations, when on rising, being perplexed by two different guidings that came upon me, I looked down upon my limbs which were white and of a natural colour; and again I looked down on my limbs, when one half of my frame appeared in a state of scarlet inflammation. When I went to dress, this had again subsided.

Before I rose from my bed, I understood that I was now to proceed through the world as an angel, under the immediate guidance of the Lord, to proclaim the tidings of his second coming. With that came an uncertain impression that I was to do this in an extraordinary way, and by singing—and this idea haunted me throughout my changes of insanity. I had also an uncertain impression of a like nature, that I was to go and shew myself before the Lord Lieutenant or the General of the Forces, that I was to breakfast there, and to meet, either at the Lord Lieutenant's a prince of the blood royal, or at the General's, a duke, to whom I was to proclaim the near coming of the Lord.

The delirium, of which we have so vivid a picture, worked. He proceeds:—

My whole conduct became confused, my language ambiguous and doubtful. After breakfast, I prayed to be left alone, which was accorded with some difficulty. When alone in the breakfast room, I expected to be guided to prayer; but a spirit guided me and placed me on a chair, in a constrained position, with my head turned to look at the clock, the hand of which I saw proceeding to the first quarter. I understood I was to leave the position when it came to the quarter; when, however, it came to the quarter, I was anxious to be on the safe side, and I waited till it was at least half a minute past. Having done this, I was not a whit the wiser; but on the contrary, I felt that I had again offended by my want of exact punctuality, prov-

ing my want of confidence. I was then directed to lie on the floor, with my face to the ground, in an attitude of supplication and humiliation. I heard a spirit pray in me, and reason in me, and with me, and ultimately, another spirit, desiring certain gifts of the Holy Spirit to be given me, amongst which prophecy, tongues, miracles, and discernment of spirits; soon after I was overwhelmed with a sudden and mighty conviction of my utter worthlessness; and being asked how I could expect the Lord to take me, and on what conditions I craved his favour; another spirit cried out in me, and for me, "*Lord! take me as I am.*"

His friend carried him to his lodgings in Dublin in a hackney coach, and sent for his physician. Now he wished to set off for England; and he became exceedingly irritated when a stout man, stationed at the chamber door, prevented him from going out. He prayed to be allowed to pass, and failing, tried his miraculous powers. How pernicious must be those extravagant opinions which at least strongly tended to upset the reason of this poor gentleman, and led to a scene like this:

He [the keeper] was not a whit shaken by my address, so, after again and again adjuring him, by the desire of the spirit whose word I heard, I seized one of his arms, desiring it to wither; my words were idle, no effect followed, and I was ashamed and astonished.

Then, thought I, I have been made a fool of! But I did not on that account mistrust the doctrines by which I had been exposed to this error. The doctrines, thought I, are true; but I am mocked at by the Almighty for my disobedience to them, and at the same time, I have the guilt and the grief of bringing discredit upon the truth, by my obedience to a spirit of mockery, or by my disobedience to the Holy Spirit; for there were not wanting voices to suggest to me, that the reason why the miracle had failed, was, that I had not waited for the Spirit to guide my action when the word was spoken, and that I had seized the man's arm with the wrong hand. I was silent and astonished. Bed-time came. I requested the man to leave me for half an hour for prayer; he did so. Before that, I think Captain H. had been to me, and had explained the reason of his being there. I went to bed, but not to sleep.

In after years, when reflecting upon the injudicious treatment which, as he imagines, exasperated his disposition, and which, from a state of temporary hallucination, threw him into confirmed lunacy, Mr. Percival blames the coercive steps taken by his well-meaning friend, as rash and indelicate. But there is much in all such cases to justify even excess of caution, and prompt coercive interference, for the safety of the patient. The dreadful catastrophe of Mr. Whitbread and of Sir Samuel Romilly have, perhaps, contributed in this country to over-haste in the adoption of those measures, which, however needful, must always irritate the patient. But an awful responsibility is laid upon friends and relatives in all such cases; and, upon the whole, it may be believed that their affection and natural feelings will prevent them from frequently erring in the too hasty adoption of restraint. Yet how touching and painful is this poor sufferer's complaint, in looking back upon the dark vista through which he had passed:—

I trace my ruin to the particular trials, to the sur-

prise, the confusion, the puzzle, which the sudden intrusion of a keeper brought upon me. But at that time, unfortunately, I did not consider my dignity so much as my relationship to the Almighty, as his redeemed servant, bound in gratitude, and from self-abasement, to exercise forbearance and humility. If it be replied, My ruin might have been brought about another way; I answer, I do not know what might have been, but I know what did take place.

The first symptoms of my derangement were, that I gazed silently on the medical men who came to me, and resolutely persisted in acts apparently dangerous. No doubt there were also symptoms of bodily fever; but from that moment to the end of my confinement, men acted as though my body, soul, and spirit were fairly given up to their control, to work their mischief and folly upon. My silence, I suppose, gave consent. I mean, that I was never told, such and such things we are going to do; we think it advisable to administer such and such medicine, in this or that manner; I was never asked, Do you want anything? Do you wish for, or prefer anything? Have you any objection to this or to that? I was fastened down in bed: a meagre diet was ordered for me; this and medicine were forced down my throat, or in the contrary direction; my will, my wishes, my repugnances, my habits, my delicacy, my inclinations, my necessities, were not once consulted, I may say thought of. I did not find the respect paid usually even to a child.

It was now that, he contends, his mind was in many respects sound; and it is, at least, certain that his perceptions were not yet wholly disturbed. His complaints of the superintendents of the celebrated Lunatic Asylum near Bath, where he was afterwards placed, are far more bitter than of the Dublin physicians; and, without pretending to decide the point, we must acknowledge that, at least, some of them appear reasonable, and all most deserving the attention of those who undertake the most delicate and difficult of human offices—the combined medical and moral treatment of the insane. It is, we think, Pinel, the celebrated French writer on mental disease, who remarks—“None ought to meddle with the mad who have not discretion, and genius into the bargain;” ay, and with knowledge and experience, the devotedness of brotherly love.

Mr. Percival neither directly gives his own name nor that of Dr. Fox; but however proper in him this gauzy concealment, to the public that delicacy is superfluous which really hides nothing. The scene of his sufferings, and of his partial recovery, cannot be mistaken. We return to his delusions, before animadverting on his treatment in the asylum in England, to which he was transferred. On the night that he was first placed under the care of the keeper in Dublin, he slept none, and tossed all night in the wildest delirium, repeating the fantastic or harlequin evolutions of the former night, to *redeem* himself, as he imagined, and to get rid of the spirits of blasphemy and mockery. He was prompted to take means to break his neck; but here as in other instances, he was cautious of seriously endangering his life. The presence of the keeper disturbed him exceedingly; and if it be possible that but for that he could, as he says, have slept, it is greatly to be lamented. The man seized him, and prevented his evolutions. He adds:

I tore myself from him, telling him it was necessary for my salvation; he left me and went down stairs. I then tried to perform what I had begun; but now I found, either that I could not so jerk myself round on my head, or that my fear of breaking my neck was really too strong for my faith. In that case I then certainly mocked, for my efforts were not sincere.

When I undertook this action, I imagined that if I performed it in the power of the Holy Spirit, no harm would result to me, but that if I threw myself round to the right in my own strength, I might break my neck and die, but that I should be raised again immediately to fulfill my mission. I had therefore no design to destroy myself.

Such were, at least in part the practical fruits of the miraculous manifestations at Row. The mind of this unfortunate gentleman seems occasionally still to waver when he recalls these horrors, and his own abandonment; and surely the less he now dwells upon them the better. He must have been consuming with fever and thirst; and the workings of his frenzy took the same form which certain bodily sensations are said to produce in dreams. His mouth was probably parched, and he was then tempted to expectorate violently, to get rid of the evil spirits; and to drink water in order to satisfy the Almighty. He got no water. The keeper had gone out for a straight-waistcoat and an assistant, and he was at once bound in it; but still attempting the feat of standing on his head, he was also tied to the bed-posts by the legs. It might perhaps have been better to have suffered him to continue his harlequin tricks, until he tired, than to have used all at once violent coercive measures; yet who can say?

Mr. Percival attempts to account for how he became the victim of these absurd delusions; for even to Row he came prepared by a long train of causes; though the mad scenes there certainly awakened the slumbering mischief. He wonders how, with so much sense and reflection remaining, he could have been so deluded; but persons sane or seemingly sane, on every other point—some of whom went about their ordinary avocations—were similarly deluded. Mr. Percival is not the first to have acknowledged that it was all delusion! But, excepting poor Irving, who fell the sacrifice to his own vain-glory, and the extraordinary conflict of truth, and doubt, and positive insincerity, in a mind powerful and weak by turns, there has been no such victim. In Mr. Percival, there was no alloy of insincerity. Our sympathy with him is untroubled even by a doubt. When he went to Row, prepared to receive the contagion into every vein, he tells—

The spirits which at first spoke in my hearing, or addressed me at Row and Port-Glasgow, and afterwards spoke in me and moved me; which subsequently in Ireland I heard talking to me, and communing with me invisible; had an utterance so pure, so touching, so beautiful, that I could not but believe them divine. They spake also in accordance with the word of life; they directed me in the paths of peace, obedience, and humility; they flattered me even in my desire to adhere to the church establishment, and not to break the visible unity of the church; they came upon me to teach me method and order; they guided my hand to write in letters unusual to me; in so many ways they were attested, as spirits of good and of wisdom, that, now even, I dare not

I tore myself from him, telling him it was necessary for my salvation; he left me and went down stairs. I then tried to perform what I had begun; but now I found, either that I could not so jerk myself round on my head, or that my fear of breaking my neck was really too strong for my faith. In that case I then certainly mocked, for my efforts were not sincere.

deny the possibility of disobedience to them, not my obedience, having caused me to be confounded, which was forewarned me in Scotland. But when I had thrown myself away, and I was thrown away; I was decoyed and separated from Jesus, the rock of a Christian's salvation, by my reliance on these sounds.

The doctrine of the Assurance of Faith is, or was, one of the heresies alleged against the Rowites by the Church of Scotland; and one (among others) for entertaining which Mr. Campbell was thrust beyond its pale. This tenet was another stumbling-block in the way of Mr. Percival. He feared to doubt; and on this head, he now speaks very rationally:—

I perished from an habitual error of mind, common to many believers, and particularly to our brethren the Roman Catholics—that of *fearing to doubt, and of taking the guilt of doubt upon my conscience*. The consequence of this is, want of candour and of real sincerity; because we force ourselves to say we believe what we do not believe, because we think doubtful. Whereas we cannot control our doubts, which can only be corrected by information. To reject persuasion wilfully is one crime; but to declare wilfully that we believe what we doubt, or presumptuously that our doubts are wilful, is another.

The strait-waistcoat at midnight was followed by the visit of the mad doctor in the morning, and the patient's fate, perhaps necessarily, was sealed. He complains grievously of the treatment he underwent in the strait-waistcoat,—tied hand and foot in bed, and shut up in a small close room. He minutely described his mental and bodily sensations and condition. Some of his delusions, while thus bound hand and foot, and tossing in the fever of his mind, are absolutely appalling. He was panting for water, to obtain which he struggled to leave his bed, though he did not or could not ask for it; and once he got some; but his most powerful motive for getting up was to reach to the window—

To see if it were true as my tormentors told me, that all my family were there waiting to receive me, and to hail me as an obedient servant of the Lord Jesus, and a willing martyr to his glory. For when I began to lose all command of my imagination, I was made to believe, that in consequence of my disobedience and blasphemies against Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit, the Roman Catholics in Ireland, to whom I had been ordained as an angel, being miraculously informed like the shepherds, by an angel shining in the glory of the Lord, had risen up and come to Dublin, demanding my crucifixion or my burning; that in the meantime the Almighty, provoked by my great perfidy and ingratitude, had cut short the days and revoked his counsels; had determined to visit my nation with severe plagues, and me with all the torments he had reserved for Satan, whom, even, he had pardoned, glad to find one, and *one only*, who deserved all his everlasting plagues, and to be able thereby to pardon his immense creation.

I was the one only being to be eternally damned, alone, in multiplied bodies, and in infinite solitude and darkness and torments; I was told also that the Almighty in His three persons had descended upon earth, had entered London, and revealed all these things to the King, who was also preparing on earth the most cruel torments for me; that my father and a sister now no more, had been raised from the dead, and had interceded for me, and that my relations and friends

had assembled round me in Dublin, and had defended me from the violence of the mob, at the sacrifice of their own lives. My friend Captain H.'s coat which occasionally lay upon my sofa, for he was constantly attending upon me, was, to my delirious imagination, a proof of his murder in my defence. I was agonized, and often attempted to rush to the window and present myself to the mob, and to save the lives of my friends by my own sacrifice; at other times, to satisfy my curiosity, to see if my family and relations were really there. *For I had a species of doubts; but no one who has not been deranged, can understand how dreadfully true a lunatic's insane imagination appears to him, how slight his sane doubts* When I lay upon my pillow, a demand was made of me to suffocate myself on the pillow; that if I would do that in obedience to the Lord's spirit, it would be an act of obedience, as grateful to him as any other I had been commanded. This delusion haunted me for many months. I imagined that I should be really suffocated, but saved from death, or raised from death, by miraculous interposition. I pressed my mouth and nostrils against the pillow; and I was to attend to the voices that came to me, directing my thoughts, and each tempting me to rise before I had executed the Lord's intention. Night after night, and day after day, I was summoned to try it again and again, till I should succeed, under the most awful penalties. I was told, that it was necessary for the perfection of the glorified man. That all the world had done it but me; that even my sisters had done it, that they had all done it repeatedly *for my sake, to put off my damnation*, because it was necessary that the commands of the Lord should be fulfilled when once spoken, and they hoped in time that I should do it by their aid. When I felt the chill of the outward air upon my neck under the bedclothes, I was told these were spirits of my sisters, breathing on me to cool me, and encouraging me to go through with my task.

We submit to medical men whether the sensations described below were real or illusory, for by this time Mr. P.'s perceptions were, we think, often erroneous. Cowper describes an extraordinary sensation in his brain, analogous to that described here. The spirits were by his fancy, upbraiding the unhappy patient, that through cowardice and want of fortitude he would not fulfill the command of the Almighty, while whole creations were suffering, waiting the concluding act of his obedience! He relates:—

At last, one hour, under an excess of chilling horror at my imagined loss of honour, I was enabled to prevent the surrender of my judgment. The act of mind I described, was accompanied with the sound of a slight crack, and the sensation of a fibre breaking over the right temple; it reminded me of the mainstay of a mast giving way; it was succeeded by a loss of control over certain of the muscles of my body, and was immediately followed by two other cracks of the same kind, one after the other, each more towards the right ear, followed by an additional relaxation of the muscles, and accompanied by an apparently additional surrender of the judgment. In fact, until now, I had retained a kind of restraining power over my thoughts and belief; I now had none; I could not resist the spiritual guilt and contamination of any thought, of any suggestion. My will to

choose, to think orderly, was entirely gone. I became like one awake, yet dreaming, present to the world in body, in spirit at the bar of heaven's judgment seat; or in hell, enduring terrors unutterable, by the preternatural menaces of everlasting and shocking torments; inexpressible anguish and remorse, from exaggerated accusations of my ingratitude, and a degrading and self-loathing sense of moral turpitude from accusations of crimes I had never committed.

False perceptions, or a state wavering between the true and false, and preternatural visions, followed these paroxysms, or alternated with them. At one time he saw the pale hand and arm of Death stretching over the bed. Sometimes he was told (by the spirits) to try to think coherently, and when he made the attempt, he was told he did nothing but "ruminate, ruminate."

A moving light was given me, as a guide to know when I was ruminating or reflecting. It was a white light, and used to move in a circle from left to right upon the top of my bed. When I began to ruminate it turned backwards to the left. Then my Saviour, or his angel's spirit used to pray me to reflect, in order by any means to regain power over the muscles of my countenance. I say my Saviour or his angel, because when I imagined that I was in hell, that voice came to me, as the chief servant of Jesus in hell, directing and appointing the times and order of punishment and trial. I used also to hear a beautiful voice, that sung in the most tender, pure, and affecting notes, these words, "Keep looking to Jesus, the author and finisher of thy salvation! Oh, keep looking—keep looking to Jesus!" Continually over the head of the bed, at the left-hand side, as if in the ceiling, *there was a sound as the voice of many waters*, and I was made to imagine that the jets of gas, that came from the fireplace on the left-hand side, were the utterance of my Father's spirit, which was continually within me, attempting to save me; and continually obliged to return to be purified in hell fire, in consequence of the contamination it received from my foul thoughts. I make use of the language I heard. From the ceiling in front of my bed, I used to hear the decrees of what are called the assembly of counselors, often ushered in these terms:—

The will of Jehovah, the Lord, is supreme—

He will be obeyed, and thou must worship him!

The words of the Lord came from the left-hand side of the ceiling of the room, and many spirits assailed me from all quarters.

When I make use of these words, *ceiling of the room*, it will appear surprising, that the visions or sounds had such effect upon me, when sensible objects were present, and recognised by me. But I understood these things in a contrary sense. Besides, in part seeing the white and flowing beards, and venerable countenances, I imagined I was really present to them; and that my not acknowledging it was a delusion, and obstinate resistance of the divine will on my part. That, of the two, the appearance of the bed, walls, and furniture, was false, *not* my preternatural impressions.

His previous irregular course of study might have contributed to the general disorder of his faculties; for his mind was one wild chaos, made up of the fragments of systems—of portions of all faiths and all philosophies. Thomas-a Kempis, Berkely, Pythagoras, and the Heathen

mythology, blended with the most mystical and visionary of those doctrines that have been hung upon the Christian faith, were jumbled together in his delusions. He had been, according to the belief imbibed at Row, changed into a spiritual body; hence he possessed *ubiquity*. In soberer seasons he had pondered the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, to which he attributed a very different meaning from that generally understood. He had been led to question—

Whether, if we were in the spirit of God, we might not actually know and feel, each what the other was thinking about, or enduring, in various parts of the known world. That which had been a speculation, was now an act of faith; and I imagined I could be in hell, on earth, and in heaven, at the same moment: nay, that I was, and that I witnessed all three states of existence; but that I did not see clearly the two extremes, because I would not acknowledge it to myself.

Even the new-fangled doctrines of Phrenology mingled in the chaos, and aided his lunacy; and he knocked his head against the wall, when chained up in the asylum, on the part where the bump of Secreciveness is assumed to be, under an idea that, if his efforts could knock in the organ, he would thus obliterate the secrets of his guilt and spare his tortured conscience its agony. And this, for aught we know, was reasoning soundly, upon *phrenological* principles. Mr. Percival, at least, succeeded in seriously hurting his ear, which required surgical treatment: though he attributes part of the injury done his ear, to the blows of the keepers. The fanciful and ingenious madman or dreamer imagined that the blood which flowed from his wounded ear was caused by the lachrymatory duct being full of tears of blood, which he could not weep, and which escaped by the ear.

Nothing is more singular than the way in which sounds and other objects of sense, acting upon him, affected his mind and created illusion. One day the tones of a hurdy-gurdy, which he seems to have heard, and which, it is probable, he actually did hear, appeared, he tells, to flit round him, playing a tune which affected him with extreme anguish.

It seemed to remind me of all that I had experienced and forgotten of my heavenly Father's care and love towards me. My mind, amidst other scenes, was transported back to Portugal—to a day when I had passed through Alhandra on horseback, on my way to visit the lines of Torres Vedras, in company with three brother officers. It appeared to me as if that day a little Portuguese beggar boy had been playing on a hurdy-gurdy in the street; but to my imagination, now, it was connected also with a time of life when I had in person lived at Alhandra, a beggar, orphan boy.

His early history, as this beggar boy, was made out to him in horrible characters. Among his other crimes, while the Portuguese boy, was plunging a pig alive in boiling water, after tying up his mouth to prevent his cries from being heard. He gives this singular view of the sequence of a madman's ideas, or of the train of horrid phantasms which take the place of rational thought in a lunatic's fancy. It reads like a hideous dream.

This strange tale was revealed to me, accompanied with an impression of recollection of identity with my own experience as strongly as that by which any of the delusions of Pythagoras may have convinced him. I remember I was first desired to recollect that portion of my life; and, when I could not, the sounds of the hurdy-gurdy were sent to me, as the voice said, to quicken my memory. I still had difficulty to collect any ideas, except my passing through Alhandra, my seeing the church on the right hand, and perhaps a young boy with a hurdy-gurdy in the

street or market-place. But an indescribable sense of compunction, and of active interest in the place, wrung my feelings; and I was desired to recollect it as the place of my nativity.

I then heard a voice singing to the air of music—

"I do not remember the hour and the day,
But I do remember the day and the hour,
When I was a little boy."

My difficulty of recollecting was charged on my wilfulness; and so I understood the first two lines, that I would not, not that I could not, remember; and this partly from compunction at the crimes I had committed on my patrons; partly from a sense of shame and guilt at the revelation of the acts of the monks of Aldobaca, which I imagined were being exposed in the presence of my fellow-countrymen, especially in that of the Duke of Wellington, and the officers of my battalion; which also I was considered responsible for, although at the same time living in England in another body, in the discharge of my military duties.

When I inwardly expostulated, and stated that, when I was alive in England, I had not been aware of the union existing between me at the age of twenty-one, and a boy in Portugal of the age of seventeen, I was made to understand that an act of ingratitude in childhood had effaced from my mind the consciousness of this mystery, but that every individual beside me had experienced and delighted in this ubiquity of existence; and even that my brothers and sisters had been living in Portugal at the same time, and had then been acquainted with me, and, living in England, had been conscious of that acquaintance, but could not talk to me concerning it, by reason of my moral darkness through sin.

There was a horrid idea connected with this frenzy, that, in like manner as I had boiled the pig alive, I should be plunged into a huge copper of boiling water, and should be whirled round in it on my back, with my mouth covered with sackcloth, bubbling, and boiling, and drowning, and suffocating for ever, and ever, and ever! My eyes were also to be taken out of my head, and I yet spiritually, see them hanging over me, looking down upon me, and pursuing me round the cauldron. To add to my horrors, my dearest friends would plunge me in, and stand by ridiculing and tormenting. I actually believed that a sound I heard in the room next to mine, like to boiling water, was a preparation for this awful punishment, and that my brother and one of my cousins were every moment on the eve of plunging me in, and condemning me for ever. When they came into my room, I saw them at times like natural men; but at times their countenances appeared horribly swollen, and their faces darkened so that they looked black. Then I was told that I was not doing my duty to the Lord Jehovah supremely omnipotent, and that they appeared as the angels of hell, already prepared to execute the purposes of his wrath, but that I was always respited, in hope of my future obedience. My feelings were dreadful.

On one of these occasions I recollect saying to my brother, "——, I am desired to tell you, you are a hypocrite." A voice had commanded me. This was one of the few sentences I addressed to any living being around me.

By the common illusion of fanatics, he accused himself of the most incredible crimes; and among others, of having assisted in drowning an old woman in the Thames, below Blackfriar's Bridge. Some of his hallucinations were of a happier character. Sometimes he was invited by the spirits to come up "to heavenly places," as he terms them; and whatever was agreeable to his senses, seems to have been "heavenly places;" sometimes, also

he saw on the bed-curtains three faces—that of his Saviour, his natural father, and his Almighty Father, which we mention to introduce this singular passage—

But the vision which made the most vivid impression upon me, amounting to reality; so strong an impression indeed, that I might almost say, the possibility of being present in two places at the same time may be capable of realization; thine it was, O Lord, to interpret it to me. When I saw the venerable countenance of my father bending over me weeping, and the chrysal tears falling, which I felt trickling down my shoulders, the impression of this was so vivid, that I can hardly help now suspecting, either that water was dropped on my back through the ceiling and tester of the bed, or that I was not where I appeared to be. Still it was not altogether the countenance of my father, as on earth; and I saw a long flowing white beard. I thought, could my father's beard have been so white and so long? but I both thought it unholy to question, and besides I could not control my thoughts to unravel my ideas. So my doubts took slight hold on my reason.

Glimmerings of the reason, not wholly extinguished, sometimes shone through the obscurity of his mind. Three of the housekeepers he imagined to be each his mother; but then, though he received three mothers, he would question how his mother came to be there, poor and a menial. Even in his dreams the same thing is done. At one time he saw a vision, intended, as he understood, to convey an idea, or make an exhibition, of the mechanism of the human mind.

To return to his real history:—He treated in Dublin, as he argues that he was, he was hurried away from it so soon as he was imagined fit to endure the journey, and was again thrown into a state of violent excitement. Properly treated, he imagines that he might have been speedily restored. We have seen the means adopted; let us now hear the opinion of the patient, seven years later, when he had long been convalescent: for he began to recover towards the end of the same year, or even earlier, though, from an unfortunate misunderstanding with his family and other causes, he was long kept under some sort of restraint. The opinions of this unfortunate gentleman, on his own case, are, at all events, well entitled to be heard, not more for his sake than for that of every one liable to the same dismal malady.

It may be asked me what course I would have had pursued towards me, seeing there was such evident danger in leaving me at liberty? I answer, that my conduct ought to have been tried in every situation compatible with my state; that I ought to have been dressed, if I would not have dressed myself; that I should have been invited to walk up and down my room, if not quietly, in the same confinement as in bed; that, whilst those implements that might do me hurt were removed, pens, pencils, books, &c., should have been supplied to me; that I should have been placed in a hackney coach, and driven for air and exercise, towards the sea-shore, and round the outskirts of Dublin. Few can imagine the sense of thirst and eager desire for freshness of air, which the recollection of that time yet excites in me. I do not recollect water having been presented to me; if it was, I systematically refused it, like everything else; and it was not forced on me like the medicine and the broth. If I recollect correctly, I got some water after my brother's arrival, and he also brought me once some grapes, a few of which I ate, in spite of my false conscience; and God knows how refreshing they were.

He was taken to the Bristol packet, and tells—

Whilst standing on the quay, I recognised a poor Irish lad, who used to hold my horse, and to do commissions

for me; he had watched for me, and followed me, to see me embark. I could not express my feelings, but as he stood chill and shivering a little way off, there was an expression of distrust in his features; and I felt as if he were a truer friend than those occupied about my person.

We should mention that, with the tenderest feelings for his mother, Mr. Percival still shows resentment to his brothers; or, if not resentment, disapprobation of their conduct to him. He became violently affected; imagined that the ship and the whole crew were to be sunk on account of his sins, and, not allowed to go on deck, he called aloud to his brother to warn him. His brother tried to joke with him on his illusions. It may sometimes exasperate the insane to reason with them, though at other times it is found useful; while patient explanations and delicacy in ordinary intercourse, as if they were still human and rational beings, however eclipsed their faculties may be for the time, are generally found useful; but it is ticklish work to joke with the mad, and to treat them with anything bordering on levity, or even as children; much less with contempt, or disregard of their previous habits and feelings. The storm, which was about to engulf all, as he imagined, had a fearful reality to the patient, who might also have been under the influence of personal fear. He called loudly for the captain; and attempted to rush on deck to give him warning. He was, of necessity, we must allow, overpowered by the keeper, and handcuffed. The "Spirit" whispered, it was his duty to kill this man who held him, and he struck at him with his manacled hands. The Spirit still accused him of indifference to the fate of the crew—indifference become more dreadful, from the idea that his brothers, and many of his family, who had come to Dublin to be sacrificed for him, were all on deck, ready to perish through his slothful neglect and stubborn refusal to exercise his miraculous power for their preservation. The servant, at last, got leathern cases on his arms; and though judgment assents, one's heart aches and bleeds to read—"And I was compelled to be the passive object of the tortures of my imagination."

When they landed at Bristol, he was, by medical advice, put to bed; delivered up the prey to new and torturing delusions. Let any one realize, as far as is possible, the condition of this gentleman in the packet, and again in the following scene, and imagine what madness is; and the guilt of those who directly or indirectly contribute to throw a fellow-creature into that state, or to protract his sufferings under it. When they had landed in safety, his mind recovered momentarily from its horrid delusions; but then the nation came that all around was a vision: that the ship had really foundered, and that the crew had prayed to suffer death to avert his punishment. The doctor, we have told, sent him to bed, and he says—

I would have given my hand to remain up; my bed was a scene of horrors to me. However, I made no reply, and to bed I went. I was scarcely in bed when I became a prey to new delusions. It was snowing at the time. I was told that a dreadful winter was to fall upon the country, on account of my sin. I was told that Bristol was on fire, and made to see flames; that the house was to fall and destroy every one in it; and this, all for my sin. My brother was sitting in the room with me. I expected every moment to see the walls crush him. I warned him to go away, for that the house was going to fall. I told him I saw the town in flames. He naturally made light of what I said. He recollected my words afterwards when the riots were in the town. I was told that the reason he did not believe me was, that I did not address him in the tongue given to me; I was rebuked and upbraided for it. I essayed again, but I met

with the same rebukes. I lost all patience. Again I was ordered to suffocate myself, and to kick about in various postures in the bed; unless I did so, that Satan would enter me, and that then my Saviour must endure in me fresh torments, to rescue my soul from hell. For though Satan was redeemed, yet he could only be my most skilful tormentor and destroyer, if I were not redeemed too, and delight also in his office, if I were at last reprobate. It seemed to me that Satan's spirit came to the left side of my bed and entered my body, and that I allowed it, for that I was so teased that I delighted in the prospects of my Saviour's sufferings; immediately afterwards I was seized with compunction and dread.

The spirits also told me that a dinner would be brought to me; that some Irish stew had been ordered for me by my brother, which it was intended I should eat; but that a fowl would be sent me from heavenly places to tempt me, which I was to refuse. It was not the first time I had heard the like from the Spirits, nor was it the last.

I did not understand what this meant, but I became very hungry. After some time the door opened, and a servant came in with the dish, containing a boiled fowl, which appeared very large and plump. I looked for the Irish stew, but it did not appear; the fowl on being brought near appeared small and meagre, and again plump, and twice its former size. The spirits then—to my inward observation that there was but one dish—replied, that it was resolved to tempt me by a dish of the same kind, to make my trial more easy; that a fowl had been ordered for me on earth, as well as the fowl in heavenly places; because it was supposed I would at least consent to relinquish the second for the salvation of my soul, and the happiness of so many thousands interested in me; when I might eat the other. However the humour came upon me that I would dine in heavenly places as I called it, and I could not resist it; and yet it was with my will. For, after what I have related as having occurred in Dublin, I had no power to restrain my will, my cupidity, my avidity, from moral contamination; nay, the more I attempted to resist contamination, the more my power over my will seemed to evade me; besides this, there was a difficulty in obeying the commands given to me, because, even whilst eating the fowl, I was puzzled by the change in its appearance, and told, "now you must refuse it because you are in heavenly places, now you may eat it because you are on earth, according as it appeared" beautiful or common.

Next day he was committed to the care of Dr. Fox. He describes every circumstance of his introduction most minutely, and, we dare say, accurately, for his memory seems quite as faithful to his delusions as to his true perceptions. The man who took his portmanteau and afterwards waited upon him, and laid the cloth for his solitary dinner, he, on the bidding of the Spirits, called Zachary Gibbs. The man's real name was Samuel Hobbs; and the patient afterwards named him, as a spiritual body, HERMINE HERBERT; and fancied him at once his Saviour, Zachary Gibbs, and Hermine Herbert. On seeing the linen of Hobbs marked S. H., he received a further confirmation that he was the Saviour, these initial letters standing for *Salvator Hominum*.* His

* He had a variety of HERMINE HERBERTS. One of them, a keeper, named Marshall, he called his SIMPLICITY; another of the numerous Hermine he named Kill-all. Another he fancied an old servant of his father's, raised from the dead to attend him. Among the patients was a Captain P., whom he named his Spirit of family pride

mind at this time seems to have been like moonshine on water. All was vague and mysterious: only human yearnings remained true. He tells—

I understood that, on certain conditions, I was to go home, which *was all I desired*, whilst on certain other conditions I was to be left here. The spirits told me this.

After dinner, a raspberry tartlet or two were brought to table; they appeared to be very large, clean, and beautiful, and I was told they were sent to me from heavenly places; that I was to refuse them; that they were sent to try me; that if I refused them, I should be doing my duty, and my brother would take me to E—.* The same humour came on me to eat them all the quicker under the idea that they had given me nothing but slops and physic for a fortnight or more, and now, if they are such fools as to bring me up into heavenly places, I'll make the best of it. My brother again went out, and I did not see him enter any more—*this pained me exceedingly*; I thought at least he would have bid me adieu; but the spirits told me that he was so disgusted at seeing me eating the tarts, when he knew that if I could only have refused one I should have been allowed by the Almighty to return to my mother and family, and that I knew it, that he had resolved to leave me without bidding adieu, and had given me up into the hands of the Almighty. I imagine now his abrupt departure was preconcerted, for fear of any opposition on my part.

Well, my brother went, and I was left amongst strangers.

If I had had any introduction to Dr. F., at least I was unconscious of it. I was left to account for my position in that asylum—for I was in Dr F.'s asylum—to the working of my own, and be it recollected, a lunatic imagination.

My spirits told me that I was in the house of an old friend of my father's, where certain duties were expected of me; that I knew what those duties were, but I pretended ignorance, because I was afraid of the malice and persecution of the world in performing them. . . . I was put to bed with my arms fastened. Either that night or the next, the heavy leathern cases were taken off my arms, to my great delight, and replaced by a strait waistcoat. The night brought to me my usual torments, but I slept, during part of it, sounder and better than before. In the morning I recollect observing a book of manuscript prayers, and a prayer-book or Bible bound in blue morocco; the impression of my feelings was very dreary, and as if I had been imprisoned for a crime or for debt; but I was occupied, as usual, with the agony of

a Captain N. was the Spirit of *joviality*; a quaker patient was his Spirit of *simplicity*; and one of the ladies of the family, his Spirit of repentance. Some he fancied his brothers and uncles, sisters, cousins, and old schoolfellows; and the countenances of those about him were ever changing. He was always trying to prostrate himself at the feet of those he imagined the Almighty or the Saviour, to whom his intense prayer was to be taken home; because all about him was "so strange, new, and perplexing." We mention these absurdities to elucidate the first symptoms of returning reason, the state between sleep and waking, when he began to doubt the Spirits; and when they began singing, "You are in a lunatic asylum, if you will"—"If not, you are in such and such places."—That is Samuel Hobbs, if you will; if not, it is Hermine Herbert, the Saviour," &c. Other delusions of a milder character succeeded before they finally fled altogether.

* His mother's house.

mind occasioned by the incomprehensible commands, injunctions, insinuations, threats, taunts, insults, sarcasms, and pathetic appeals of the voices round me. . . .

I was not now aware that I was lunatic, nor did I, admit this idea until the end of the year. . . . I imagined, at the same time, that I was placed here "to be taught of the spirits," that is, (for they all spoke in different keys, tones, and measures, imitating usually the voices of relations or friends,) to learn what was the nature of each spirit that spoke to me, whether a spirit of fun, of humour, of sincerity, of honesty, of honour, of hypocrisy, of perfect obedience, or what not, and to acquire knowledge to answer to the suggestions or arguments of each, as they in turn addressed me, or to choose which I would obey.

For instance, whilst eating my breakfast, different spirits assailed me, trying me. One said, eat a piece of bread for my sake, &c. &c.; another, at the same time, would say, refuse it for my sake, or, refuse that piece for my sake, and take that; others, in like manner, would direct me to take or refuse my tea. I could seldom refuse one without disobeying the other; and, to add to my disturbance of mind at these unusual phenomena, and at the grief of mind, and at times alarm, I appeared to feel at disobeying any, Zachary Gibbs stood by my bed-side in a new character.

What are all the poetic or idly feigned confessions, of fictitious personages, to these wild realities?

One could fancy that, in Mr. Percival's hallucinations and imaginative flights, one might often trace his previous serious or lighter course of reading. A mixture of allegory and euphuism is predominant in the fantastic names that he gave to the other patients in the asylum, and to the servants and medical men. With his continual visions and phantasms, we shall not meddle farther. His condition soon became much worse. He was impetuous and must have appeared malignant; and it was thought necessary to use violent coercive measures; of which, and of many alleged indignities, neglects, and insults he complains. It must, however, be observed, that he recovered under this treatment; though he left the asylum, or was taken away, (at his own earnest desire,) while still apparently in a condition which made one of the doctors, at parting, remark, he says maliciously, "Good bye, Mr. Percival; I wish I could give you hopes of your recovery." This was, to say the least, a cruel and an unnecessary speech, to a man in his condition. He did recover; he will say, in spite of the doctors; we give no opinion.

When first brought to the asylum, he was taken to a small parlour in which quiet patients sat. He describes its shape and furniture with the minuteness of a novelist. His first day's experiences, he narrates with what we consider singular power.

When I came into the room, there was a mild, old, rheumatic man there, who had on a white apron. He was of low stature, and in countenance resembling my father very strongly. My spirits informed me it was my father, who had been raised from the dead, in order, if possible, to assist in saving my soul. He was also in a spiritual body. Everything, in short, had been done to save me by quickening my affections, in order to overcome my torpor, and ingratitude, and fear of man. The chairs in the room, resembling those I had seen when a child in my father's dining-room; the very trees in the distance, resembling others in the prospect round my mother's house; almost all that I saw had been brought by the Almighty power, or infinite goodness of the Lord, and placed around me to quicken my feelings! If a man

can imagine realizing these ideas, in any degree, awake, he may imagine what were my sufferings.

I asked now what I was to do. There was a newspaper lying on the table, but I could not read it, because, before I had been taken unwell in Dublin, when looking for guidance from the Holy Spirit, I had been diverted from reading the papers, except here and there, as if it were unwholesome to the mind. I thought it ungrateful now to have recourse to them for amusement; and for that reason, or "by that reply," in the language of my invisible companions, I decided my resolution, without quite satisfying them.

What was I to do! I was told it was necessary to do something "to keep my heart to my head, and my head to my heart," to prevent "my going into a wrong state of mind," phrases used to me [by the spirits.] I was told, at length, to "waltz round the table, and see what I should see." I did that—nothing came of it. My attendant requested me to be quiet: at last my dinner was brought. I had, if I recollect accurately, two dinners in this room—one was of a kind of forced meat; the other had bacon with it: both meals were very light, and, although I did not refuse them, I recollect feeling that I could have eaten something more substantial, and also being nauseated at the forced meat and bacon, which, I considered, could not be exactly wholesome for me.

My dinner in this room was served on a tray, with a napkin, silver forks, decanters, &c. &c., and in these respects, such as was fitting for a gentleman.

Unfortunately, the second day, I think, after my entrance into this asylum, having no books, no occupation—nothing to do but to look out of window, or read the newspaper—I was again excited by my spirits to waltz round the room; in doing this, or at a future period, I caught the reflection of my countenance in the mirror. I was shocked and stood still; my countenance looked round and unmeaning: I cried to myself, "Ichabod! my glory has departed from me," then I said to myself, what a hypocrite I look like! So far I was in a right state of mind; but the next thought was, "how shall I set about to destroy my hypocrisy?" then I became again lunatic. Then I resumed my waltzing, and being directed to do so, I took hold of my old attendant to waltz with him; but at last deeming that absurd, and finding him refuse, the spirits said, "then wrestle with him if you will." I asked him to wrestle; he refused. I understood this was to try me if I was sincere; I seized him to force him to wrestle; he became alarmed; an old patient in the asylum passing by the door, hearing a struggle, entered, and assisted in putting me into a strait waistcoat: I was forced down on the sofa. He apologized to me for it many months after, saying it was in the afternoon, when all the other assistants were out walking with their respective patients.

Thus commenced my second ruin.

But we must stop for the present. Mr. Percival's history, first and last, is pregnant with instruction; and we mean, if possible, to resume it. It is not his melancholy tale alone, but the dreadful consequences of spiritual delusion, the causes and treatment of insanity, and "the secrets of the prison-house," that stimulate our purpose.

SUICIDE.

We fear that the statistics of crime in England will be found to exhibit a considerable increase within a comparatively short period in the proportion of suicides. Their frequency as well as determined

character excites at this moment the painful attentions of the public, and it is hardly possible to resist the persuasion that they point to the existence of new and extraordinary causes of social derangement. We have ourselves no particular crotchet to indulge on this question, and are not going to force any fine-spun theories on the reader; we do not intend to read a lecture on moral philosophy, neither to aim a by-blow at Government and place the growth of crime and madness solely to their account. We introduce the subject as one having, in some manner or another, an undoubted bearing on the moral and social condition of the country, and therefore deserving the serious consideration of politicians.

Although a charitable custom connects the greater part of suicides with insanity, and truth, in a general way, may be allowed to warrant the practice, it is a fact always to be remembered, that not one suicide in a thousand springs from insanity as a source, but only passes through it; that insanity, in this proportion of cases, is not the original, but the superinduced malady—the last stage of mind contemplating suicide. Instead of saying that the insanity causes the suicide, it would probably be more correct in innumerable cases, to say that the suicide causes the insanity,—meaning by that, that the serious contemplation of the act, the reasonable, *un-mad* resolution formed to commit it, first unhinges the mind; thus occasioning the deed to be accomplished in derangement, though not *through* derangement. We would not have juries reason in this way; for if many escape the posthumous reproaches which attach to conscious self-murder by a verdict at variance, it may be suspected, with strict logic, few persons perhaps would wish to withhold the "benefit of the doubt" from this class of unfortunates. But, speaking philosophically, it must be asserted that insanity is rarely the cause, though generally the companion of suicide. The primary causes of suicide have to be sought in the moral and social condition of a people; and, take it from what point of view you will, the subject inevitably reverts to politics and government. It may very safely be laid down, that no man desires to die who has the means of an agreeable existence; but where life is found intolerable, it may with equal safety be affirmed that "there's something rotten in the state." Amongst the principal causes of suicide, may be mentioned poverty, pride, grief, disease, and the passions connected with intemperance of mind, defect of education and moral discipline. None of these evils can prevail to any extent in a country without implicating the government and the legislature either positively or negatively. It is indeed true that the state of crime generally, is, in the long run, a certain criterion of good or bad government; but of suicide this is perhaps more emphatically predicable, because though crime and misery usually go together, it is chiefly by the existence of the latter that a government stands condemned, inasmuch as a government is more strictly responsible for the physical than for the moral state of the country. Now, whatever else the prevalence of suicide may imply in particular cases—insanity, or crime—without question it attests in every case the presence of misery. The man who commits suicide is no doubt a murderer, and the laws have justly ranked him in the first class of malefactors; but common sense and feeling will no less always recognize a wide moral

distinction between the murderer of himself and the murderer of another: in the latter they may detect misery, perhaps, as well as crime—in the former, crime as well as misery; but the crime of the one and the misery of the other will always, and deservedly, be the predominant ideas, the one, however palliated, will for ever meet with abhorrence—the other, however reckless and unjustifiable, will never want the tears of commiseration.

There is reason to believe that the sins of murder and suicide are pretty simultaneous in their progress: if so, the fact is less demonstrative of their connexion with one another than of their mutual relation to the condition of society. They describe, for the most part, two distinct classes of mind and character, but the same social ills are at the root of both.

In whatever light regarded, the subject of suicide is one of deep concernment: scarcely a single case of this nature transpires that does not offer in itself very important suggestions in connexion with social government; whilst the general question of its existence, prevalence, or increase, leading the mind back as it does to the highest topics of political science, affords valuable materials for discussion and reflection. Yet do we find little or no commendable handling of this subject in the press. Great use is made of "dreadful," "determined," "extraordinary," and other suicides; and no small pains are bestowed on the description of these and similar cognate horrors, which seldom want an ample and prominent station, specially devoted to them, in the columns of our newspapers: but to profitable commentary give they usually no rise; their bearing on manners and politics is overlooked; the rank carcase of the self-destroyer is paraded, but for the nutritive part that lies in the moral of his end, no one extracts it. We shall make no apology for attempting from time to time to educe "the soul of good" from these "things evil," that if our graphic or poetical powers are less conspicuous than those of some of our contemporaries in the "startling interest" department, we may in some sort make up for so sad a defect by labouring in the humbler paths of truth and morality.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER HANGINGS.

We were favoured a few days since with an opportunity of visiting the extensive paper-works of Messrs J. Evans and Co., at Alder Mills, near Tamworth, where we had the pleasure of witnessing the application of an ingenious and very beautiful piece of mechanism, the invention of the Messrs Evans, to the printing of paper hangings, which cannot fail to produce a complete change in this department of our manufactures, from its superiority over the ordinary method of block printing. The Messrs Evans would have brought their invention into practical operation many years ago, had it not been for the heavy duties imposed on the manufacture of stained papers, which, by limiting the consumption, rendered their invention comparatively useless; a fact which supplies another argument against the imposition of heavy duties upon the manufacturing skill and industry of the country. In connection with the present invention, we may here state

that the Messrs Evans took out a patent in February last for an important improvement in the manufacture of paper, by the application of a pneumatic pump in the compression of the moisture from the pulp, by which means the substance is almost instantaneously converted into paper. By this invention they are, we understand, enabled to manufacture a continuous sheet of paper six feet in width, and nearly two thousand yards in length, every hour. This paper, as it is taken off the reel, is in every respect fit for immediate use, and is conveyed on rollers to another part of the mill, in which the printing machinery is erected, through which it is passed with great rapidity, and receives the impression of the pattern intended to be produced, with all the precision and beauty of finish which machinery can alone effect. In order to connect the operations of the paper-making and printing machines, the Messrs Evans are at present engaged enlarging their premises; and when this alteration is completed, they will be enabled to print, glaze, and emboss the most complicated and delicate patterns in paper hangings, in every variety of shade or colour, as rapidly as the paper can be manufactured. Some idea may be formed of the power of the machinery, and the importance of the invention, when we state that during our visit to the mill, the machinery was working at a rate which would produce sixteen hundred and eighty yards of paper per hour, consisting of two very beautiful patterns, the only hand labour employed being that of one man, who superintended the machinery, and four girls employed in rolling up the paper in pieces of the required length. The whole process of manufacturing the paper from the pulp, and impressing it with the most complicated patterns, is carried on within a comparatively small space, and with a precision and rapidity which affords another instance of the progress and triumph of science and mechanical skill in supplying the necessities and comforts of civilized life.—*Birmingham General Advertiser.*

OLD AND NEW TIMES.

An inhabitant of Horsham, in Sussex, now living, remembers, when a boy, to have heard from a person whose father carried on the trade of a butcher in that town, that in his time the only means of reaching the metropolis was either by going on foot or riding on horseback, the latter of which undertakings was not practicable at all periods of the year, nor in every state of the weather; that the roads were not at any time in such a condition as to admit of sheep or cattle to be driven upon them to London markets, and that for this reason the farmers were prevented sending thither the produce of their land, the immediate neighbourhood being, in fact, their only market. Under these circumstances, a quarter of a fat ox was commonly sold for about fifteen shillings, and the price of mutton throughout the year was only five farthings the pound. Horsham is thirty-six miles from London, and the journey between the two places now occupies less than four hours; more than thirty stage-coaches, travelling at this rate, pass through Horsham every day, on their way from and to the metropolis, in addition to the numerous private carriages and post-chaises. The traffic of goods—principally coal and agricultural produce—carried on in the district of which Horsham is the centre, exceeds 40,000 tons a-year, besides which, the road is constantly covered with droves of cattle and flocks of sheep.—*Porter's Progress of the Nation.*